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THE
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SAMUEL ROWLANDS



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OF
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LONDON, printed for Michael Sparke. A° 1628.



To the Reader.



THE present carelesse security of all men in generall, is like unto our first Parents neglect of Gods sacred commandment in Paradise, when the seducing Serpent no sooner perswaded euill, but it was instantly put in practise: You shall dye (said God) was heard, but you shall not dye (said the Diuell) was beleened. Our eares are daily acquainted with the threatnings of Gods de-

A 3 nounced

To the Reader.

nounced against sinners, and yet that sinne, that broad way-path and highway to hell, is attempted with a delectation and pleasure, so craftie and subtile are the baits and lures of the deceiuer, and so void of spirituall wisdom is the soule-murdering sinner. But if due consideration were had of the wages of sinne, and the reward of vnrighteousnesse, and to what bitternesse it will turne in the end, it would make vs lesse bold to sinne, and more fearefull to offend, if we would take into our company for a daily consort, the pale memory of death, and whereto he summoneth vs after this life. Death it selfe is very fearefull, but much more terrible, in regard of the iudgement it warneth vs
unto

To the Reader.

*unto. Imagine to see a sinner
lye on his departing bed, burde-
ned and tyred with the grievous
and heauie load of all his former
trespasses, goared with the sting
and pricke of a festered consci-
ence, feeling the crampe of death
wresting at his heart strings,
ready to make the ruthfull di-
uorce betweene soule and body,
panting for breath, and swim-
ming in a cold and fatall sweat,
wearied with struggling against
the deadly pangs: Oh how much
would he giue for an houre of re-
pentance! at what rate would he
value a daies contrition! Then
worlds would be worthlesse, in
respeēt of a little respite, a short
truce would seeme more precious
than the treasures of Empires,*

A 4 nothing

To the Reader.

*nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time, which now by moneths and yeeres is la-
uishly spent.*

*How inconsolable were his case, his friends being fled, his senses frightened, his thoughts amazed, his memorie decayed, his whole minde agast, and no part able to performe that it should, but onely his guiltie conscience pestered with sinne, continually vpbraiding him with bitter accusations? what would hee thinke then (stripped out of this mortall weed, and turned both out of the seruice and house roome of this world) hee must passe before a most seuerer Iudge, carrying in his owne conscience his enditement written, and a
perfect*

To the Reader.

perfect register of all his misdeeds: when hee should see the Iudge prepared to passe the sentence against him, and the same to be his Vmpire, whom by so many offences he hath made hisemie: When not onely the devils, but euen the Angels, should plead against him, and himselfe maugre his will, bee his owne sharpest appeacher: What were to be done in these dreadfull exigents?

When hee saw that gastly dungeon and huge gulfe of hell, breaking out with fearefull flames, the weeping, howling, and gnashing of teeth, the rage of all those hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigour of the paine, the terrour of the

A 5 company,

To the Reader.

company, and the eternitie of all those punishments. Would you thinke them wise that would daily in so weighty matters, and idly play away the time allotted them to prevent these intollerable calamities? Would you then account it secure, to nurse in your bosome so many ugly Serpents as finnes are, or to foster in your soule so many malicious accusers, as mortall faults are?

Would you not then thinke one life too little to repent for so many iniquities, euerie one whereof, were enough to cast you into those euerlasting and vnspeakeable torments? Why then doe we not (at the least) deuote that small remnant of these

To the Reader.

these our latter dayes, to the making an attonement with God, that our consciences may be free from this eternall danger? Who would relie the euerlasting affaires of the life to come, vpon the gliding, slipperinesse; and running streame of our vncertaine life?

It is a preposterous pollicie (in any wise conceit) to fight against God till our weapons be blunted, our forces consumed, our limmes impotent, and our breath spent; and then when we fall for faintnesse, and haue fought our selues almost dead, to presume on his mercy. It were a strange peece of Art, and a very exorbitant course, while the Ship is sound, the Pylot well, the Marriners strong, the gale fauourable, and the Sea calme,
to

To the Reader.

to lye idle at rode: and when the Ship leakes, the Pylot were sicke, the Marriners faint, the stormes boysterous, and the Sea turmoyled with surges, to launch forth for a voyage into a farre Country: yet such is the skill of our euening repenters, who though in the soundnesse of health, and in the perfect vse of reason, they cannot resolute to weigh the ankers that withhold them from God, neuerthelesse, feed themselues with a strong perswasion, that when their senses are astonied, their wits distracted, their vnderstanding dusked, and both body and minde racked and tormented with the throbs and gripes of a mortall sicknesse, then will they thinke of the weightiest matters, and become Saints, when they

To the Reader.

*they are scarce able to behaue
themselves like reasonable crea-
tures? being then presumed to
be lesse then men: for how can he
that is assaulted with an vnsetled
conscience, distrained with the
wringing fits of his dying flesh,
maimed in all his abilities, and
circled in with so many encom-
brances, be thought of due discre-
tion to dispose of his chiefeſt iewel,
which is his soule? No, no, they that
will loyter in seed time, and begin
then to sowe when others begin to
reape: they that will riot out their
health, and cast their accounts
when they can scarſely speake:
they that will slumber out the day,
and enter their iourney when the
light doth faile them, let them
blame their owne folly, if they dye
in*

To the Reader.

in debt, and eternall beggerie, and fall headlong into the lapse of endlesse perdition.

Great cause haue wee then to haue an houely watchfull care ouer our soule, being so dangerous assaulted and enuironed: most instantly entreating the diuine Maiesty to be our assured defence, and let vs passe the day in mourning, the night in watching and weeping, and our whole time in plainfull lamenting, falling downe vpon the ground humbled in sack-cloath and ashes, hauing lost the garment of Christ, that hee may receiue what the persecuting enemy would haue spoyled, euery short sigh will not be sufficient satisfaction, nor euery knocke a warrant to get in. Many shall cry Lord, Lord,

To the Reader.

Lord, and shall not be accepted: the foolish Virgins did knocke, but were not admitted: Iudas had some sorrow, and yet died desperate. Foreflow not (saith the holy Ghost) to be conuerted vnto God, and make not a daily lingering of thy repaire vnto him: for thou shalt finde the suddennesse of his wrath and reuenge not slacke to destroy sinners. For which cause, let no man sojourne long in sinfull securitie, or post ouer his repentance untill feare enforce him to it, but let vs frame our premises as we would finde our conclusion, endeaouering to liue as we are desirous to dye: let vs not offer the maine crop to the Diuell, and set God to gleane the reproofe of his harvest: let vs not gorge the Diuell

To the Reader.

*uell with our fairest fruits, and
turne God to the filthy scraps of
his leauings: but let vs truely de-
dicate both soule and body to his
seruice, whose right they are, and
whose seruice they owe; that so in
the euening of our life we may re-
tire to a Christian rest, closing vp
the day of our life with a cleare
sunne-set, that leauing all dark-
nesse behinde vs, we may carry in
our consciences the light of grace:
and so escaping the horrour of an
eternall night, passe from a mor-
tall day, to an euerlasting morrow,*

Thine in Christ Iesus,

Samuell Rowland.



S Trike saile, poore soule,
in fims tempestuous tide,
That runst to ruine
and eternall wracke:
Thy course from heauen
is exceeding wide,
Hels gulfe thou ent'rest,
if grace guide not backe:
Sathan is Pilot
in this nauigation,
The Ocean, Vanity,
The Rocke, damnation.

*Warre with the Dragon,
and his whole alliance,
Renounce his league
intends thy utter losse;*

Take

*Take in sinnes flag of truce,
set out defiance,
Display Chrsts ensigne
with the bloody crosse:
Against a Faith prooffe
armed Christian Knight,
The hellish coward
dares not mannage fight.*

*Resist him then,
if thou wilt victor be,
For so he flies,
and is disanimate;
His fiery darts can haue
no force at thee,
The shield of faith doth all
their points rebate:
He conquers none to
his infernall den,
But yeelding slaues,
that wage not fight like men.
Those*

*Those in the dungeon
of eternall darke,
He hath enthralled
euerlasting date,
Branded with Reprobations
cole-blacke marke,
Within the neuer-
opening ramd vp gate:
Where Diues rates one
drop of water more
Than any crowne
that euer Monarch wore.*

*Where furies haunt the hart-
torne wretch, despaire,
Where clamours cease not,
teeth are euer gnashing,
Where wrath and vengeance
sit in horrors chaire,
Where quenchlesse flames
of sulphur fire be flashing,
Where*

*Where damned soules
blaspheme God in despight,
Where utter darknesse
stands remou'd from light.*

*Where plagues inuiron,
torments compasse round,
Where anguish rores
in neuer stinted sorrow,
Where woe, woe, woe,
is euery voices sound,
Where night eternall
neuer yeelds to morrow:
Where damned tortures
dreadfull shall perseuer,
So long as God is God,
so long is euer.*

Who

Heauens Glory.



W *Ho loues this life,
from loue his loue doth
And chusing drosse, (erre,
rich treasure doth denie,
Leauing the pearle,
Christs counsels to preferre,
With selling all we haue,
the same to buy:
O happy soule,
that doth disburse a summe,
To gaine a kingdome
in the life to come.*

*Such trafficke may be
termed heauenly thrift,*

Such

Heauens Glory.

*Such venter hath no
hazard to diffwade
Immortall purchase,
with a mortall gift,
The greatestt gaine
that euer Merchant made:
To get a crowne
where Saints and Angels sing,
For laying out
a base and earthly thing.*

*To taste the ioyes
no humane knowledge knowes,
To heare the tunes
of the cælestiall quires,
T'attaine heau'ns sweet
and mildest calme repose,
To see Gods face
the summe of good desires:
Which by his glorious Saints
is howerly eyde,*

Yet

Heauens Glory.

*Yet fight with seeing,
neuer satisfide.*

*God as he is,
fight beyond estimate,
VVhich Angel, tongues
are vntaught to discover,
VVhose splendor doth
The heauens illustrate,
Vnto which fight
each fight becomes a louer:
VVhom all the glorious
court of heauen land,
VVith praises of
eternities applaud.*

*There where no teares are
to interpret griefes,
Nor any sighes, heart
dolours to expound,*

There

Heauens Glory.

*There where no treasure
is surpris'd by theeues,
Nor any voice that speakes
with sorrowes sound.
No vse of passions,
no distempered thought,
No spot of sinne,
no deed of error wrought.*

*The native home
of pilgrime soules abode,
Rest's habitation,
ioyes true residence,
Ierusalem's new Citie
built by God,
Form'd by the hands
of his owne excellence;
VVith gold-pau'd streets,
the wals of precious stone,
VVhere all sound praise
to him fits on the throne.*

Heauens



H E A V E N S

*Glory, Earths Vanitie, and Hels
Torments.*

Of the Glory of the blef-
fed Saints in Heauen.

TO the end there might
want nothing to stirre
vp our mindes to ver-
tue, after the paines which Al-
mighty God threateneth to the
B wicked,

wicked, he doth also set before vs the reward of the good: which is, that glory and euerlasting life which the blessed Saints doe enjoy in heauen, whereby hee doth very mightily allure vs to the loue of the same. But what manner of thing this reward, and what this life is, there is no tongue, neither of Angels nor of men, that is sufficient to expresse it. Howbeit, that wee may haue some kinde of fauour and knowledge thereof, I intend here to rehearse euen word for word, what S. *Augustine* saith in one of his meditations, speaking of the life euerlasting (ensuing this transitorie time) and of the joyes of the blessed Saints in
hea-

heauen. O life (faith he) prepared by Almighty God for his friends, a blessed life, a secure life, a quiet life, a beautifull life, a cleane life, a chaste life, a holy life; a life that knoweth on death, a life without sadnesse, without labour, without griefe, without trouble, without corruption, without feare, without variety, without alteration; a life replenished with all beautie and dignity; where there is neither enemy that can offend, nor delight that can annoy, where loue is perfect, and no feare at all, where the day is euerlasting, and the spirit of all is one; where Almighty God is seene face to face, who is the onely meate whereupon they feed

B 2 with

without loathfomeneffe: it delighteth mee to confider thy brightneffe, and thy treasures doe reioyce my longing heart. The more I confider thee, the more I am stricken in loue with thee. The great desire I haue of thee, doth wonderfully delight me, and no lesse pleasure is it to me, to keepe thee in my remembrance. O life most happy, O kingdome truely blessed, wherein there is no death nor end, neither yet succession of time, where the day continuing euermore without night, knoweth not any mutation; where the victorious conqueror beeing ioyned with those euerlasting quires of Angels; and hauing his head crowned with a garland

land of glory, singeth vnto Al
mighty God one of the songs
of *Syon*. Oh happy, yea, and
most happy should my soule be,
if when the race of this my pil-
grimage is ended, I might bee
worthy to see thy glory, thy
blesfednesse, thy beautie, the
wals and gates of thy Citie, thy
streets, thy lodgings, thy noble
Citizens, and thine omnipotent
King in his most glorious Ma-
iestie. The stones of thy wals
are precious, thy gates are ador-
ned with bright pearles, thy
streets are of very fine excel-
lent gold, in which there ne-
uer faile perpetuall praises; thy
houfes are paved with rich
stones, wrought throughout
with Zaphirs, and couered
B 3 about

about with massie gold, where
no vncleane thing may enter,
neither doth any abide there
that is defiled. Faire and beauti-
full in thy delights art thou O
Ierusalem our mother, none of
those things are suffered in thee,
that are suffered here. There is
great diuersitie betweene thy
things and the things that wee
doe continually see in this life.
In thee is neuer seene neither
darkeneffe nor night, neither
yet any change of time. The
light that shineth in thee, com-
meth neither of lampes, nor of
Sunne or Moone, nor yet of
bright glittering Starres, but
God that proceedeth of God,
and the light that commeth of
light, is he that giueth clearenes
vn-

vnto thee. Euen the very King
of Kings himfelfe keepeth con-
tinuall refidence in the middest
of thee, compaffed about with
his officers and feruants. There
doe the Angels in their orders
and quires fing a moft fweete
& melodious harmonie. There
is celebrated a perpetuall folem-
nitie and feaft with every one of
them that cōmeth thither, after
his departure out of this pilgri-
mage. There be the orders of
Prophets; there is the famous
company of the Apostles; there
is the inuincible army of Mar-
tyrs; there is the moft reuerent
affembly of confeffors; there
are the true and perfect religi-
ous perfons; there are the holy
Virgines, which haue ouer-
come

B 4

come both the pleasures of the world, and the frailtie of their owne nature; there are the young men and young women, more ancient in vertue than in yeares; there are the sheepe and little lambes that haue escaped from the wolues, and from the deceitfull snares of this life, and therefore doe now keepe a perpetuall feast, each one in his place, all alike in ioy, though different in degree. There Charitie raigneth in her full perfection, for vnto them God is all in all, whom they behold without end, in whose loue they be all continually inflamed, whom they doe alwayes loue, and in louing doe praise, and in praising, doe loue, and all their

their exercifes consist in praifes, without wearinesse, and without trauell. O happie were I, yea, and very happy indeed, if at what time I shall bee loosed out of the prison of this wretched body, I might be thought worthy to heare those songs of that heavenly melodie, sung in the praise of the euerlasting King, by all the Citizens of that so noble Citie. Happie were I, and very happie, if I might obtaine a roome among the Chaplaines of that Chappell, and wait for my turne also to sing my *Halleluia*. If I might bee neare to my King, my God, my Lord, and see him in his glory, euen as hee hath promised mee,

B 5 when

when he said: O Father, this is my last determinate will, that all those that thou hast giuen vnto me, may me with me, and see the glory which I had with thee before the world was created. Hetherto are the words of *S. Augustine*. Now tell mee (Christian brother) what a day of glorious shine shall that bee vnto thee (if thou lead thy life in Gods feare) when after the course of this pilgrimage, thou shalt passe from death to immortality; and in that passage, when others shall beginne to feare, thou shalt beginne to reioyce, and lift vp thy head, because the day of thy deliuerance is at hand. Come forth a little (saith *S. Ierome* vnto the Virgine

gine *Eustochia*) out of the prison of this body, and when thou art before the gate of this Tabernacle, set before thy eyes the reward that thou hopest to have for thy present labours. Tell me, what a day shall that bee, when our Lord himselfe with all his Saints, shall come and meete thee in the way, saying vnto thee: *Arise and make hast O my beloued, my delight, and my Turtle dove, for now the Winter is past, and the tempestuous waters are ceased, the flowers doe beginne to appeare in our land.* Cant. 2. How great ioy shall thy soule then receiue, when it shall be at that time presented before the Throne of the most blessed Trinity, by the hands of the holy
ly

ly Angels, and when shall bee declared thy good workes, and what crosses, tribulations, and iniuries thou hast suffered for Gods sake. *Acts 9.* S. *Luke* writeth, That when holy *Tabitha*, the great almes giuer, was dead, all the widdowes and poore folke came about the Apostle S. *Peter*, shewing vnto him the garments which shee had giuen them: wherewith the Apostle being moued, made his prayer vnto Almighty God for that so mercifull a woman, and by his prayers he raised her againe to life. Now what a gladnesse will it be to thy soule, when in the midst of those blessed spirits thou shalt be placed, with remembrance of thy almes deeds,

deeds, thy prayers and fastings, the innocency of thy life, thy suffering of wrongs and iniuries, thy patience in afflictions, thy temperance in diet, with all other vertues and good workes that thou hast done in all thy life. O how great ioy shalt thou receiue at that time for all the good deeds that thou hast wrought; how clearely then shalt thou vnderstand the value and the excellencie of vertue. There the obedient man shall talke of victories; there vertue shall receiue her reward, and the good honoured according to their merite. Moreouer, what a pleasure will it bee vnto thee, when thou shalt see thy selfe to bee in that
fure

sure hauen, and shalt looke back vpon the courfe of thy nauigation which thou haft failed here in this life: when thou shalt remember the tempefts wherein thou haft been tossed, the straits through which thou haft passed, and the dangers of theeues and pyrats, from whom thou haft escaped. There is the place where they shall sing the fong of the Prophet, which faith, *Had it not beene that our Lord had beene mine helper, it could not be but my soule had gone into hell.* Especially, when from thence thou shalt behold so many fins as are committed every houre in the world, so many foules as doe descend euery day into hell, and how it hath pleased

fed Almighty God, that among such a multitude of damned persons, thou shouldst be of the number of his elect, and one of those to whom he would grant such exceeding great felicity and glory. Besides all this, what a goodly sight will it bee to see those seats filled vp, and the Citie builded, and the wals of that noble *Ierusalem* repaired again? With what chearefull embracings shall the whole court of heauen entertaine them, beholding them when they come laden with the spoiles of their vanquished enemies? There shall those valiant men and women enter with triumph, which haue together with the world conquered the weakenesse of their

their owne fraile nature. There shall they enter which haue suffered martyrdome for Christs sake, with double triumph ouer the fl sh and the world, adorned with all cœlestiall glory. There shall also daily enter many young men and children, which haue vanquished the tenderesse of their young yeares with discretion and vertue. Oh, how sweet and fauorie shall the fruit of vertue then be, although for a time before her roots feedmed very bitter: sweete is the cold euening after the hote sunnie day; sweete is the fountaine to the weary thirstie tra- uailer; sweet is rest and sleepe to the tired seruant: but much more sweet is it to the Saints in
hea-

heauen to enioy peace after warre, security after perill, eternall rest after their paines, and trauels: for then are the warres at an end, then need they no more to goe all armed, both on the right side and on the left. The children of *Israel* went forth armed towards the land of Promise, but after that the land was conquered, they laid downe their speares, and cast away their armour, and forgetting all feare and turmoile of warre, each one vnder the shadow of his pavillion & harbour enioyed the fruit of their sweet peace. Now may the watching Prophet come downe from his standing, that did watch and fix his feete vpon the place of the
Sen-

Sentinell: There is no more feare of inuasion by the terrible armies of the bloody enemies: there is no place for the subtile crafts of the lurking viper: there cannot arise the deadly sight of the venomous Baseliske, nor yet shall the hissing of the ancient Serpent be heard there; but onely the soft breathing ayre of the holy Ghost, wherein is beholden the glory of Almighty God. This is the region of all peace, the place of security, situated aboue all the Elements, whether the cloudes and stormie winds of the darke ayre cannot come. O what glorious things haue beene spoken of thee, O Citie of God. Blessed are they (saith holy *Tobias*) that loue

loue thee, and enioy thy peace.
O my foule praife our Lord, for
he hath deliuered *Ierusalem* his
Citie from all her troubles.
Happy shall I be, if the remnant
of my posterity might come to
see the clearenesse of *Ierusalem*:
her gates shall be wrought with
Zaphirs and Emeraulds, and all
the circuit of her wals shall bee
built with precious stones, her
streets shall bee paved with
white and polished marble, and
in all parts of her territories shal
bee fung *Halleluia*. O ioyfull
countrey! O sweete glory! O
bleffed companie! who shall
be those so fortunate and happy
that are elected for thee? It fee-
meth a presumption to desire
thee, and yet I will not liue
with-

without the desire of thee. O ye sonnes of *Adam*, a race of men, miserably blinded and de-
ceiued. O ye scattered sheepe, wandring out of your right way, if this be your sheep-coat, whether goe you backward? What meane you? Why suffer you such an excellent benefit to be wilfully lost for not taking so little paines? What wife man would not desire, that all labour & paine of the world were imposed vnto him? that all forrowes, afflictions, and diseases were euen poured vpon him as thicke as haile; that persecutions, tribulations, and griefes, with one to molest him, another to disquiet him, yea, that all creatures in the world did

did conspire against him, being scorned and made a laughing stocke of all men; and that his whole life were conuerted into weepings and lamentations; so that in the next life hee might finde repose in the heauenly harbor of eternall consolation, and bee thought meet to haue a place among that blessed people, which are adorned and beautified with such inestimable glory. And thou, O foolish louer of this miserable world, go thy way, seek as long as thou wilt for honors & promotions, build sumptuous houses & pallaces, purchase lands & possessions, inlarge thy territories & dominions, yea, cõmand if thou wilt the whole world,
yet

yet shalt thou neuer bee so great as the least of all the seruants of Almighty God, who shall receiue that treasure which this world cannot giue, and shall enioy that felicity, which shall endure for euermore, when thou with thy pompe and riches, shall beare the rich glutton company, whose buriall is in the deepe vault of hell: but the deuout spirituall man shall bee carried by the holy Angels with poore *Lazarus* into *Abrahams* bosome, a place of perpetuall rest, ioy, follace, and eternall happinesse.

Of



Of the benefits which
our Lord promifeth to
giue in this present life,
to fuch as liue a iuft
and godly life.

PEradventure thou wilt
now fay, that all thefe
things before rehear-
fed, be rewards & punishments
onely for the life to come: and
that thou defireft to fee some-
thing in this present life, becaufe
our minds are wont to be mo-
ued very much with the fight
of things present. To fatisfie
thee

thee herein, I will also explaine vnto thee what may answere thy desire. For although our Lord do referue the best wine, and the delicate dishes of most delight, vntill the end of the banquet, yet he suffereth not his friends to bee vtterly destitute of meate and drinke in this tedious voyage: for hee knoweth very well, that they could not otherwise hold out in their iourney. And therefore when he said vnto *Abraham*, Feare not *Abraham*, for I am thy defender, and thy reward shall be exceeding great: By these words he promised two things, the one for the time present. that was, to bee his safegard and defence in all such things as
may

may happen in this life; and the other for the time to come, and that is, the reward of glory which is referued for the next life. But how great the first promise is, and how many kinds of benefits and fauours are therein included, no man is able to vnderstand, but onely he, that hath with great diligence read the holy Scriptures, wherein no one thing is more often repeated and set forth, than the greatnesse of the fauours, benefits, and priuiledges, which Almighty God promifeth vnto his friends in this life. Hearken what *Salomon* faith in the third chapter of his Prouerbs, as touching this matter. *Blessed is that man that findeth wisdom,*
C for

for it is better to haue it, than all the treasures of Siluer and Gold, be they neuer so excellent and precious: and it is more worth than all the riches of the world, and whatsoeuer mans heart is able to desire, is not comparable vnto it. The length of daies are at her right hand, and riches and glorie at her left. Her waies be pleasant, and all her passages be quiet; she is a tree of life to all those that haue obtained her; and hee that shall haue her in continuall possession, shall be blessed. Keepe therefore (O my sonne) the lawes of Almighty God, and his counsell, for they shall be as life to thy soule, and sweetnesse to thy taste. Then shalt thou walke safely in thy waies, and thy feet shall not finde

finde any stumbling blockes. If thou sleep, thou shalt haue no cause to feare: and if thou take thy rest, thy sleepe shall be quiet. This is the sweetnesse and quietnesse of the way of the godly, but the wayes of the wicked are farre different, as the holy Scripture doth declare vnto vs. The paths and wayes of the wicked (saith *Ecclesiasticus*) are full of brambles, and at the end of their iourney are prepared for them, hell, darknesse, and pains. Doeſt thou thinke it then a good exchange, to forfake the wayes of Almighty God, for the waies of the world, ſith there is ſo great difference betweene the one and the other, not onely in the end of the way, but alſo

C 2

in

in all the steps of the same? What madnesse can be greater, than to choose one torment, to gaine another by; rather than with one rest to gaine another rest? And that thou maist more clearely perceiue the excellency of this rest, and what a number of benefits are presently incident thereunto, I beseech thee harken attentiuely euen what Almighty God himselfe hath promised by his Prophet *Esay*, to the obseruers of his law, in a manner with these words, as diuers interpreters doe expound them. When thou shalt doe (faith hee) such and such things, which I haue commanded thee to doe, there shall forthwith appeare vnto thee the

the dawning of the cleare day
(that is, the sonne of iustice)
which shall driue away all the
darkenesse of thy errours and
miseries, and then shalt thou
begin to enioy true and perfit
saluation. Now these are the
benefits which Almighty God
hath promised to his seruants.
And albeit some of them be
for the time to come, yet are
some of them to be presently
receiued in this life: as, that new
light and shining from heauen;
that safety and abundance of
all good things; that assured
confidence and trust in the al-
mighty God; that diuine affi-
stance in all our Prayers and Pe-
titions made vnto him; that
peace and tranquility of consci-

C 3

ence;

ence; that protection and providence of Almighty God. All these are the gracious gifts and fauours which Almighty God hath promised to his seruants in this life. They are all the works of his mercy, effects of his grace, testimonies of his loue, and blessings, which he of his fatherly prouidence extendeth.

To be short, all these benefits doe the godly inioy both in this present life, and in the life to come: and of all these are the vngodly depriued, both in the one life, and in the other. Whereby thou maist easily perceiue, what difference there is betweene the one sort and the other, seeing the one is so rich in graces, and the other so poore

poore and needy: For if thou ponder well Gods promised blessings, and consider the state and condition of the good and the wicked, thou shalt find, that the one sort is highly in the fauour of Almighty God, and the other deeply in his displeasure: the one be his friends, and the other his enemies: the one be in light, and the other in darkenesse: the one doe enioy the company of Angels, and the other the filthy pleasures and delights of Swine: the one are truely free, and Lords ouer themselves, and the other are become bondslaues vnto Sathan, and vnto their owne lusts and appetites. The one are ioy-
C 4 full

full with the witnesse of a good conscience, and the other (except they bee vtterly blinded) are continually bitten with the worme of conscience, euer more gnawing on them: the one in tribulation, stand stedfastly in their proper place; and the other, like light chaffe, are carried vp and downe with euerie blast of winde: the one stand secure and firme with the anker of hope, and the other are vnstable, & evermore yeelding vnto the assaults of fortune: the prayers of the one are acceptable & liking vnto God, and the praiers of the other are abhorred and accursed: the death of the one is quiet, peaceable, and precious in the fight
of

of God, and the death of the other, is vnquiet, painefull, and troubled with a thousand frights and terrours: To conclude, the one liue like children vnder the protection and defence of Almighty God, and sleepe sweetly vnder the shadow of his pastorall prouidence; and the other being excluded from this kinde of prouidence, wander abroad as strayed sheepe, without their sheeheard and Master, lying wide open to all the perils, dangers, and assaults of the world. Seeing then, that a vertuous life is accompanied with all these benefits, what is the cause that should withdraw thee, and perswade thee not to

C 5

em-

embrace fuch a precious treasure? what art thou able to alledge for excuse of thy great negligence? To fay that this is not true, it cannot be admitted, for fo much as Gods word doth auouch the certaintie hereof. To fay that thefe are but fmall benefits, thou canft not, for fo much as they doe exceede all that mans heart can defire. To fay that thou art an enemy vnto thy felfe, and that thou doeft not defire thefe benefits, cannot be, confidering that a man is euen naturally a friend to himfelfe, & the will of man hath euer an eye to his owne benefit, which is the very obieft or mark that his defire shooteth at. To fay that thou haft no vnderftanding,

ding, nor taste of these benefits, it wil not serue to discharge thine offence, forsomuch as thou hast the faith and beleefe thereof, though thou hast not the taste, for the taste is lost through sinne, but not the faith: and the faith is a witnesse more certaine, moresecure, and better to be trusted, than all other experiences and witnesses in the world. Why doest thou not then discredit all other witnesses with this one assured testimony? Why doest thou not rather giue credit vnto faith, than to thine owne opinion and iudgement? O that thou wouldest make a resolute determination, to submit thy selfe into the hands of Almighty God, and

and to put thy whole trust assuredly in him. How soone shouldest thou then see all these Prophecies fulfilled in thee: then shouldest thou see the excellency of these diuine treasures: then shouldest thou see how starke blinde the louers of this world are, that seeke not after this high treasure: then shouldest thou see vpon what good ground our Sauour inuitteth vs to this kinde of life, saying; *Come vnto me all yee that trauell, and are loaden, and I will refresh you; take my yoake vpon you, and you shall finde rest for your soules: for my yoake is sweet, and my burden is light.* Almighty God is no deceiuer, nor false promiser, neither yet is he a great

great boaster of fuch things as he promifeth. Why doft thou then shrink backe? why doft thou refuse peace and true quietneffe? why doft thou refuse the gentle offers and sweet callings of thy Pastor? how dareft thou despise and banish away vertue from thee, which hath fuch prerogatiues and priuiledges as these be: and withall, confirmed and signed euen with the hand of Almighty God? The Queene of *Saba* heard far lesse things than these of *Salomon*, and yet she trauelled from the vttermoſt parts of the world, to try the truth of those things that she had heard. And why doest not thou then (hearing fuch notable, yea, and ſo certaine

taine news of vertue) aduenture
to take a little paines to try the
truth and sequell thereof? O
deare Christian brother, put
thy trust in Almighty God and
in his word, and commit thy
felfe most boldly without all
feare into his armes, and vnloose
from thy hands those trifling
knots that haue hitherto decei-
ued thee, and thou shalt finde,
that the merits of vertue doe
farre excell her fame: and that
all which is spoken in praise of
her, is nothing in comparifon
of that which she is indeede.

That



That a man ought not to
*deferre his Repentance and Con-
 uersion vnto God, from day to day;
 considering he hath so many debts
 to discharge, by reason of the
 offences committed in
 his sinfull life al-
 ready past.*

Now then, if on the one
 side there be so many
 and so great respects,
 that doe binde vs to change our
 sinfull life; and on the other side,
 we haue not any sufficient ex-
 cuse why we should not make
 this exchange. How long wilt
 thou

thou tarry, vntill thou fully re-
solue to doe it? Turne thine
eyes a little, and looke backe vp-
on thy life past, and consider,
that at this present (of what age
soeuer thou be) it is high time,
or rather, the time well nigh
past to begin to discharge some
part of thy old debts. Consider,
that thou which art a Christian
regenerated in the water of ho-
ly Baptisme, which doest ac-
knowledge Almighty God for
thy father, and the Catholike
Church for thy mother, whom
she hath nourished with the
milke of the Gospel, to wit, with
the doctrine of the Apostles
and Euangelists: consider (I
say) that all this notwithstan-
ding, thou hast liued euen as
loosely

loosely & diffolutely, as if thou hadst beene a meere Infidell, that had neuer any knowledge of Almighty God. And if thou doe denie this, then tell mee what kinde of sin is there which thou hast not committed? What tree is there forbidden that thou hast not beholden with thine eyes? What greene meddow is there, in which thou hast not (at the least in desire) feasted thy lletcherous lust? what thing hath beene set before thine eyes, that thou hast not wantonly desired? What appetite hast thou left vnexecuted, notwithstanding that thou didst beleue in Almighty God, and that thou wert a Christian? what wouldest thou haue done more,

more, if thou hadst not had any faith at all? If thou hadst not looked for any other life? If thou hadst not feared the dreadfull day of iudgement? What hath all thy former life beene, but a web of finnes, a sinke of vices, a way full of brambles and thornes, and a forward disobedience of God? with whom hast thou hitherto liued, but onely with thine appetite, with thy flesh, with thy pride, and with the goods and riches of this transitory world? These haue beene thy gods, these haue beene thine idols, whom thou hast serued, and whose lawes thou hast diligently obeyed. Make thine account with the Almighty God, with his lawes,
and

and with his obedience, and peradventure thou shalt finde, that thou hast esteemed him no more, than if he had beene a god of wood, or stone. For it is certaine, that there be many Christians, which beleeuing that there is a God, are induced to sinne with such facilitie, as though they beleeued, that there were no God at all: and doe offend no whit the lesse, though they beleue that there is a God, then they would doe, if they beleeued there were none at all. What greater iniurie, what greater despight can bee done, than so to contemne his diuine maiestie? Finally, thou beleeuing all such things as Christs Church doth

doth beleeeue, haft notwithstanding fo led thy life, as if thou wert perfwaded, that the beleeffe of Chriftians were the greateft fables or lies in the world. And if the multitude of thy finnes paff, and the faculty thou haft vfed in committing of them, doe not make thee afraid, why doeft thou not feare at the leaft the Majefty and omnipotencie of him, againft whom thou haft finned? Lift vp thine eyes, and confider the infinit greatneffe and omnipotencie of the Lord, whom the powers of heauen no adore, before whose Maiefty the whole compaffe of the wide world lyeth prostrate; in whose prefence, all things created, are no more than
than

than chaffe carried away with the winde. Consider also with thy selfe how vnseemely it is, that such a vile worme as thou art, should haue audacity so many times to offend and prouoke the wrath of so great a maiesty. Consider the wonderfull and most terrible seuerity of his iustice, and what horrible punishments he hath vsed from time to time in the world against sinne; and that not onely vpon particular persons, but also vpon Cities, Nations, Kingdomes and Prouinces, yea, vpon the vniuerfall World: And not onely in earth, but also in heauen; and not onely vpon strangers sinners, but euen vpon his owne most innocent sonne, our
sweet

fwet Sauiour Iesus Chrif,
when he tooke vpon him to fa-
tisfie for the debt that we owed.
And if this feuerity was vfed
vpon greene and innocent
wood, and that for the finnes of
others; what then will he doe
vpon dry and withered wood,
and againft thofe that are loden
with their owne finnes? Now,
what thing can bee thought
more vnreasonable, then that
fuch a fraile wretch as thou art,
fhould be fo faucie and mala-
pert, as to mocke with fo migh-
tie a Lord, whose hand is fo
heauie, that in cafe hee fhould
ftrike but one froke vpon thee,
hee would at one blow driue
thee downe headlong into the
deepe bottomeleffe pit of hell,
with-

without remedy. Consider likewise the great patience of this our mercifull Lord, who hath expected thy repentance so long, euen from the time that thou didst first offend him: and thinke, that if after so long patience and tarrying for thee, thou shalt still continue thy leaud and sinfull life, abusing thus his mercy, and prouoking him to further indignation and wrath, hee will then bend his bowe, and shake his sword, and raine downe vpon thee euen sharpe arrowes of euerlasting wrath and death. Consider also the profoundnesse of his deepe iudgments, wherof we read, and see daily so great wonders. We see how *Salomon* himfelfe, after
his

his so great wifdome, and after those three thousand parables and most profound mysteries vttered by him, was forsaken by Almighty God, and suffered to fall down and adore Idols. We see how one of those feuen first Deacons of the Primitiue Church, which were full of the holy Ghost, became not onely an hereticke, but also an arch hereticke and a father of heresies. We see daily many starres fall downe from heauen vnto earth, with miserable fals, and to wallow themselues in the durt, and to eat the meat of swine, which sate before at Gods owne table, and were fed with the very bread of Angels. If then the iust and righteous
for

for some secret pride or negligence, or else for some ingratitude of theirs) be thus iustly forsaken of Almighty God, after they haue bestowed so many yeares in his seruice. What maiest thou looke for, that hast done in a manner nothing else in all thy life time, but onely heaped finnes vpon finnes, and hast thereby offended almighty God most grieuously?

Now, if thou hast liued after this sort, were it not reason that thou shouldst now at the length giue ouer, and cease heaping sinne vpon sinne, and debt vpon debt, and begin to pacifie the wrath of Almighty God, and to disburden thy sinfull foule? Were it not meet, that

D that

that time which thou hast hitherto giuen to the world, to thy flesh, and to the Diuell, should suffice? and that thou shouldest bestow some little time of that which remaineth, to serue him, who hath giuen thee all that thou hast? Were it not a point of wisedome, after so long time, and so many great iniuries, to feare the most terrible iustice of Almighty God, who the more patiently he suffereth sinners, the more hee doth afterwards punish them with seueritie & iustice? Were it not meet for thee to feare thy long continuance so many yeares in sinne, and in the displeasure of Almighty God, procuring thereby against thee such

a

a mighty aduersary as he is, and prouoking him of a mercifull louing father to become thy feuerer terrible iudge and enemy? Were it not meet to feare, leaft that the force of euill custome may in continuance of time be turned into nature; and that thy long vicious vsuall manner of committing sinne, may make of a vice, a necessity, or little lesse? Why art thou not afraid, leaft by little and little thou maiest cast thy selfe downe head long into the deep pit of a reprobate fence, whereinto after that a man is once false, hee neuer maketh account of any sinne, be it neuer so great.

The Patriarke *Iacob* said vnto *Laban* his father in law: These

D 2

foure-

foureteene yeares haue I serued thee, and looking to thine affaires, now it is time that I should looke to mine owne, and begin to attend vnto the affaires of mine owne household. Wherefore if thou hast likewise bestowed so many yeares in the seruice of this world, and of this fraile transitory life, were it not good reason, that thou shouldest now begin to make some prouision for the saluation of thy soule, and for the euerlasting life to come? There is nothing more short, nor more transitory then the life of man; and therefore prouiding so carefully as thou doest for all such things as be necessarie for this life, which is so short, why doest

doest thou not prouide like-
wife somewhat for the life that
is to come? which life
shall endure for
euer and
euer.

D 3 Earths



A Sigh.

H *Ence lazie sleepe,*
thou sonne of fullen night,
That with soft-breathing Spels
keeps sorrowes vnder
Thy charmes; cheares vp
the spirits with delight,
And laps the Sences
in Lethæan slumber;
Packe and be gone:
for my sad soule knowes well,
Care best accordeth
with a gloomie Cell.

And what more darke
then my fin-clouded Soule?
Where

*Where yet the Sunne
of Sapience neuer shone;
But still in Errors
ugly caue did roule,
Where nought keepes concord
but discordant mone:
Leaue me I say,
and giue me leaue to tell,
That to my Soule,
my selfe ha's not done well.*

*Good man ! (if good
there liues one) Thou that art
So farre thrust
from the worlds imperious eyes ;
Helpe me to aſt
this penitentiall part :
I meane, No coyner
of new Niceties,
Nor wodden Worſhipper :
Giue me him than*

D 4

That's

*That's a God-loving,
and good-living man,*

*To be my partner
in this Tragedie;
Whose scenes run bleeding
through the wounded Aëts,
Heart-strucke by Sinne
and Satans fallacie,
And poyson'd by
my selfe-committed faëts:
Send me thy prayers,
if not thy presence found,
To stop the Ore-face
of this streaming wound.*

*Steere me (sweet Sauour)
while I safe haue past
The stormie Euroclydons
of Despaire,*

Till

*Till happily I haue
arriu'd at last,
To touch at Thee, my Soules
sole-sauing stayre:
Tow vp my sin-frought Soule,
sunke downe below,
And long lien weltring
midst the waues of wo.*

*New rig me vp,
left wallowing I orewhelme;
Thy Mercy be my Main-mast;
And for Sayles
My Sighs; thy Truth, mytackling;
Faith, my Helme:
My ballast, Loue;
Hope, Anchor that ne're failes:
Then in Heau'ns hauen
calme Peace me arriue,
Where once enharbor'd,
I shall richly thrine.*

D 5

Woes

*Woes me! how long ha's
 Pride besotted me?
 Propofing to dim Reafon
 my good parts,
 My nimble Wit,
 my quicke proclinitie
 To Apprehenfion;
 and in high defarts
 How many flood beneath me:
 I (vaine foole)
 Thus fob'd by Satans sleights,
 ore-flipt my Soule:*

*Who in darke Error
 downe embodied lies,
 Blacke as the Star-lefse Night;
 and hideoufly
 Impuritie with rustie wings
 crosse flies
 Betwixt the Sunne of
 Righteoufneffe and me;*

Whilst

*Whil'st (Bat-like) beats my Soule
her leather sayles
Gainst the soft Ayre;
and rising, fals and failes.*

*Must I for each
unsyllabled close Thought
Render account?
O wit fi'lde Conference!
Cal'd in is thy protection then,
deare bought:
How was my brow
o'rehatcht with Impudence?
To let whole worlds of words
my cheekes up-swell,
The least of whom
would ding me downe to Hell.*

*O wretched Impes
then of mans impious race!*

Who'l

*Who'l breath out Blasphemies
to make a Iest;
And call wit flashing
the sole punctuall grace
Of genuine knowledge:
But amongst the rest,
Iudge in what case
are those wit-hucksters in,
That hourelly practise
this soule sinking sinne?*

*O may my tongue
be euer riuetted
Fast to my roofe,
but when it speakes Gods praise:
May not one vocall sound
by breath be fed,
But when it carols out
celestiall Layes;
Let not one tone
through my tongues hatches flye,
But*

*But what beares with't
heav'ns glories harmonie.*

*Helpe (Lord of power) my
feeble-joynted praiers
To clamber th'azure Mountaines
throwne aboue me;
And keepe a seat for me there
mongst those hairees,
Apportion'd out to such
as truely loue thee:
Admit them in thine eares
a resting roome,
Vntill to thee and them,
my soule shall come.*

*Meane while, moyst ey'd
Repentance here below
Shall, Inmate wise be
Tenant to my minde:*

For

*For Prayers, without true
 Penitence, doe show,
 " Like meats vnseason'd,
 or like Bils vnfig'n'd;
 " Or corne on tops of
 Cottages that growes,
 " Which (vselesse) no man
 either reapes or sowes.*

*O how my Soule's surpriz'd
 with shallow feares?
 When, thinking to leane on
 Lifes broken staffe;
 And counting to mine age
 large summes of yeares,
 I heare the sweet
 and sacred Psalmograph,
 Compare Life to a Flowre,
 a Puffe, a Span;
 Who's Monarch now,
 next minute's not a Man.*

Must

*Must I needs dye?
 why surfet I on Pleasure?
 Must I needs dye?
 why swim I in Delight?
 Must I needs dye?
 why squint I after Treasure?
 Must I needs dye?
 why liue I not aright?
 Must I needs dye?
 why liue I then in sin?
 Thrice better for me
 I had neuer bin.*

*Fountaine of breathing Dust?
 such grace me giue,
 That I in life,
 prepare in dust to lye;
 Let me be dying still
 whiles I doe liue;
 That I may blisfull liue,
 when I shall dye:*

For

*For in Christs Schoole
this Paradox learne I;
Who dies before he dies,
shall neuer die.*

*If I must die,
then after must begin
The life of Ioy or
Torment, without end;
The life of Torment
purchas'd is by sinne;
The life of Ioy, by life
that learnes to amend:
Why should I then prophane,
swear, curse, lust, lie,
If I but thinke on this;
That I must die?*

*Why should I quaffe
to more then Nature can?*

Sith

*Sith more drinke I gaine
more losse is mine:*

*For may I not be tearm'd
a bestiall man,*

*To drowne my Reason
in a cup of wine?*

Yea tenfold worse:

Thus monster made at least:

God made me Man,

I make my selfe a Beast.

*How swelt I with hard trauell
through the Dale*

*That leads to Prophanations
irkesome cell?*

*But freeze, by softly
pacing vp the skale,*

*Where burning zeale,
and her bright sisters dwell:*

*Thus sweat I in the shadow,
shake i' th shine,*

And

*And by free choice,
from good to ill decline.*

*Sweet Saviour cleanse
my leprous loathsome soule
In that depurpled Fount,
which forth thy side
Gurgling, did twixt two
Lilly-mountaines roule,
To rinse Mans tainted Race,
Sin-foylifide:
Wash it more white
then the triumphant Swan,
That rides o' th' siluer brest
of Eridan.*

*Suffer my prayers
harmony to rise
Into thine eares,
while th' Angels beare a part:*

Accept

*Accept my Sighs,
as smelling Sacrifice,
Sent from the Altar
of my bleeding heart;
Vp to thy nostrils, sweet
as th' Oyle of Aaron,
Or th' odoriferous Rose
of flowrie Sharon.*

*The Hart ne're long'd more
for the purling brookes;
Nor did the lustfull Goate
with more pursuit,
After the blossom'd
Tritifolie looke,
Then do's my panting Soule,
I enioy the fruit
Of thy Life-water;
which if I attaine
To taste of once,
I ne're shall thirst againe,
Euen*

*Euen as the chapped ground
in Summers heat,
Cals.to the clouds,
and gapes at euery showre:
Whose thirstie Casma's
greedily intreat,
As tho they would
th' whole house of heau'n deuour;
So do's my riuen Soule,
beparcht with sin,
Yawne wide, to let
moyst drops of Mercie in.*

Earths

*Earths vanitie.*

V*Anitie of vanities, and
all is but vanitie, saith
the wifest Preacher
that euer wrote: One generation
passeth, and another commeth, and
all is but vexation of spirit.
Which diuine theorem, that
we may the better perceiue, let
vs set our selues to the serious
meditation of it: for the more
we search, the more we shall see
all things to be vanity, nothing
constant, nothing for our eter-
nall*

nall good, but our foules faluation. Mans life on earth doth no sooner begin, but his end approacheth, his death hafteneth. Some come vpon the stage of this world but to haue a breathing, and are presently gone: others stay a while longer, it may be a day, perhaps a weeke, perhaps a month, peraduenture a yeare, or it may be some few yeares: but alas! the longer they stay, the greater their grieffe, care, feare, and anxietie of minde. Euen in the infancie of age man is oft times left as *Moses* sometime was, in the flouds of misery; but as age increaseth, sorrow increaseth, because sinne increaseth: when youth runnes most at randome,
and

and thinketh it selfe most safe, it is then hemm'd in with greatest dangers; then the rash-foole-hardy minde of man hurrieth him headlong to hell, except the irresistibile power of Gods preuenting grace doth speedily stay him; then his wits are euen intoxicated with a frenzie of iniquity, and wholly bent vpon riotousnesse, rashnesse, luxury, iollitie, superfluity and excesse in carnall pleasures. Hee then deuoteth his time, and addicteth himselfe to all manner of euill, drinking, dancing, reuelling, swaggering, swearing, whoring, gaming, quarelling, fighting; and in the meane while neuer thinkes on heauen, nor feareth hell. His head

head is frougt with vanities, his heart with fallacies, whereby his foule is brought into a labyrinth of inextricable miferies. So great is the temerity of his vnaduifed minde, that no confideration of Gods iudgements, either paff, or present, or to come, can fet a ftop to his wickedneffe. His youthfulneffe damps at no bogges, quagmires, hils, or mountaines; but wingeth him ouer all impediments, mounts him ouer all motiues that might way-lay his finnes. He fticks not to offend his maker, to recrucifie his redeemer, to refift (fhall I fay his fanctifier, no, but) the Spirit whom God hath giuen to be his fanctifier: and if hee fo carry him-

himselfe toward these, no mer-
uaile that he derideth his Tutor,
scornes the Minister (like the
little children that mock'd *Eli-
sha*) oppresseth his poore bro-
ther (as *Pharaoh* did the *Israe-
lites*;) spareth not Infants (no
more then *Herod* did) regardeth
not parents (no more then *Ho-
phin* and *Phinius* did.) Let the
mother direct him, the father
correct him, his ancients in-
struct him, alas! all is in vaine:
youth makes men head-strong,
selfe-conceited, and proud, so
that they swell with an ouer-
weening opinion of their owne
worth; they thinke themselues
the onely wits of the time, the
onely men of the world, more
fit to teach others then to learn
E them

	<p>themselves, more able to giue then to take aduice. If they goe on a while in their lewd cour- ses without the restraining and renewing Grace of God, they get a habit of euill, are hardned through the custome of sinne, none may resist them, none compare with them, no law of God or man can restraine them;</p>
Psa. 2. 2, 3.	<p><i>They take counsel together against the Lord, and against his annointed, saying, Let vs breake their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from vs.</i> Whereupon of- tentimes (the ripenessse of sinne being hastened by outragiouf- nessse of sinning) God suddenly cuts them off, in their intempe- rancy, luxury, quarrels, and dif- orders; which shewes their vainnesse</p>
<i>Nequitias vite non sunt esse senem.</i>	

vainnesse to be meere vanity. Suppose they grow as great as *Tamberlaine*, yet a Gunne, Pike Arrow; nay, a Fly, Flea, or Gnat; a dram, nay, a drop of poyson, proues them to be vaine men: one of these silly creatures may send him presently to his creatour to receiue his final doome. Yet alas! what doe these most minde? The bum-basted filken Gallants of our time, that come forth like a May morning, decked with all the glory of Art; the Epicurean Cormerants, the guffling and tipling toffe-pots, the dainty painting Dames, the delicate mincing Ladies, the sweet-singing Syrens, the dancing Damsels, the finicall youths, the couzening Shop-
E 2 keeper,

keeper, the crafty Crafts-man:
I say, what doe all these, but fet
their minds vpon vanitie? vp-
on glory, honour, pride, drosse,
and such like trash, which
weighed in the ballance of the
Sanctuary proue lighter then
vanity? Doe we not sometime
see more spent vpon one suite in
Law then would keepe a poore
Country towne with the inha-
bitants for a whole yeare? See
wee not more spent vpon one
suite of apparell, for one proud
carkasse, then would build a
Free-schoole? So that the
cloathes on many a Gallants
backe exceeds his Rent-day.
See we not more spent vpon a
Feast to fatisfie the curiosity of
a few, then would fatisfie the
necessity

necessity of a hundred poore wretches almost famished to death? See wee not more drunke in a Tauerne at one sitting by a small company, then would serue a troope of sturdy Souldiers in the field? Many goe daily to the Tauern, where they sticke not to spend their twelue pence, who would grudge to giue one penny, nay, one farthing to a hungry begger. Againe, is there not now more spent vpon a Ladies feather, then would pay a meane mans tythes? Is there not more spent vpon one paire of sleeues then would cloath fixe bodies? and more spent at a Whitfunale, then would keepe the poore of the Parish for a yeare? Haue

E 3

we

wee not amongst our Gentry, some of the female sexe, who will spend more vpon a Glasse and a pot of complexion, then they will giue a whole yeare at their gate? they must be menders of that which God makes, makers of that which God marres, turning themselues (like the Camelion) into all shapes, though neuer so grisly and vgly; and being neuer well till they be most ill, neuer (as they conceit) in fashion, till indeede they be out of all fashion. If this be not a vanity of vanities, who can tell what is vanity? Euery man is an eye-witnesse of this vanity, the more is the pittie that it should be so common: your Lady, the Merchants wife, the

the trades mans wife, nay, all of all forts are a degree aboue their estate. Your Gallant is no man, vnlesse his haire be of the womans fashon, dangling and wauing ouer his shoulders; your woman no body, except (contrary to the modesty of her sexe) shee be halfe (at least) of the mans fashon: shee jets, she cuts, she rides, shee sweares, she games, shee smoakes, shee drinkes, and what not that is euill? She is in the vniuersall portraiture of her behauour, as well as in her accoutrements, more then halfe a man; the man on the other side, no lesse womanish. Wee may well admire and exclaime with the Poet, *O tempora! O mores!* O the times!

E 4

O

O the manners of these times!
O quantum est in rebus mane! O
how great a nothing is there in
all things! What a vanity of va-
nity hath ouerspread the age we
liue in? Were our forefathers
now aliue to be spectators of
this vanity, it would strike them
into amazement. In their dayes
the Pike, the Speare, the Sword,
the Bowe, the Arrow, Musket
and Calieuer, with the warlike
Horse, were the obiect of exer-
cise and recreation: Now the
Pot, the Pipe, Dice and Cards,
and such like vanities, indeede
worfe then the quintessence of
the extreamest vanity. We are
now all for ease, wee must lye
soft, fare deliciously, goe sump-
tuously, drinke Wine in bowles,
carowse

carowse healths, till health be quite drunke away; nay, wee must kneele to our drinke, when we will not kneele to him that gaue vs our drinke; we doe homage to that which takes away the vse of our legges, nay, of our braines, our hearts, wits, fence, reason, when we refuse homage to him that gaue vs all these. O vaine man that dost thus forget thy God, and abuse thy selfe! why dost thou thus suffer thy selfe to be swallowed vp in the gulfe of vanity, which hath no bottome but misery? Why sufferest thou the Diuell thus to take thee on the hip, that he may cast thee downe into the Abisse of hell? Art thou so bewitched with that which will

E 5 haue

haue an end, a sudder end, a wretched end? Thy hony will proue Gall in the end, and thy Wine Vinegar. In these faire roses of vanity the Diuell hides his pins, that shall pricke thee, when thou lookest to be refreshed with their sweet smels. These vanities wee purchase at no easie rate; it is with the procurement of punishment, and losse of happineffe: As the bird that accepts of the Fowlers meat buyes it full dearely, with the losse of her owne life: so when we accept these vanities from the Diuell, it is with the losse of better things, in price aboue the whole world. In these contracts with Satan, we make *Esau's* penniworth, sell heauen
for

for a messe of pottage; *Claucus* exchange, Gold for Copper. Now thou art pompering thy corruptible flesh; but let pale death step in, and clap thee on the shoulder, wher's thy mirth, wher's thy felicity? thy voluptuous vanity doth presently expire. There is a banquet set before thee, in which are all varieties of delicacies, but alas! eue-ry one poysoned: darest thou touch or taste any one of them? by sin thou poysonest all those outward blessings of God, which in themselves are wholesome and good: and wilt thou ingurgitate that which is poyson to thy soule? Tell me when all is done, two or three hundred yeares hence, what thou wilt be the

the better for all thy dainties,
more then the poore man that
neuer tasted them? Nay, how
much better in the day of triall,
and at the houre of death? Then
all thy pride, pompe, and plea-
sure shall be turned into squa-
led deformity, & irrecoverable
calamity; then vanity shewes it
felfe in the proper colours, then
death, and knell, and hell doe all
conspire to aggrauate thy for-
row; yea, then hell begins to
come to thee before thou come
to it; thy eyes sleepe not, thy
senses rest not, thy perplexed
heart burnes within thee, thy
wounded conscience bleeds
within thee; thou seeft nothing
but terror, thou feeleft nothing
but horror; thou thinkest thy
felfe

self to be haunted with sprights, ghosts, and hellish furies, stinging thee with Adders, pursuing thee with Torches and fire-brand. That saying of the Heathen man is then, if not before, verified: *Suæ quemque exagitant furæ*; every man is tormented with his owne fury, which is his conscience. Besides thy wife, children, or other friends (to the exasperating of thy grieve) doe stand about thee weeping, as loath to part from thee: whereas thy finnes follow thee, and will follow thee, doe what thou canst; hell gapes before thee with a wide mouth as ready to deuoure thee, destruction on both sides attends thee: backe thou canst not goe, for a dead

dead corps followes thee so neere that thou canst not part from it, it is tied vnto thee with an indissolueable knot; besides, conscience followes thee, and cries out against thee, and will not leaue thee; continually it presents thee with the dreadfull spectacle of thy doleful and wo-full finnes. If this were now seriously considered, how would it make thy heart to ake with grieuing, thy eyes to swell with weeping, thy hands to be alwayes lifted vp, thy knees euer bended? How wouldest thou strue to subdue thy flesh to the spirit, sensuality to reason, reason to faith, and faith to the seruice of God? But thou dost not now consider this, that thy sinne is so
fast

fast linkt to thy conscience, that at the last (albeit not before) it will pull and hale thee, and rack and prick thy conscience, which will accuse, conuict, & condemn thee: all thy vanities, all thy iniquities, will then pursue thee like so many furious ghosts. Then *ex ore tuo*, out of thy own mouth shalt thou be iudged, thou euill seruant: thy owne mouth shall confesse that thou hast followed nothing but vanity: What a vanity was it for me to make earth my heauen, and so to admire & euen adore this earth, that it is a hell to forsake it? What a wofull bargain haue I made to sell my soule for vanity? I was borne in vanity, I haue liued in vanity, and it is
my

my feare that I shall dye in vanity. Oh how grieve followeth grieve? my heart is terrified, my thoughts hurried, my conscience tortured, I fry in anguish, I freeze in paine, I stand agast and know not which way to turne me: my friends must forsake me, my foes will deride me, my earthly ioyes and comforts (I should call them vanities) haue betraid me. Indeede my friends may goe with me to the graue, but there they must leaue me; my riches, pleasures, and such like vanities vanish before; but my finnes and conscience will neuer leaue me; the diuell will still pursue me: hee that tempts me now to sinne, will then torment me for sinning vntill

vtill I cry out with *Cain, My punishment is greater then I can beare. A horfe is but a vaine thing to saue a man*, said the sweet finger of *Israel*: so say I, all earthly things are too vaine to saue a man, to make him blessed, I appeale to the conscience of euery man, if thou hast tried the pleasures of vanity (and who hath not?) whether thou maist not take vp the words of Saint *Paul, What fruit haue I of those things, whereof I am now ashamed?* Shame, and grieve, and guilt, and punishment are the fruit of vanity: enough I thinke to rend our hearts from affecting of it. Thinke vpon this thou that art in the trace of vanity, that thou maist make a retreat;
loose

Rom. 6.
12.

loose no more time herein (for thou hast already lost too much) *redeeme the time, because the dayes are euill*; and why are they euill, but because they are vaine? Whatsoeuer is without the circumference of euill, is aboute the sphere of vanity. Resolue therefore with thy selfe that all things earthly, worldly, carnall, sinfull, are vaine: *the fashion of this world passeth away*, saith the Apostle, *1 Cor. 7. 3.* *The fashion*, τὸ σχῆμα, a word very emphaticall: it signifies first an accidentall and externall figure without substance; secondly, the habit, vesture or cloathing of a thing. Saint Paul vseth this word to debase the world, by intimating vnto vs, that

that the world is *cloathed with a vesture*, that is, wearing and wafting, the *fashion* of it lasteth but for a time, it is ready euery houre to put on a *new fashion*: againe, by intimating vnto vs, that the world is *without any substantiall forme*, like vnto *shewes and shadowes*, that vanish in the representation. Saint *Luke* cals all *Agrippa's pompe* but a *fancie*: *David* cals the yeares of a man but a *tale*, *Psal. 90. 9. We spend our yeares as a tale that is told.* As a tale, nay, as a thought (for so much the originall word doth import) and how many thoughts may a man haue in an houre? Nothing is more changeable then a *vesture*, nothing more fugitiue then a *shadow*,
nothing

nothing more fickle then a *fancie*, nothing more swift then *thought*. What a disproportion therefore is it for the immortall soule of a man to be fastened vnto things which are of such a variable nature? What a folly for vs to preferre those which are but momentary (for so I may more truely cal them then temporall) vnto those things which are indeede eternall? Glasses are in great vse amongst vs, yet because of their brittlenesse who esteemes them precious? We smell to flowers, because they are sweet; but because they are fading, we regard them thereafter. It were well if we would deale thus with all other vanities, *viz.* regard them as they are

are: vse the creatures we may, but not abuse them; serue our selues of them, but not serue them; inioy them, but not ouer-iouy in them.

Now because examples are are very effectuall, whether we vse them by way of dehortation, or whether by way of exhortation, let me propound one or two in this matter whereof I am treating, that by them thou maist be beaten off from the vanities and iniquities of this present euill world. When *Alexander* in the height of his glory kept* a Parliament of the whole world, himselfe was fummoned by death to appeare in another world. It was a wonderfull president of the vanity and variety

Consuetum terrarum orbis.

riety of humane condition (saith the Historian) to see mighty *Zerxes* flote and flye away in a small vessell, who before wanted Sea-roume for his Ships. When *Belshazzar* was laughing and quaffing with his Princes and Concubines, carousing healths in the sacred Vessells; deaths secretary, the hand-writing on the wall, told him he was weighed in the ballance, and his Kingdome was finished. And before him his father *Nebuchadnezzar* (at that time the greatest Monarch in the world) as he was strouting in his Galleries, and boasting of his owne power and honour, a voyce from heauen told him that his Kingdome was departed from him, that he should

should be driuen from amongst men, that he should haue his dwelling with the Beasts of the field, &c. And the sentence was fulfilled on him the same houre. So *Zedekiah* was a liuely spectacle of this worlds vanity and misery, who of a potent King became a miserable captiue, saw his children slaine before his face, after that had his eyes put out, and died miserably in prison. I had almost forgotten *Salomon*, the wisest King that euer was, hauing giuen himselfe to take pleasure in pleasant things, hauing made great workes, built goodly Houses, planted Vineyards, Gardens, and Orchards, and planted in them trees of all fruit, & hauing gathered siluer and

2 Kin. 25

Eccl. 2.

Eccl. 1. 2.

and gold, and the chiefe treasures of Kings and Prouinces, being now full of wisedome, and schooled with experience, he is licensed to giue his sentence of the whole world, and euery man knowes what his censure was: *Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity.* This wise King trauelled all the world ouer, and the further he went the more vanity he did see, and the neerer he looked, the greater it seemed, till at last he could see nothing but vanity. Wouldst thou know what is to be seene, or heard, or had in this vast Vniuerse? *Vanity* faith *Salomon*, yea *vanity of vanities*; and what else? *Vanity of vanities.* And what else?
All

All is vanity. Nothing beneath the Moone that hath not a tincture of vanity. Nay, the Moone it self, the Sunne, all the Planets, all the Starres, the whole body of the Heauens, is become subiect to Vanitie. The creature is subiect vnto Vanity, saith the Apostle, *Rom. 8. 20.* that is, the whole frame of the world, consisting of the cœlestiall and elementary region, the visible heauens with all their goodly furniture of Starres and of cœlestiall bodies, and the earth with her ornaments, and the other elements. *The heauens shall perish, and they shall waxe old as doth a garment, and the Lord shall change them as a vesture, and they shall be changed.* As a garment

Psal. 102.
26.

F the

the older it waxeth, the lesse comely it is, the lesse able to warme him that weares it: so the materiall heauens by continuance of yeares decreafe in beauty and vertue. The neerer the Sunne drawes to the end of his daily course, the lesse is his strength; in the euening we feele the Sunne to decay in his heat, and he waxeth alway the weaker. Now if those superior bodies, then much more things inferiour and sublunary, are included within the compasse of vanity.

But it was my purpose, when I first set vpon this subiect, so ample and large, to be so much the more short: euery vnderstanding can of it selfe discourse,

discourse, where such plenty of matter is offered. I haue therefore (according to the modell of that gift which God hath giuen me) contriued a great picture in a little ring, set forth the great vanity of this world in a little Map.

Let vs now learne the lesson of Saint *Iohn*, the beloued Disciple of Christ, who wrote so much of loue, doth yet dehort vs from louing the world, 1 *Ioh.* 2. 15. *Loue not the world, neither the things that are in the world.* Why not the world? for three reasons: 1. *If any man loue the world, the loue of the father is not in him.* 2. *All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not*
F 2 of

of the father, but is of the world.

3. *The World passeth away, and the lust thereof:* that is, it is vaine and vanishing, yea in the abstract Vanity. For these reasons we must not suffer our hearts to cleave to the best things in the world, as if happineffe were to be found in them. Follow the counsell of the holy Ghost, *1 Cor. 7. 31.* Use this world as though thou used it not, for the fashion of this world goeth away. Use the things of this world as helps to thee in thy trauell to heauen-ward, but let them not steale away thy heart from better things, from God, and Christ, and heauen, and peace of conscience, and ioy in the holy Ghost: these must delight

light the heart of a Christian, who was *redeemed, not with corruptible things, as siluer and gold, but with the precious bloud* of Iesus Christ, in comparifon of whom all the things of the world muſt ſeeme loſſe and droſſe, and dung, and whatſoeuer is moſt deſpitable in the eyes of man. *If riches increaſe, ſet not thy heart vpon them:* no treaſure, no pleaſure, no honor, nor gold, nor plate, nor iewels, nor houſe, nor land, nor apparell, nor friends, muſt ſteale away thy heart. We muſt be affected to theſe things, as *Theodoricke* the good King of *Aquitaine* was with his play;* *In good caſts he was ſilent, in ill merry, in neither angry, in both a*

F 3 *Philosopher.*

1 Pet. 1.
19.

Pf. 62. 10.

*In bonis
iactibus
tacet, in
malis ri-
det, in v-
triſque
Philoso-
phatur.*

Philosopher, or a wise man. We must not make these a riuall vn-to God, we must not leane vpon these by our confidence: for they are a reed that shall quickly breake, and the shiuers will run into our hand.

Death is the most terrible of all things that are terrible, said the Philosopher *Aristotle*: it is terrible both to man and beast, but most terrible to a wicked man that is worse then a beast, when he remembers his sinfull life past, the complexion of his flesh, the paleness of his face, the dissolution of his members, the rottenness of his bones, the obscurity of his graue, the solitariness of his sepulcher, the gnawing of wormes, and the like

like. But alas (albeit these are terrible, yet) these are nothing without the consideration of sin, which is the sting of death, the strength, and victory of the graue. Thinke vpon thy sinnes, whereof thou art guilty, and for which thou must dye, as the condemned malefactor that after sentence pronounced, is hurried to the fatall place of execution, to suffer deserued punishment. Remember, yea againe and againe. I say, remember, how miserably, how violently, how sodainly, others haue suffered death, that were guilty of those sins which are more predominant in thee then they were in them. Art thou a thiefe? which thou maist be, though
F 4 thou

	<p>thou wert neuer attached for theft by the lawes of men; for couetousnesse is a Pick-purse before God: read and remember how <i>Achan</i> dyed, <i>Iosh.</i> 7. Art thou a whoremaster? which thou maist be as well in thy minde as in thy body: then</p>
1 Sam. 3.	<p>read and remember how <i>Hophni</i> and <i>Phineas</i> dyed, how <i>Zimri</i></p>
Num. 25. 8.	<p>and <i>Cosbi</i> were slain in the very act of their vncleannesse. And <i>Iezabel</i> an impudent strumpet dyed a fodaine and shamefull death. Art thou a blasphemous fwearer that dost rend & grinde the sacred name of God betweene thy teeth? Remember him vnder the Law that was stoned to death for his blasphemy. Art thou an Idolatrous</p> <p style="text-align: right;">impe</p>

impe of the Popish Church, that
 dost leaue our Lord to worship
 our Lady, and giue that honour
 to Saints, nay, to stockes and
 stones, which is proper to God
 alone? call to minde how *Sen-*
nacharib was slaine in the midst
 of his Idolatry. Art thou an
 intemperate drunkard, that dost
 sacrifice thy time and state, nay,
 soule and body vnto *Bacchus*,
 rising early to drinke strong
 drinke, and sitting vp late till
 Wine inflame thee? thinke
 vpon *Belshazzar* that was slaine
 in the midst of his cups, whilst
 he was drinking in that Wine,
 which the swords of his insult-
 ing enemies drew out of him
 together with his latest blood.
 Art thou a couetous Vfurder,
 F 5 that

11 37. vlt.

Dan. 5.
vlt.

Luk. 12.

that doſt let out thy mony to men, thy time to Mamon, and thy ſoule to Satan, that like a common Hackney jade wilt not beare thy debtors one houre paſt thy day? or art thou a gripping oppreſſor, that doſt racke thy poore tenants, and exact vpon thy neighbour, to gaine a little tranſitory traſh? Remember *Nabal*, and remember that Miſer in the Goſpell, who being aſleep in ſecurity, and dreaming of enlarged barns and plentifull harueſts, was ſodainly bereft of all, and being awaked vpon the hearing of his Soule-knell perceiued himſelf to be for euer wretched. Conſider whether theſe and the like ſinners, that haue made their ſouls the ſlaues
of

of vanity, haue not in the end made themfelues the flaues of misery. Haue they prospered, or haue they perished? if they haue prospered, then follow them; if perished (as indeede they haue) then in the feare of God retire out of their paths, lest thou be speedily cut off, hauing no information of the danger, till thy owne eyes amazed with the sodainnes behold it in the shape of ineuitable damnation. Be thou warned by their examples; for God hath punished sinne in them, to preuent sinne in thee: *Vt exempla sint omnium, tormenta paucorum*; that the torments of some few may be terrours vnto all: like as thunderbolts fall
(*Pau-*

*Cyprian
ser. 5. de
Lapf.*

(*Paucorum periculo, sed omnium metu*) to the hurt but of few, though not without the horror of all. That ship which sees another ship sinke before her, lookes about her, puls downe her saile, turneth her course, and escapes the sands, which else would swallow her vp as they done the other. When the earth swallowed vp *Corah* and his confederates, all *Israel* that were round about them, fled at the cry of them, for they said, *Lest the earth swallow vs vp also, Num. 16. 34.* The Bird will not light on the lime-bush, nor into the net, if she see another insnared before her; the Horse will not follow another, whom he sees to sticke fast in the
the

the mire: oh be not leffe wise
 then bird or beast, nor more
 brutish then Horfe and Mule
 that hath no vnderstanding. If
 thou seest another fall into the
 fire, thou wilt not willingly fol-
 low him; then follow not sinners
 to the fire of hell, lest thou be
 constrained at last, when it shall
 be too late, to bewaile thy fol-
 ly: to cry out with those that
 haue mispent their time in va-
 nity, Oh that now I might dye
 the death of the righteous! oh
 that I might not dye at all! oh
 that I might feele in my consci-
 ence the least hope of pardon,
 which is as vnpossible as to vn-
 lade all the water in the vast
 Ocean with a spoone! Oh that
 God would giue mee the least
 dram

Thus *Francis Spiera*
 cried out,
 after he
 had renou-
 ced the
 profession
 o true
 pietie, for
 the posses-
 sion of
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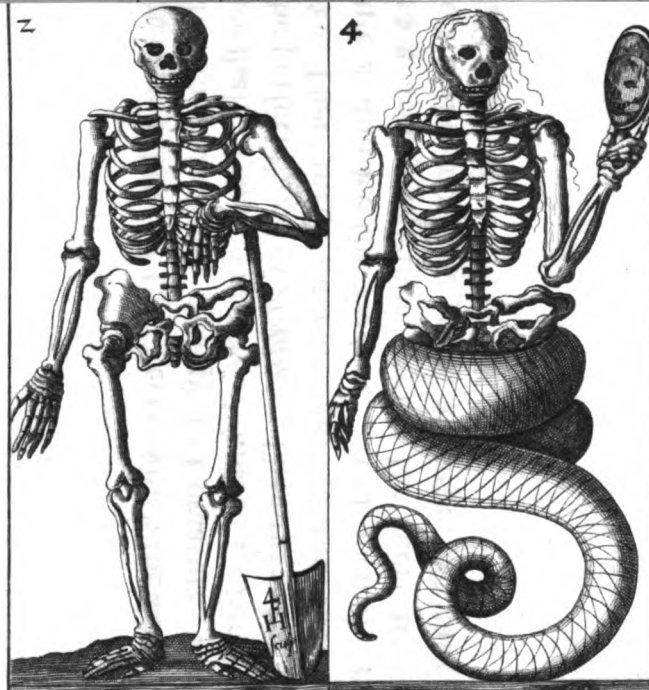
dram of grace, which is as impossible as for the least graine of Mustardseed to fill the whole earth! preuent this betimes, which thou maist doe, by abandoning the vanity of the world; and so liue, that wherefoeuer or howsoeuer thou dyest, whether abroad or at home, by day or by night, sleeping or waking, whether a sodain death or a deliberate death, thou maist willingly commend thy spirit vnto the hands of God as vnto the hands of a faithfull creator; and maist say with the Bride, *Come Lord Iesu, euen so, come Lord Iesu, come quickly:* my heart is prepared to enter into thy rest, receiue me into the armes of thy mercy, entertaine mee into thy
owne

Rev. 22.

owne kingdome, that leauing the vanity of this world, I may with thy glorified Angels and blessed Saints, enioy that euerlasting felicity of a better world, which neuer shall haue an end.

Adew therefore vain world, with all worldly delights whatfoeuer: and now solitary soule begin to take thy solace in better things. And to proue the world vaine, and consequently thy selfe vaine, behold these shapes, read these Verses, and in order open the leaues that are folded vp. Herein, as in a mirrour, behold thy owne estate, read, and consider what thou readeft, that thou maist know and see thy owne vanity.
Here

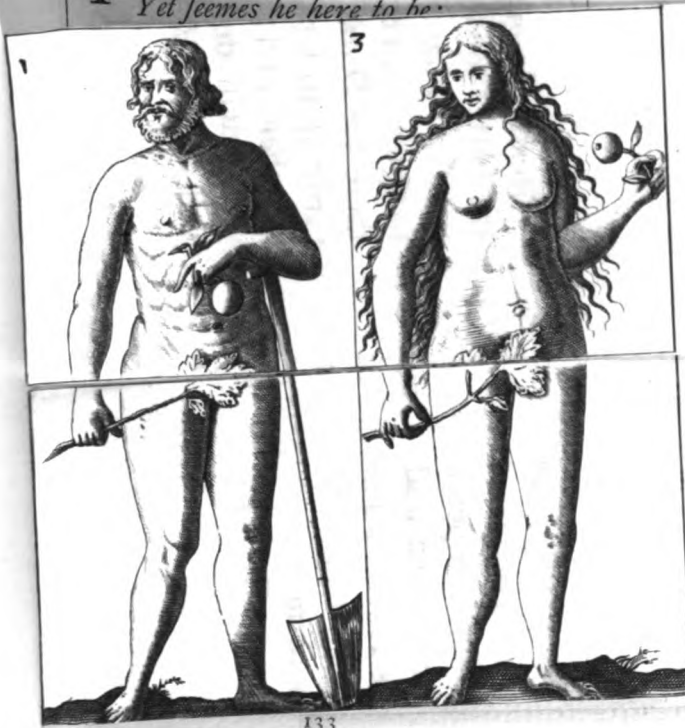
Here thou shalt see what thou wert, what thou art, and what thou shalt be. Dust thou wert, dust thou art, and vnto dust thou shalt returne: dust in thy creation, dust in thy constitution, dust in thy diffolution.





I.

Though long it were since Adam was,
Yet seemes he here to be.



*Till I come with my bitter stings,
And turne to grieve his smiles.*

III.

*Muse not to gaze vpon my shape,
Whose nakednesse you see;
By flattering and deceitfull words,
The Diuell deceiued me:
Let me example be to all,
That once from God doe range:
Turne backe the leaues, and then behold
Another sight as strange.*

IV.

*Had Adam and Eue neuer beene
As there you saw their shape,
I neuer had deceiued them,
Nor they ere made debate:
But turne, behold where both doe stand
And lay the fault on me:
Turne backe the vpper and nether crests,
There each of them you see.*

Here

I. III.

*Here we doe stand in perfect state,
All formed as we were;
But what the Serpent did by hate,
Shall sodainely appeare:
Then here behold how both doe stand,
And where the fault did lye:
Th' almighty power did so command,
That once we all must dye.*

II. IV.

*See what comes of wicked deed,
As all men well doe know;
And for the same God hath decreed
That we should live in woe:
The dust it was my daily food,
Vnto it we must turne;
And darknesse is my chiefe abode,
In sorrow so we mourne.*

Of



Of the punishments
which the Lord threat-
neth vnto such as liue
a sinfull life.

ONe of the principall
meanes that our Lord
hath vsed oftentimes
to bridle the hearts of men, and
to draw them vnto the obedi-
ence of his commandements,
hath beene, to set before their
eyes the horrible plagues and
punishments that are prepared
for

for such persons as be rebels and transgressours of his Law. For although the hope of the rewards that are promised vnto the good in the life to come, may moue vs very much hereunto: yet are we commonly more moued with things that be irkesome vnto vs, than with such as be pleasant: euen as we see by daily experience, that we are vexed more with an iniury done vnto vs, than delighted with any honour; and we are more troubled with sicknesse, than comforted with health: and so by the discomfort of sicknesse, we come to vnderstand the commodity of health, as by a thing so much the better perceiued, by how much more

more it is sensibly felt. Now for this cause did our Lord in times past vse this meane more than any other, as it appeareth most clearely by the writings of the Prophets, which are euery where full of dreadfull sayings and threatnings, wherewith our Lord pretendeth to put a terrour into the hearts of men, and so to bridle and subdue them vnder the obedience of his Law. And for this end he commanded the Prophet *Ieremie*, That he should take a white booke, and write in the same all the threatnings and calamities which hee had reuealed vnto him, euen from the first day he began to talke with him, vntill that present houre, and that he should

should read the same in the presence of all the people, to see if peradventure they would be moued therewith vnto repentance, and to change their former life, to the end, that he might also change the determination of his wrath, which he had purposed to execute vpon them. And the holy Scripture saith, That when the Prophet had done according as he was commanded by almighty God, and had read all those threatnings in the presence of the people, and of the Rulers; there arose such a feare and terrour amongst them, that they were all astonished, and as it were bestraughted of their wits, looking one in anothers face, for the exceeding

exceeding great fear which they had conceiued of those words. This was one of the principall means which almighty God vfed with men in the time of the Law written, and so he did also in the time of the Law of grace: in which, the holy Apostle faith, That as there is reuealed a iustice, whereby God maketh men iust, so is there also reuealed an indignation and wrath, whereby he punisheth the vniust: for which cause, S. *John Baptist* (the glorious forerunner of our Sauour Christ) was sent with this commiſſion and embassage, to preach vnto the world, *That the axe was now put to the root of the tree, and that euery tree that brought not forth good*

good fruit, should be cut downe and cast into the fire. Hee said moreouer, That there was another come into the world, more mighty than hee, that carried in his hand a fanne, to winnow and cleanse therewith his floore, and that he would put vp the corne into his garner, but the chaffe he will burne in a fire that should neuer be quenched. This was the preaching and embassage which the holy fore-runner of our Sauour Iesus Christ brought into the world. And so great was the thunder of these words, and the terroure which entered into mens hearts, so dreadfull, that there ran vnto him of all estates and conditions of men, euen of the very Pharisees and
G Publicans,

Publicans, yea, and Souldiours also (which of all others are wont to be most dissolute, and to haue the least care of their consciences) and each of them demanded for himselfe particularly of that holy man, what he should doe to attaine vnto saluation, and to escape those terrible threatnings which he had denounced vnto them, so great was the feare they had conceiued of them.

And this is that (deare Christian brother) which I doe at this present (in the behalfe of Almighty God) deliuer vnto thee, although not with such feruency of spirit and like holiness of life, yet that which importeth more in this case, with
the

the same truth and certainty; for so much as the faith and Gospell which Saint *Iohn Baptist* then preached, is euen the same now taught.

Now, if thou be desirous to vnderstand in few words, how great the punishment is, that almighty God hath threatned in his holy Scriptures to the wicked, that which may most briefly and most to the purpose be spoken in this matter, is this: That like as the reward of the good is an vniuersall good thing, euen so the punishment of the wicked is an vniuersall euill, which comprehendeth in it al the euils that are. For the better vnderstanding whereof, it is to be noted, That all the euils of this life

G 2

are

are particular euils, and therefore doe not torment all our fences generally, but onely one, or some of them. As taking an example of the diseases of our body; we see, that one hath a disease in his eyes, another in his eares: one is sicke in the heart, another in the stomacke, some other in his head. And so diuers men are diseased in diuers parts of the body, howbeit, in such wise, that none of all these diseases be generally throughout all the members of the body, but particular to some one of them. And yet for all this, we see what grieffe onely one of these diseases may put vs vnto, and how painefull a night the sicke man hath in any one of these

these infirmities, yea, although it be nothing else but a little ach in one tooth. Now let vs put the case, that there were some one man sicke of such an vniuerfall disease, that he had no part of his body, neither any one joynt or sence free from his proper paine, but that at one time and instant hee suffered most exceeding sharpe torment in his head, in his eyes, and eares, in his teeth, and stomach, in his liuer and heart: and to be short, in all the rest of his members and joints of his body, and that he lay after this sort stretching himselfe in his bed, being pained with these greefes and torments, euery member of his body hauing his particular tor-

G 3

ment

ment and grieve: Hee (I say) that should lye thus pained and afflicted, how great torment and grieve of minde and body (thinke ye) should he sustaine? Oh, what thing could any man imagine more miserable, and more worthy of compassion? Surely, if thou shouldest see but a dogge to be so tormented and grieued in the street, his very paines would moue thy heart to take pittie vpon him. Now this is that (my deare Christian brother, if any comparifon may be made betweene them) which is suffered in that most cursed and horrible place of hell, and not onely during for the space of one night, but euerlastingly, for euer and euer. For like as the

the wicked men haue offended Almighty God with all their members and fences, and haue made armour of them all to serue sinne, euen so will he ordaine, that they shall be there tormented euery one of them with his proper torment.

There shall the wanton vnchaste eyes be tormented with the terrible sight of Diuels: the eares with the confusion of such horrible cries and lamentations which shall there be heard: the nose with the intollerable stinke of that vgly, filthy, and loathsome place: the taste, with a most rauinous hunger and thirst: the touching, and all the members of the body with extreame burning fire. The ima-

G 4

ginations

gination shall be tormented by the conceiuing of griefes present: the memory, by calling to minde the pleasures past: the vnderstanding, by considering what benefits are lost, and what endlesse miseries are to come.

This multitude of punishments the holy Scripture signifieth vnto vs, when it saith, *Mat. 15. Psal. 10. That in hell there shall be hunger, thirst, weeping, wailing, gnashing of teeth, swords double edged, spirits created for reuengement, serpents, wormes, scorpions, hammers, wormewood, water of gall, the spirit of tempest, and other things of like fort. Whereby are signified vnto vs (as in a figure) the multitude and dreadfull terrour of*

of the most horrible torments and paines that be in that curfed place. There fhall be likewise darkneffe inward and outward, both of body and foule, farre more obscure than the darke-*neffe* of *Ægypt*, which was to be felt euen with hands, *Exod.* 20. There fhall be fire alfo, not as this fire here, that tormenteth a little, and fhortly endeth, but fuch a fire as that place requi-*reth*, which tormenteth excee-*dingly*, and fhall neuer make an end of that tormenting. This being true, what greater won-*der* can there be, than that they which beleue and confesse this for truth, fhould liue with fuch moft ftrange negligence and carelefneffe as they doe? What

G 5

trauell

trauell and paines would not a man willingly take to escape euen one onely day, yea, one houre, the very least of these torments? and wherefore doe they not then, to escape the euerlastingnesse of so great paines and horrible torments, endure so little a trauell, as to follow the exercise of vertue. Surely, the consideration of this matter were able to make any sinfull soule to feare and tremble, in case it were deeply regarded.

And if amongst so great number of paines, there were any manner hope of end or release, it would be some kinde of comfort: but alas it is not so, for there the gates are fast shut vp from
all

all expectation of any manner of ease or hope. In all kinde of paines and calamities that be in this world, there is alwayes some gap lying open, whereby the patient may receiue some kind of comfort: sometimes reason, sometimes the weather, sometimes his friends, sometimes the hearing that others are troubled with the very same disease, and sometimes (at the least) the hope of an end may cheare him: onely in these most horrible paines and miseries that be in hell, all the wayes are shut vp in such sort, and all the hauens of comfort so imbarred, that the miserable sinner cannot hope for remedy on any side, neither of heauen, nor of earth,
neither

neither of the time past, or present, or of the time to come, or of any other meanes. The damned foules thinke, that all men are shooting darts at them, and that all creatures haue conspired against them, & that euen they themselues are cruell against themselues. This is that distresse whereof the sinners doe lament by the Prophet, saying: *The sorrowes of hell haue compassed me round about, and the snares of death haue besieged me:* For on which side soeuer they looke or turne their eyes, they doe continually behold occasions of sorrow and grieve, and none at all of any ease or comfort. The wise Virgins (saith the Euangelist) *that stood ready prepared at the*

the gate of the Bridegrome, entred in, and the gate was forthwith locked fast. O locking euerlasting, O enclofure immortal, O gate of all goodnesse, which shal neuer any more be opened againe. As if he had said more plainly, the gate of pardon, of mercy, of comfort, of grace, of intercession, of hope, and of all other goodnesse, is shut vp for euer and euer. Six dayes and no more was Manna to be gathered, but the seuenth day, which was the Sabbath day was there none to be found: and therefore shall he fast for euer, that hath not in due time made his prouision aforehand. The sluggard (saith the wise man) will not till his ground for feare

feare of cold, and therefore shall he beg his bread in summer, and no man shall giue him to eat. And in another place he saith: *He that gathereth in summer, is a wise sonne, but he that giueth himselfe to sleeping at that season, is the sonne of confusion.* For what confusion can be greater then that which that miserable couetous rich man suffereth, who with a few crums of bread that fell from his table, might haue purchased to himselfe abundance of euerlasting felicitie, and glory in the kingdome of heauen? But because he would not giue so small a thing, he came to such an extreame necessity that he begged (yea, and shall for euer beg in vaine) one-
ly

ly one drop of water, and shall neuer obtaine it. Who is not moued with that request of that vnfortunate damned person, who cried, *O father Abraham haue compassion on me, and send downe Lazarus vnto me, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and touch my tongue, for these horrible flames doe torment me exceedingly.* What smaller request could there be desired than this? He durst not request so much as one cup of water, neither that *Lazarus* should put his whole hand into the water, nor yet (which is more to be wondered at) did he request so much as the whole finger, but onely the tip of it, that it might but touch his tongue; and yet
euen

euē this alone would not be granted vnto him. Whereby thou maieſt perceiue, how faſt the gate of all conſolation is ſhut vp, and how vniuerſall that interdict and excommunication is, that is there laid vpon the damned, ſith this rich Glutton could not obtaine ſo much as this ſmall requeſt. So that whereſoeuer the damned perſons doe turne their eyes, and on which ſide ſoeuer they ſtretch their hands, they ſhall not finde any manner of comfort, be it neuer ſo ſmall. And as he that is in the Sea choaked, and almoſt drowned vnder the water, not finding any ſtay whereupon to ſet his foot, ſtretcheth forth his hands oftentimes

times on euery fide in vain (because all that he graspeth after, is thin and liquid water, which deceiues him) euen so shall it fare with the damned persons, when they shall be drowned in that deepe Sea of so many miseries, where they shall strue and struggle alwaies with death, without finding any succour or place of stay, whereupon they may rest themselues. Now this is one of the greatest paines wherewith they be tormented in that curfed place: for if these torments should haue their continuance limited but for a certaine time, though it were for a thousand, yea, a hundred thousand millions of yeares, yet euen this would be some little comfort

fort vnto them, for nothing is perfectly great, in case it haue an end: But alas, they haue not so much as this poore and miserable comfort: but contrariwise, their paines are equall in continuance with the eternity of almighty God, and the lasting of their misery with the eternity of Gods glory. As long as almighty God shall liue, so long shall they dye: and when almighty God shall cease to be God, then shall they also cease to be as they are. O deadly life, O immortall death! I know not whether I may truely tearme thee, either life or death: for if thou be life, why dost thou kil? And if thou be death, why dost thou endure? Wherefore

I

I will call thee neither the one, nor the other, for so much as in both of them there is contained something that is good: as in life there is rest, and in death there is an end (which is a great comfort to the afflicted) but thou hast neither rest nor end. What art thou then? Marry, thou art the worst of life, and the worst of death; for of death thou hast the torment, without any end, and of life thou hast the continuance without any rest. O bitter composition, O vnsauory purgation of our Lords cup! of the which, all the sinners of the earth shall drinke their part.

Now in this continuance in this eternity, I would wish that
thou

thou (my deare Christian brother) wouldst fixe the eyes of thy consideration a little while: and that as the cleane beast cheweth the cud, euen so thou wouldest weigh this point within thy selfe with great deliberation. And to the intent thou maiest doe it the better, confider a little the paines that a sicke man abideth in one euill night, especially if he be vexed with any vehement griefe, or sharpe disease. Marke how oft he tumbleth and tosseth in his bed, what disquietnesse he hath, how long & tedious one night seemeth vnto him, how duely he counteth all the houres of the clocke, and how long he deemeth each houre of them to be,

be, how he passeth the time in wishing for the dawning of the day; which notwithstanding, is like to helpe him little towards the curing of his disease. If this then be accounted so great a torment, what torment shall that be (thinke you) in that euerlasting night in hell, which hath no morning, nor so much as any hope of any dawning of the day: O darknesse most obscure! O night euerlasting! O night accursed euen by the mouth of almighty God and all his Saints! That one shall wish for light, and shall neuer see it, neither shall the brightnesse of the morning arise any more. Consider then what a kinde of torment shall that be,
to

to live euerlastingly in such a night as this is, lying not in a soft bed (as the sicke man doth) but in a hot burning furnace, forming out such terrible raging flames. What shoulders shall be able to abide those horrible heats. If it seeme to vs as a thing intollerable to haue onely some part of our feet standing vpon a pan of burning coales, for the space of repeating the Lords prayer, What shall it be (thinke you) to stand body and soule burning in the midst of those euerlasting hot raging fires in hell, in comparison of which, the fires of this world are but painted fires. Is there any wit or iudgement in this world? Haue men their right fences?
doe

doe they vnderstand what these words import? or are they peradventure perswaded, that these are onely the fables of Poets? or doe they thinke, that this appertaineth not to them, or else that it was onely ment for others? None of all this can they say, for so much as our faith assureth vs most certainly herein. And our Sauour Christ himselfe, who is euerlasting truth, crieth out in his Gospell, saying, *Heauen and earth shall faile, but my word shall not faile.*

Of this misery there followeth another as great as it, which is, that the paines are alwayes continuing in one like degree, without any manner of intermission, or decreasing. All manner

ner of things that are vnder the cope of heauen, doe moue and turn round about with the same heauen, and doe neuer stand still at one state or being, but are continually either ascending or descending. The sea and the riuers haue their ebbing and flowing, the times, the ages, and the mutable fortune of men, and of kingdomes, are euermore in continuall motion. There is no feauer so feruent, that doth not decline, neither griepe so sharp, but that after it is much augmented, it doth forthwith decrease. To be short, all the tribulations and miseries are by little and little worne away with time, and as the common saying is, *Nothing is sooner dried*
vp.

vp than teares. Onely that paine
in hell is alwayes greene, onely
that feauer neuer decreaseth,
onely that extremity of heat
knoweth not what is either eue-
ning or morning. In the time
of *Noahs* flood, almighty God
rained forty dayes and forty
nights, continually without
ceasing vpon the earth, and this
sufficed to drowne the whole
world. But in that place of
torment in hell, there shall raine
euerlasting vengeance, and darts
of furie vpon that curfed land,
without euer ceasing so much as
one onely minute or moment.
Now what torment can be
greater and more to be abhor-
red, than continually to suffer
after one like manner, without
H any

any kinde of alteration or change? Though a meat be neuer so delicate, yet in case we feed continually thereupon, it will in very short time be very loathsome vnto vs: for no meat can be more precious and delicate than that Manna was, which almighty God sent down vnto the children of Ifrael in the Defart, and yet because they did eat continually thereof, it made them to loath it, yea, and prouoked them to vomit it vp againe. The way that is all plaine (they say) wearie the more than any other, because alwayes the variety (yea, euen in punishment) is a kinde of comfort. Tell me then, if things that be pleasant and fauory, when they
be

be alwayes after one manner, are an occasion of loathfomenesse and paine: what kinde of loathfomenesse will that be which shall be caused by those most horrible paines and torments in hell, which doe continue euerlastingly after one like sort? What will the damned and curfed creatures think, when they shall there see themselves so vtterly abhorred and forsaken of almighty God, that he will not so much as with the remission of any one sinne, mitigate somewhat their torments. And so great shall the fury and rage be which they shall there conceiue against him, that they shall neuer cease continually to curse and blaspheme his holy

H 2 name.

name. Vnto all these paines, there is also added the paine of that euerlasting consumer, to wit, *the worme of conscience*, whereof the holy Scripture maketh so oftentimes mention, faying, *Their worme shall neuer dye, and their fire shall neuer be quenched.* This worme is a furious raging despight and bitter repentance, without any fruit, which the wicked shall alwayes haue in hell, by calling to their remembrance the opportunity and time they had whiles they were in this world, to escape those most grievous and horrible torments, and how they would not vse the benefit thereof. And therefore when the miserable sinner seeth himselfe thus

thus to be tormented and vex-
 ed on euery side, and doth call
 to minde how many dayes and
 yeeres he hath spent idly in va-
 nities, pastimes, and pleasures;
 and how oftentimes he was ad-
 uertised of this perill, and how
 little regard he tooke thereof:
 What shall he thinke? What
 anguish and forrow shall there
 be in his heart? Hast thou not
 read in the Gospell, that there
 shall be *weeping and wailing, and*
gnashing of teeth? The famine
 of Ægypt endurd onely seuen
 yeares, but that in hell shall en-
 dure euerlastingly. In Ægypt
 they found a remedy, though
 with great difficulty & charge;
 but for this, there shall neuer a-
 ny remedy be found. Theirs

H 3

was

was redeemed with money and cattell, but this can neuer be redeemed with any manner of exchange. This punishment cannot be pardoned, this paine cannot be exchanged, this sentence cannot be reuoked. Oh, if thou knewest and wouldest confider, how euery one condemned to hell, shall there remaine tormenting and renting himselfe, weeping and wailing, and faying; O miserable and vnfortunate wretch that I am, what times and opportunities haue I suffered to passe inuaine? A time there was, when with one cup of cold water I might haue purchased to my felfe a crowne of glory, and when also with such necessary workes of
mercy

mercy in relieuing the poore, I might haue gained life euerlasting. Wherefore did I not looke before me? How was I blinded with things present? How did I let passe the fruitfull yeares of abundance, and did not enrich my selfe? If I had beene brought vp amongst Infidels and Pagans, and had beleued that there had beene nothing else but onely to be born, and to dye, then might I haue had some kinde of excuse, and might haue said, I knew not what was commanded or prohibited me: but for so much as I haue liued amongst Christians, and was my selfe one of them professed, and held it for an article of my beleefe, that the

H 4 houre

houre should come when I should giue vp an account after what order I had spent my life: forsomuch also as it was daily cried out vnto me by the continuall preaching and teaching of Gods Embassadours (whose aduertifements many following, made preparation in time, and laboured earnestly for the prouision of good workes:) forasmuch I say as I made light of all these examples, and perfwaded my selfe very fondly, that heauen was prepared for me, though I tooke no paines for it at all: what deserue I that haue thus led my life? O ye infernall furies, come and rent me in peeces, and deuoure these my bowels, for so haue I iustly deserued

ferued, I haue deserued eternall
famishment, seeing I would not
prouide for my selfe while I
had time. I deserue not to reap,
because I haue not sowne; I am
worthy to be destitute, because
I haue not laid vp in store; I
deserue that my request should
now be denied me, sith when
the poore made request vnto
me, I refused to releue them:
I haue deserued to sigh and la-
ment so long as God shall be
God; I haue deserued, that this
worme of conscience shal gnaw
mine entrails for euer and euer,
by representing vnto mee the
little pleasure that I haue en-
ioyed, and the great felicitie
which I haue lost, and how far
greater that was which I might

H 5 haue

haue gained, by forgoing that little which I would not forgoe. This is that immortall worme that shall neuer dye, but shal lye there euerlastingly gnawing at the entrailes of the wicked, which is one of the most terrible paines that can possibly be imagined.

Peraduenture thou art now perswaded (good Reader) that there can be added no more vnto this, than hath beene said. But surely the mighty arme of God wanteth not force to chastise his enemies more & more: for all these paines that are hitherto rehearsed, are such as doe appertaine generally to all the damned: but besides these generall paines, there are also other
other

other particular paines, which each one of the damned shall there suffer in diuers sorts, according to the quality of his sinne. And so according to this proportion, the haughty and proud shall there be abased and brought low to their great confusion. The couetous shall be driven to great necessity: the glutton shall rage with continuall hunger and thirst. The lecherous shall burne in the very same flames which they themselves haue enkindled. And those that haue all their life time hunted after their pleasures and pastimes, shall liue there in continuall lamentation and sorrow. But because examples are of very great force to moue our hearts,

hearts, I will bring onely one for this purpose, whereby somewhat of this matter may the better be perceiued. It is written of a certaine holy man, that he saw the paines (in spirit) of a licentious and worldly man in this sort. First he saw how the diuels that were present at the houre of his death, when hee yeelded vp his ghost, snatched away his soule with great reioycing, and made a present thereof to the prince of darkenesse, who was then sitting in a chaire of fire, expecting the comming of this present. Immediately after that it was presented before him, he arose vp out of his seat, and said vnto the damned soule, that he would giue him the pre-
heminance

heminnence of that honourable feat, because he had beene a man of honour, ann was alwayes very much affected to the fame. Incontinently after that he was placed therein, crying and lamenting in that honourable torment, there appeared before him two other most ougly diuels, and offered him a cup full of most bitter and stinking liquor, and made him to drinke and carouse it vp all, perforce; saying, It is meet, sithence thou hast beene a louer of precious wines and bankets, that thou shouldest likewise proue of this our wine, whereof all we doe vse to drinke in these parts.

Immediately after this there came other two, with two fiery
um-

trumpets, and setting them at his eares, began to blow into them flames of fire, saying, This melody haue we referued for thee, vnderstanding that in the world thou wast very much delighted with minstrelcie and wanton songs: and sodainly he espied other diuels, loaden with vipers and serpents, the which they threw vpon the breast and bellies of that miserable sinner, saying vnto him, that forsomuch as he had beene greatly delighted with the 'wanton embracings and lecherous lusts of women, he should now sollace himselfe with these refreshings, instead of those licentious delights and pleasures, which he had enioyed in the world. After this sort
(as

(as the Prophet *Eſay* faith in the 47. chapter) when the ſinner is puniſhed, there is giuen meaſure for meaſure, to the end, that in ſuch a great variety and proportion of puniſhments, the order and wiſedome of Gods iuſtice, might the more manifeſtly appeare.

This viſion hath almighty God ſhewed in ſpirit to this holy man for aduertifement and inſtruction, not that in hel theſe things are altogether ſo materially done, but that by them we might vnderſtand in ſome manner the varietie and multitude of the paines which be there appointed for the damned. Whereof, I know not how ſome of the Pagans haue had a certaine

certaine knowledge: for a *Poet* speaking of this multitude of paines, affirmed, That although he had a hundred mouthes, and as many tongues, with a voyce as strong as yron, yet were they not able onely to expresse the names of them. A Poet he was that spake this, but truely therin he spake more like a Prophet or an Euangelist than a Poet. Now then, if all this euill shall most assuredly come to passe, what man is he, that seeing all this so certainly with the eyes of his faith, will not turne ouer the leafe, and begin to prouide for himselfe against that time? Where is the iudgement of men now become? Where is their wits? yea, where is at least their selfe-

selfe-loue, which seeketh euer-
more for his owne profit, and is
much affraid of any losse? May
it be thought that men are be-
come beaſts, that prouide onely
for the time preſent? Or haue
they peraduenture ſo dimmed
their eye-ſight, that they cannot
looke before them? Hearken
(ſaith *Eſay*) O yee deafe and ye
blinde, open your eyes that you
may ſee; Who is blinde but my
ſeruant? And who is deafe but
yee, vnto whom I haue ſent my
meſſengers? And who is blind,
but he that ſuffereth himſelfe to
be ſold for a ſlaue? Thou that
ſeeſt ſo many things, wilt thou
not ſuffer thy ſelfe to ſee this?
Thou that haſt thine ears open,
wilt thou not giue eare hereun-
to?

to? If thou beleeue not this, how art thou then a Christian? If thou beleeue it, and doest not prouide for it, how canst thou be thought a reasonable man? *Aristotle* faith, That this is the difference betweene opinion and imagination, that an imagination alone is not sufficient to cause a feare, but an opinion is: for if I doe imagine that a house may fall vpon mee, it is not enough to make me afraid, vnlesse I beleeue or haue an opinion it will be so indeede: for then it is sufficient to make me afraid. And hereof commeth the feare that murderers alwayes haue, by reason of the suspition they conceiue, that their enemies doe lye in wait
for

for them. If then the opinion and onely suspition of danger is able to cause the greatest courage to feare, how is it that the certainty and beleefe of so many and so great terrible miseries (which are farre more sure than any opinion) doth not make thee to feare. If thou perceiuest that for these many yeares past thou hast led a licentious and sinfull life, and that at the last, according to present iustice, thou art condemned to these horrible torments in hell: if also there appeare by probable coniecture, that there is no more likelihood of thy amendment for ensuing years to come, than there was in those already past, how happeneth it, that running

ning headlong into so manifest a danger, thou art not at all afraid? Especially, considering the sinfull state wherein thou liuest, and the horrible paines and torments which doe attend for thee, and the time which thou hast lost, and the endlesse repentance which thou shalt haue therefore in the most horrible torments of hell. Affuredly, it goes beyond the compasse of all common fence & conceit of humane reason, to consider, That there should be such negligent, wilfull, grosse, & carelesse blindnesse, able to enter and take such deepe rooting in the soule of man.

The



The Conclusion of
all the Premises.

IF now all this be so,
I beseech thee euen
for the bitter passi-
on of our sweet Sa-
uiour Iesus Christ,
to remember thy felfe, and con-
sider that thou art a Christian,
and that thou beleueest affu-
redly for a most vndoubted
truth, whatsoeuer the true faith
instructeth thee. This faith
telleth

telleth thee, that thou hast a iudge aboue that seeth all the steps and motions of thy life: and that certainly there shall a day come, when he will require an account of thee, euen for euery idle word. This faith teacheth thee, That a man is not altogether at an end when he dieth, but that after this temporall life, there remaineth another euerlasting life; and that the foules dye not with the bodies, but that whiles the body remaineth in the graue, vntill the generall day of iudgement, the soule shall enter into another new country, and into a new world, where it shall haue such habitation and company, as the faith and workes were
which

which it had in this life. This faith telleth thee also, that both the reward of vertue, and the punishment of vice, is a thing so wonderfull, that although the whole world were full of bookes, and all creatures were writers, yet should they all be wearied, and the world come to an end, before they should end their description, and make a perfect declaration what is comprehended in each one of these points. This faith informeth thee also, that the debts and duties which we owe to almighty God, are so great, that albeit a man had so many liues as there be sands in the Sea, yet would they not suffice, if they were al employed in his seruice.

And

And this faith likewise telleth thee, that vertue is such an excellent treasure, that all the treasures of the world, and all that mans heart can desire, are in no sort comparable vnto it.

Wherefore, if there be so many and so great respects that doe inuite vs vnto vertue, how commeth it to passe, that there be so few louers and followers of the same? If men be moued with gaine & commodity, what greater cōmodity can there be than to attain life euerlasting? If they be moued with feare of punishment, what greater punishment can be found, than the most horrible euerlasting dreadfull torments in the lake of fire and brimstone, to continue euer world

world without end? If that bonds of debts and benefits; what debts are greater than those which we owe vnto almighty God, as well for that he is which he is, as also for that which we haue receiued of him? If the feare of perils doe moue vs, what greater perill can there be than death, the houre thereof being so vncertaine, and the account so strait? If thou be moued with peace, liberty, quietnesse of minde, and with a pleasant life, (which are things that all the world desires) it is certaine, that all these are found much better in the life that is gouerned by vertue and reason, than in that life which is ruled by the affections and passions of
I the

the minde, forfomuch as man is a reaſonable creature, and no beaſt. Howbeit, in caſe thou account all this as not ſufficient to moue thee thereunto, yet let it ſuffice thee to conſider further, that euen almighty God ſo abaſed himſelfe for thy ſake, that he deſcended from heauen vnto the earth, and became man, and whereas hee created the whole world in fixe dayes, he beſtowed three and thirty yeares about thy redemption; yea, and was alſo contented for the ſame to looſe his life. Almighty God dyed, that finne ſhould dye; and yet for all this doe we endeauour, that finne might liue in our hearts, notwithstanding that our Lord pur-

purposed to take away the life of sinne with his owne death. If this matter were to be discufsed with reason, furely this al ready spoken might fuffice to preuaile with any reasonable creature: for not onely in beholding almighty God vpon the crosse, but whetherfoeuer we doe turne our eyes, we fhall finde, that euery thing crieth out to vs, and calleth vpon vs to receiue this fo excellent a benefit: for there is not a thing created in the world (if wee duely confider it) but doth inuite vs to the loue and feruice of our Sauour Iefus Chrift, infomuch, that looke how many creatures there be in the world, fo many preachers there are, fo many

I 2 books,

bookes, so many voices, and so many reasons, which doe all call vs vnto almighty God.

And how is it possible then, that so many callings as these are, so many promises, so many threatnings, and so many prouocations, should not suffice to bring vs vnto him? What might almighty God haue done more than he hath done, or promised more greater blessings than hee hath promised, or threatned more grievous and horrible torments than he hath threatned, to draw vs vnto him, and to plucke vs away from sinne? And yet all this notwithstanding, how commeth it to passe, that there is so great (I will not say arrogancy, but) bewitch

bewitching of men, that doe beleeue these things to be certainly true, and yet be not afraid to continue all the dayes of their life in the committing of deadly finnes? yea, to goe to bed in deadly sinne, and to rise vp againe in deadly sinne, and to embrue themselues in euery kinde of loathsome, detestable, and odious sin, euen as though all their whole endeauours intended by the practise of sinne, to resist all grace and fauour in the sight of God? And this is done in such sort, so without feare, so without scruple of minde, so without breaking of one houres sleepe, and without the refraining of any one delicate morzell of meat for the

I 3 fame,

fame, as if all that they beleued were dreames, and old wiues tales, and as if all that the holy Euangelists haue written, were meere fiction and fables. But tell me thou that art such a desperate wilfull rebell against thy Creator and Redeemer, which by thy detestable life and dissolute conuersation, doest euidence thy selfe to be a fire-brand prepared to burne in those euerlasting and reuenging horrible fires of hell. What wouldest thou haue done more than thou hast done, in case thou haddest beene perswaded, that all were meere lyes which thou hast beleued? For although that for feare of incurring the danger of the princes lawes,

lawes, and the execution of their force vpon thee, thou hast somewhat brideled thine appetites; yet doth it not appeare, that for any feare of Almighty God, thou hast refrained thy will in any one thing, neither from carnall pleasures, not from backbiting and slandering thy neighbours, nor yet from fulfilling thine inordinate lusts and desires, in case thine ability serued thee thereunto. Oh, what doth the worme of thy conscience say vnto thee, whiles thou art in such a fond securitie and confidence, continuing in such a dissolute and wicked life as thou doest? Where is now become the vnderstanding, iudgement, and reason, which thou

I 4 hast

haft of a man? Why art thou not afraid of fo horrible, fo certaine, and fo affured perils and dangers? If there were a difh of meat fet before thee, & some man (albeit he were a lyer) fhould fay vnto thee, refraine to touch and eat thereof, for it is poyfoned; durft thou once aduenture to ftretch out thy hand, to take a tafte thereof, though the meat were neuer fo fauorie and delicate, and he neuer fo great a lyer that fhould beare thee thus in hand? If then the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Euangelifts, yea, if Almighty God himfelfe doe cry out vnto thee, and fay, Take heede thou miserable man, for death is in that kind of meat, and death doth

doth lye lurking in that gluttonous morfell, which the diuell hath fet before thee? How darrest thou reach for euerlasting death with thine owne hands, and drinke thine owne damnation. Where is the applying of thy wits, thy iudgement, and the discourse and reason which thou hast of a spirituall man? Where is their light, where is their force? Sith that none of them doe bridle thee any whit from thy common vsuall vices. Oh thou wretched and carelesse creature, bewitched by the common enemy Satan, adiudged to euerlasting darknesse, both inward and outward, and so doest goe from one darknesse to the other. Thou art blinde

I 5 to

to see thine owne misery, insensible to vnderstand thine owne perdition, and harder than any Adamant, to feele the hammer of Gods word. Oh, a thousand times most miserable thou art, worthy to be lamented with none other teares, than with those wherewith thy damnation was lamented, when it was said, *Luke 19. Oh, that thou knewest this day the peace, quietnesse, and treasures, which Almighty God hath offered vnto thee, that doe now lye hidden from thine eyes.* Oh miserable is the day of thy natiuitie, and much more miserable the day of thy death: forfomuch, as that shall be the beginning of thine everlasting damnation. Oh, how much

much better had it beene for thee, neuer to haue beene born, if thou shalt be damned in the horrible pit of hell for euer, where the torments are perpetually durable. How much better had it beene for thee neuer to haue beene baptised, not yet to haue receiued the Christian faith, if through the abusing thereof by thy wicked life, thy damnation shall thereby be the greater? For if the light of reason onely sufficeth to make the Heathen Phylosophers inexcuseable, because they knowing God in some degree, did not glorifie him nor serue him (as the Apostle saith in the first to the *Romans*) how much lesse shall hee be excused, that hath
receiued

receiued the light of faith, and the water of Baptisme, yea, and the holy Sacrament of the body and bloud of our Lord and Sauiour Iesus Christ, hearing daily the doctrine of the Gospell, if hee doe nothing more than those Pagan Phylosophers haue done.

Now, what other thing may we inferre of the premisses, but briefly to conclude, That there is none other vnderstanding, none other wisedome, none other counsell in the world, but that setting aside all the impediments and comberfome dangerous wayes of this life, wee follow that onely true and certaine way, whereby true peace and euerlasting life is obtained.

Here

Hereunto are we called by reason, by wisedome, by law, by heauen, by earth, by hell, and by the life, death, iustice, and mercy of Almighty God. Hereunto are we also very notably inuited by the holy Ghost, speaking by the mouth of *Ecclesiasticus* in the sixt chapter, in this wise: My sonne harken to instruction euen from the first yeares of thy youth, and in thy latter dayes thou shalt enioy the sweet fruit of wisedome: Approach vnto it, as one that ploweth and soweth, and with patience expect the fruitful encrease which it shall yeeld vnto thee. The paines that thou shalt take, shall be but little, and the benefits that thou shalt speedily enioy, shall

shall be great. My sonne hearken to my words, and neglect not this my counsell which I shall giue thee, put thy feet willingly into her fetters, and thy necke into her chaines: bow downe thy shoulders, and carry her vpon thee, and be not displeased with her bonds: approach neere vnto her with all thy heart, and follow her wayes with all thy strength, seeke for her with all thy diligence, and she will make her selfe knowne vnto thee, and after that thou hast found her, neuer forsake her: for by her shalt thou finde rest in thy latter dayes, and that which before did seeme so painfull vnto thee, will afterwards become very pleasant. Her fetters

ters shall be a defence of thy strength, and a foundation of vertue, and her chaine shall be a robe of glory: for in her is the beauty of life, and her bonds are the bonds of health. Hether-to *Ecclesiasticus*. Whereby thou maiest vnderstand in some degree, how great the beauty, the delights, the liberty, and riches of true wisdome are, which is vertue it selfe, and the knowledge of Almighty God, wherof we doe intreat. But if all this be insufficient to mollifie our stony hearts, lift vp thine eyes, and fix thy thoughts constantly to behold our omnipotent God in his mercy and loue towards sinners vpon his dying crosse, where he made full satisfaction

tisfaction for thy finnes. There shalt thou behold him in this forme: his feet nailed fast, looking for thee; his armes spread abroad to receiue thee, and his head bowing downe, to giue thee, as to another prodigall sonne, new kisses of peace and attonement. From thence hee calleth thee (if thou wouldest heare) with so many callings and cries as there be wounds in his whole body. Harken thou therefore vnto these voyces, and consider well with thy selfe, that if his prayer be not heard that hearkeneth not vnto the cries of the poore, how much lesse shall he be heard, that maketh himselfe deafe to such cries as these, being the most mercifull

full cryings of our louing fauour, and intended for our foules faluation. Who is he that hath not cause to refolue himfelfe wholly into teares to weepe and bewaile his manifold offences? Who is he that can lament, and will not lament at this? vnleffe he be fuch a one as feeth not, nor careth not what great fhipwracke, wafte, and hauocke he maketh of all the riches and treafures of his foule.

FINIS.

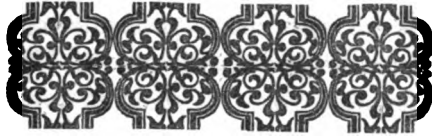
GODLY
PRAYERS
NECESSARY
AND VSEFVLL

for Christian Families
*vpōn ſeuerall oc-
caſions.*

*Therefore I ſay vnto you, What
things ſoeuer yee deſire when yee
pray, beleeue that ye receiue them,
and ye ſhall haue them.*



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M.S. 1628.



Godly Chrifti- an PRAYERS.

*A household Prayer for pri-
uate Families in the
Morning.*



Oft mighty and glori-
ous God, the onely
Craator and Gouver-
nour of heauen and
earth, and all things therein
contained, we miserable finners
here

here met together by thy grace,
doe in thy feare prostrate our
selues before thy throne of Ma-
iesty and glory, desiring in some
measure to shew our vnfained
thankfulnesse, for thy innume-
rable mercies multiplied vpon
vs from the first houre of our
birth, yea before our birth, and
before time was. Before the
foundations of the world were
laid, thou out of thy free loue
and meere mercy, didst elect vs
to eternall life, when thou didst
reiekt others. Thou didst cre-
ate vs after thine owne image,
engrauing vpon vs the chara-
cters of spirituall wisedome,
righteousnesse, and true holi-
nesse; when it was in thy power
to haue made vs like vnto the
beasts

beasts that perish; yea, to haue equalled vs to the basest of thy creatures. And when through our owne default we lost that dignity, thou didst so pittie vs as to send from thine owne bosome thine onely begotten Son to recouer it for vs, and to restore it to vs, and that with no lesse price then his owne heart-bloud. Besides, it hath pleased thee continually to spread the wings of thy gracious protection ouer vs, to ward and guard vs by thy prouidence, to open thy hand and to replenish vs with good things, to continue our life, health, strength, food, raiment, peace, and liberty, to this very houre. Thou hast euen loaded vs with thy benefits,
if

if we had hearts rightly to consider it; thou renewest thy mercy toward vs euery morning; and the night past hast giuen vs a testimony of thy loue: For whereas, for the finnes committed the day before, thou mightest euen in the dead of sleepe haue giuen vs a sodaine call out of this world, and so presently haue brought vs to that great account which wee must make before thee, thou vouchsafest yet to spare vs, yea (which is more) to refresh vs with comfortable rest, to preserve vs from all dangers that might haue befallen our soules or bodies, and to bring vs in safety to the beginning of this day. Heauenly father, grant
that

that we may not be vnmindfull of thy manifold mercies, but that wee may often thinke of them, and speake of them to thy glory; and that the consideration thereof may stirre vs vp to deuote all the powers of our soules, and members of our bodies to thy seruice. Forgiue vs our former vnthankfulnesse for thy mercies, and our feveral abuses of them, yea pardon all our finnes past, we most humbly beseech thee, for thy owne mercies sake, and for thy sonnes merits. Our finnes are great and grievous, for in sinne we were borne, and euer since haue we gone on in a course of sinne and rebellion against thee, we doe daily breake thy holy pre-

K

cepts,

cepts, and that againſt the light of our owne knowledge, albeit we know that thou art our Creatour, who haſt made vs; our Redeemer, who haſt bought vs with the precious bloud of thy onely begotten Sonne; and our Comforter, who beſtoweſt vpon vs all things needfull for our being and well-being, for this life and for a better life. Yea euen thee, thee (O Lord) haue we preſumed to offend, that haſt beene thus abundantly mercifull vnto vs. For this our vnthankfulneſſe and wickedneſſe, enter not into iudgement with vs, wee moſt humbly beſeech thee from the bottome of our hearts; but haue mercy vpon vs, haue mercy vpon vs, moſt

most mercifull Father, and in
mercy wafh away all our finnes
with the bloud of Iefus Chrift,
that fo they may neuer be laid
to our charge, nor haue power
to rife vp in iudgement againft
vs. Pierce our hearts with a
feeling of our finnes, that wee
may mourne for them, as wee
ought to doe; make vs to loath
and abhorre them, that we may
leauē and auoid them, that we
may be watchfull againft all
occasions of finne, and circum-
fpect ouer our owne wayes.
Poure thy ſpirit and put thy
grace into our hearts, that there-
by we may be inabled for thy
feruice, and both in body and
foule may glorifie thee heere,
that wee may be glorified of

K 2 thee

thee and with thee hereafter. And as a speciall meanes to keepe vs in subiection before thee, worke in vs, holy Father, a continuall and effectuall remembrance of this earths vanity, of our owne mortality, of that great and terrible iudgement to come; of the paines of hell, and ioyes of heauen which follow after; O let the remembrance of these things be a spur to prouoke vs vnto vertue, and a bridle to hold vs in from gallopping after vice and wickednesse. We know not how soone thou wilt set a period to our liues, and call for our soules to appeare before thee, whether this day or not before the eue-ning; O prepare vs therefore
for

for the houre of death, that we
may then neither feare nor
faint, but may with ioy yeeld vp
our foules into thy mercifull
hands, and doe thou, O Father
of mercy, receiue them. Let thy
mercifull eye looke vpon vs this
day, shield vs from the tempta-
tions of the diuell, and grant vs
the custody of thy holy Angels,
to defend vs in all our wayes:
enable vs with diligence and
conscience to discharge the du-
ties of our callings, and crowne
all our endeauours with thy
bleffing: without thy bleffing
all mans labour is but vaine,
doe thou therefore bleffe vs in
our feuerall places; oh prosper
thou our handy-worke Prouide
for vs all things which thou

K 3 knowest

knowest to be needful for euery one of vs this day. Giue vs a sanctified vse of thy creatures, a godly ieaousie ouer ourselues, a continual remembrance of thy omniscience, and omniprefence, that we may labour to approue our very thoughts vnto thee; weane vs from the loue of this world, and rauish our soules with the loue of our home and thine euerlasting Kingdome. Defend the vniuersall Church, the Churches of this Land especially, our gracious King *Charles*, our illustrious Queene *Mary*, together with Prince *Palatine* Electour, the Princeesse *Elizabeth* his wife, and their Princely issue; crowne them with thy graces here, and with thy
thy

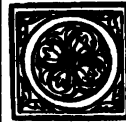
thy glory hereafter. Be with the Magistracie and Ministerie of the Realme, make thy Gospell to flourish amongst vs by the labors of those whom thou hast appointed to this great seruice. Comfort thine afflicted seruants, in what place or case foeuer they be; giue vs a fellow feeling of their miseries, and wisedome to prepare our selues against the euill day. Heare vs in these things, and grant what else thou knowest needfull for vs, not for our worthinesse, but for thy Sons sake, our alone Sauour, in whose name and words, we conclude our imperfect prayers, saying:
Our Father, &c.

K 4

A



*A household Prayer for pri-
uate Families in the
Euening.*



Glorious God, in
Iesus Christ our gra-
cious Father, wee
wretched creatures
by nature, but by thy grace thy
seruants and children, doe here
make bold to appeare before
thee in the humility of our
foules, to performe some part
of that dutie which wee owe
vnto thee. And first we offer
vnto thy diuine Maiestie the
calues

calues of our lips, the sacrifice
of praise and thanksgiuing for
thine infinite mercies which
thou hast beene pleased to con-
ferre vpon vs out of thy bound-
lesse and endlesse goodnesse.
What thou hast done for vs this
day, is beyond all that we are
able to expresse or conceiue:
thou hast preferued vs from all
perils and dangers, so that none
of those iudgements (which our
sinnes haue deserued) haue bin
inflicted vpon vs; thou hast
inlarged our time and opportu-
nitie to repent; thou hast pro-
vided for our foules and bodies;
thou hast bin no way wanting
vnto vs, if we had hearts to ac-
knowledge it. Forgiue vs that
wee cannot acknowledge thy
K 5 goodnesse

goodnesse as we ought to doe,
and more and more quicken vs
in this dutie, that we may with
heart and voyce acknowledge
thee to be that Father of lights,
from whom we doe receiue
euery good and perfect gift:
ascribing vnto thee the whole
glory of all that we enioy, both
now and euermore. And grant
we pray thee, that our thank-
fulnesse may not be onely ver-
ball, but reall, we labouring in
deede and in truth to be dutifull
vnto thee that hast bin so boun-
tifull vnto vs. Pardon vs for the
finnes of this day, wherein we
haue offended thee, whether
open or secret, of ignorance or
of knowledge, of infirmity or
presumption, of omission or
com-

commiffion, in thought, word or deed. The finnes of this day are enough to plunge vs, foule and body, into the bottomeleffe gulfe of perdition. If thou shouldest straightly mark them, what answer shall we be able to make thee, how shall we dare to appeare in thy prefence, before whom all thy creatures feare and tremble? But thy mercy is aboue all thy workes; much more aboue all our works of finne. In the confidence of thy mercy we come vnto thee, befeeching thee in thy sonne Chrift to be reconciled with vs, and to affure vs hereof by the certificate of thine owne blessed spirit. Breake the strength of finne that would fubdue vs more
and

and more; and reare in vs cleane hearts, and renew a right spirit within vs. Increase our faith in the sweet promises of the Gospell, and our repentance from dead workes, our hope of eternall life, our feare of thy name, our zeale for thy glory, our hatred of sinne, our loue of righteousness, our contentment in all estates, our patience in aduersitie, our prudence in prosperity: that so being furnished with the endowments of grace here, we may be fitted for the enioyment of glory hereafter. And because the night is now vpon vs, and our bodies desirous of quiet rest, wee pray thee to take vs into thy blessed tuition, and to refresh our wearied bodies

dies with comfortable sleepe. Protect vs and all that doe belong vnto vs vnder the shadow of thy wings, defend vs from all euill, both of finne and punishment: keepe vs from security and carelesnesse, from dulnesse and drowfinesse of spirit, from fire and robbery, from the malice of Satan and all his adherents, from all perils into which for our finnes we might iustly fall. Let the fight of the bed mind vs of that last bed, the graue, wherein we are shortly to take vp our lodging, we know not how soone. None of vs here present can certainly tell, whether these eyes of ours once clofed vp, shall euer any more open againe in this world:
therefore

therfore receiue vs, good Lord,
receiue vs into the armes of
thy mercy, vnto thine almighty
protection wee bequeath our
selues, foules and bodies, and all
that we haue: vpon thy mercy
alone we cast our selues both
this present night and for euer
more. Be mercifull to thy
whole Church, continue the
flourishing state of the King-
domes, wherein we liue. Decrease
in it the number of superstitious
Papists and prophane Atheists,
and increase in it the number of
such as vnfainedly feare thee.
Preferue from all dangers and
conspiracies our religious King
Charles, our gracious Queene
Mary, the Prince *Palatine* of
Rhene, with that excellent Lady
Elizabeth

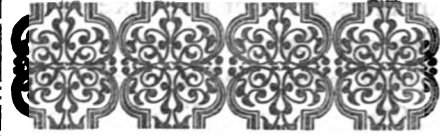
Elizabeth his wife, and their children. Giue them all such a measure of thy spirit and grace, that they may seeke to aduance thy kingdome on earth, and at last be aduanced to thine euerlasting Kingdome in heauen. Endow the right Honorable of our Priuie Counsell with all such graces as may make them fit for so high a place. Stirre vp Magistrates and men in authority, to endeauour after the furthering of thine honour, and the benefiting of thy people. Make the Ministers able and willing to discharge the duties of their weighty calling with diligence and conscience; water their in-deauours with the dew of heauen, that daily such as belong
vnto

vnto life eternall may be added
vnto the Church. Comfort,
O comfort thine afflicted ser-
uants, wherefoeuer or howfoe-
uer troubled: sweeten their af-
flictions and season their sor-
rowes with the comforts of thy
spirit. Giue them all needfull
assistance, and in thy owne time
a ioyfull deliuerance. And make
vs ready for afflictions, that
they may not come vpon vs as
a snare, but that we may in good
measure, like wise Virgins be
prepared for the comming of
Christ Iesus, the sweet Bride-
groome of our soules. Finally,
we pray thee beare with the
weakenesse, and coldnesse, and
imperfection of our prayers,
& to grant our requests, not for
our

our merits, but for thine owne mercies, and for the sake of thy dearely beloued Sonne Iesus Christ, who died to make satisfaction for vs, & liueth to make intercession for vs, in whose words we shut vp our imperfect prayers, saying, as himselfe hath taught vs. *Our Father, &c.*

O Lord bleſſe and ſaue vs,
make thy face to ſhine vpon vs,
thy word to inſtruct vs, thy
grace to direct vs, thy Angels
to protect vs, thy ſpirit to
comfort and ſupport vs,
vnto the end, and in
the end, *Amen,*
Amen.

A



*A Prayer in time
of Warre.*

OH Lord God of hoasts,
in power inuincible, in
wisedome vnsearcha-
ble, in mercy incomprehensible;
that giuest deliuerance in the
time of trouble, and assistance in
the day of battell; wee most
humbly and heartily beseech
thee to saue vs from all those
extremities, and in speciall from
our enemies, which our sinnes
doe threaten to bring vpon vs.
Hitherto

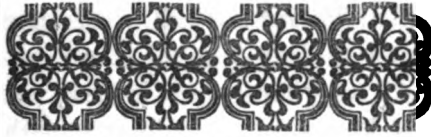
Hitherto thou hast pleased to make our Nation a spectacle of thy ineffable goodnesse, but we deserue to be made a spectacle of thy vnsupportable wrath. Our contempt of thy threatnings, our abuse of thy mercies, our neglect of thy iudgements, with infinite other inormities, doe menace the taking away of thy old mercies, and the bringing in of some iudgement. We haue iust cause to feare, O Lord, that our loud and crying finnes doe call in our enemies vpon vs, and arme them against vs; yea, that they are already prest and prepared to execute thy vengeance. Then open our eyes, we pray thee, that we may see thy Ensigne set vp, thy Banner

ner displayed, and the euidence of thy approaching sword: open our eares that wee may heare thee blowing of thy trumpet, and giuing the alarum to warre: open our hearts that we may not be secure in so great danger, but may quake and tremble to see thy hand of vengeance before vs. And howsoever by our finnes we are fet in the midst of this danger, yet let the hand of thy mercy (which is as omnipotent as that of thy iustice) rescue vs; let thy out-stretched arme deliuer vs. Put vp thy sword into the scabbard; oh bid it rest and be still. Be fauourable and gracious vnto this thy *Syon*, crowne her with plenty, prosperity, and victory. Let not her

her enemies reioyce in her sub-
uerſion, nor triumph in her
deſtruction. Hide not thy face
from her in the day of trouble;
ſtoppe not thine eares at our
prayers. Be vnto vs all a horne
of ſaluation, a rocke of ſafetie,
a wall of braſſe, a ſtrong tower
and fortrefſe againſt the face
and force of our enemies:
diuert their deſignes, fruſtrate
their enuie, abate their fury,
affwage their pride, reſtraine
their power: and in thy name
let vs tread them vnder, that
maliciouſly and miſchieuouſly
riſe vp againſt vs. Suffer not the
light of thy Goſpel to be eclip-
fed, nor the ſplender of thy
glory to be obſcured; let not
thy name be diſhonoured, nor
thy

thy Sanctuary defiled, nor thy truth slandered: but now and euer defend and deliuer (as thou hast formerly done) this Church and State, from plague, Pestilence, and aboue all, that most terrible vengeance, *the deuouring sword*: and that for his sake who hath led captiuity captiue, and like a victorious Conqueror hath triumphed ouer all his enemies, euen Iesus Christ, to whom with the Father and holy Ghost, be all honour and glory,
Amen.

A



*A Prayer for them that
are about the Sicke.*

HEare vs, Almighty and
most mercifull God
and Sauour, extend
thine accustomed goodnesse to
this thy seruant, which is grie-
ued with sicknesse; visite him
(O Lord) as thou didst *Peters*
wiues mother, and the Captains
seruant, restore vnto this sicke
body his former health (if it be
thy will) or else giue him grace
to take this thy visitation pati-
ently,

ently, that after this painfull life ended he may dwell with thee in euerlasting life: O Lord, behold we bend our knees, yea the knees of our hearts with vnfained prayers, & lift vp our eyes to the throne of thy mercies feat, to hearken to these our petitions, according to thy promises, therefore, O Lord grant our requests, we are gathered here together in thy name, in the behalfe of this thy seruant; deliuer him we humbly beseech thee, from these his languishing paines and miseries of sicknesse, and as it hath pleased thee to lay thine hand vpon him; so, O Lord, restore him to his former health; keepe him, O Lord, from fearefull and terrible

terrible assaults, and despightful temptations of the diuell, finne, and hell: deliuer him, O Lord, as thou deliueredst *Noah* from the raging waues of the floods; *Lot* from the destruction of *Sodom*; *Abraham* from the feare of the *Caldeans*; the children of *Israel* from the tyranny of *Pharaoh*; *Dauid* from the hands of *Goliath*; the three men from the violence of the fiery furnace in *Babylon*; *Daniel* from the mouth of the Lyons; *Jonas* from the belly of the Whale, and *Peter* from the prison of *Herod*: Euen so, O gracious Lord, deliuer the soule of this person, both now, and whensoever he shall depart hence from all perill and danger, open vnto him at the houre

L of

of death the doore of Paradice,
the gates of heauen, and the en-
try of euerlasting life, O Lord
Iesus Christ forgiue him all his
finnes, and lead him with ioy
into the kingdome of thy hea-
uenly Father, euen vnto the bo-
some of *Abraham*, and appoint
him his euerl sting rest that he
may reioyce with thee, and all
the elect children of God, to
whom be all honour, glory,
power, and domi-
nion, *Amen.*

The



*The sicke persons
Prayer.*

Lord hearken to my
prayer, and giue eare
to my humble request,
Lord be mercifull vnto
me, and giue me grace patiently
to beare the crosse, and in the
midst of this my sicknesse al-
wayes to say; thy will, O hea-
uenly Father, be done, and not
mine; forgiue and forget, most
gracious Father, all mine iniqui-
ties, blot them out of thy re-
membrance and cast them from
L 2 thy

thy sight, O Lord, as farre as the East is from the West, the North from the South: they are many and innumerable, let them not rise vp in iudgement against me: neither enter thou into thy narrow iudgement with thy seruant, O Lord, for no flesh is righteous before thee, handle me not according to my deserts, deale not with me after my wickednesse, neither reward me after mine iniquities; O Lord my God looke not into my enormous nor incestious life: I am ashamed of my finnes, and aske pardon for my faults, euen with a repenting heart and sorrowfull minde, a bleeding soule, with hidden teares of a true and vnfeined repentance for my misdeeds;

misdeeds; yea, my wounded
breast furcharged with oppres-
sing greefes, doth sigh, groane,
and lament vnder the burthen
of my heinous crimes: where-
fore, O Lord, wash them away
with thy bloud which thou hast
shed for my sinnes, and I shall
be clean and pure without spot;
purge me, O Lord, with those
precious drops that distilled
from thy tormented heart, and
I shall be whiter then the snow,
burie mine offences in the se-
pulcher of thy death, and cloath
me with the garment of righte-
ousnesse, O Lord, for thine in-
finite goodnesse and mercy sake
receiue me into thy tuition and
fauour; pardon, O Lord, and
remit my sins, as thou forgauest

L 3

David

David his murther and adultery with *Bersheba*; *Saul* his persecutions of thy people; *Peter* his deniall; *Mary Magdalen* her lasciuious life, and the *Publican* in the Temple with striking his breast craued thy gracious pardon: saying, *Lord haue mercy vpon me a sinner*, and although my finnes and offences are farre greater, and more grieuous then these; yet, O Lord, thy mercies exceede and are far more compassionate then our finnes manifold; I iustifie not my selfe, O my God, by the offences of these, but declare thy righteoufnesse and mercifull clemencies in forgetting and forgiuing our abhominable trespasses and transgressions of thy wil, which
though

though wee are froward, yet thou art gentle, though we are stubborne, yet thou art meeke, and though we run headlong to the pits brinke, and to the gates of hell; yet thou of thy goodnesse callest vs backe, and remitteft all that wee haue done amiffe; O Lord, I haue acknowledged my faults that they are beft knowne vnto thee: wherefore, O Lord, I aske forgiuenes for the fame, fend me the comfort of thy holy fpirit, that if thou giue me my former health and ftrengh of body, I may amend my life according to thy facred will, and walke worthily in thy Lawes and Commandements: if it be thy pleafure to take mee hence out of this

L 4 tranfitory

transitory life, O Lord, grant that I may rest and liue with thee for euer, world without end. O Lord, hearken vnto these my petitions for Iesus Chist his sake, I aske them and all other things which thou shalt thinke meet both for our soules and bodies in the same forme of prayer as hee himselfe hath taught vs, saying: *Our Father, &c.*

A



*A Prayer at the houre
of death.*

O Lord Iesus Christ,
which art the onely
health of all men liu-
ing, and the euerla-
sting life of them which dye in
thy faith; I wretched sinner giue
and submit my selfe wholly to
thy most blessed will, being sure
that the thing cannot perish
which is committed vnto thy
mercy, I most humbly beseech
thee, O Lord, to giue me grace
L 5 that

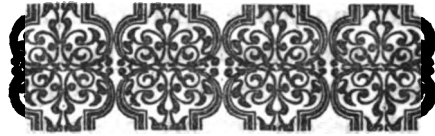
that I may now willingly leaue
this fraile and wicked flesh in
hope of the resurrection, which
in better manner shall restore it
to me againe, grant me, O Lord
God that thou wilt by thy grace
make strong my foule against all
temptations, and that thou wilt
couer and defend me with the
buckler of thy mercy against
the assaults of Satan; I acknow-
ledge, that there is in my selfe
no hope of saluation; but all my
hope and trust is in thy most
mercifull goodnesse, I haue no
no merits nor good workes,
which I may alleadge before
thee; of finnes and euill works,
alas! I see a great heape, but
through thy mercy I trust to be
of the number of thē to whom
thou

thou wilt not impute their sins,
but take and impute mee for
righteous and iust, and to be the
inheritor of euerlasting glory.
Thou, O most mercifull Lord,
wert borne for my sake, thou
didst suffer both hunger and
thirst, thou didst preach, teach,
pray, and fast for my sake, thou
didst all good workes, and suffe-
redst most grievous pangs and
torments for my sake: and fi-
nally, thou gauest thy most pre-
cious body to dye, and thy blef-
fed blood to be shed on the
croffe for my sake: wherefore
most mercifull Sauour, let all
these things profit me, which
thou hast freely giuen mee,
which hast giuen thy selfe for
me, let thy blood cleanse and
wash

wash away the spots and foulesse of my finnes, let thy righteousness hide and couer my vnrighteousnesse, let the merits of thy bitter sufferings be a sufficient and propitiatory sacrifice, and satisfaction for my finnes: giue me, O Lord, thy grace, that my faith and beleefe of thy true and grievous death wauer not in me, but euer be firme and constant, that the hope of thy mercy & life everlasting neuer decay in me, that charitie waxe not cold in me: and finally, that the weaknesse of my flesh be not ouercome with the feare of death; grant me also, O most mercifull Saviour, that when death hath shut vp the eyes of my body, yet the eyes

eyes of my foule may still be-
hold and looke vpon thee, and
that when death hath taken a-
way the vse of my tongue
and speech; yet my heart may
cry, and say vnto thee, O Lord,
into thy hands I giue and com-
mit my foule, Lord Iesus
receiue my spirit, and
take mee to thy
mercies, *A-*
men.

A



*A Prayer for a Woman in
time of her trauaile.*

Righteous & holy Lord
God, I doe now finde
by experience the fruit
of my sinne, that I must trauaile
in sorrow, and bring forth in
paine: and I vnfainedly adore
the truth of thy sacred Word,
as certifying vnto me, that sor-
row must be in the Euening: so
comforting me also against the
Morning, that a Childe shall be
borne. Willingly I doe desire to
submit

submit my selfe in hope into this thy chastisement; and to learne the desert of my sinne, horrible in themselues, that these temporall paines, are fore-runners of eternall: and yet by thy mercy may be so sanctified vnto me, as not onely to preuent eternal vengeance, but also prepare for eternall comforts, euen to be Saued by bearing of Children.

Grant me therefore (gracious Father) true repentance and pardon for my sinnes past, that they may not stand at this time in this my neede betweene mee and thy mercy. Giue mee a comfortable feeling of thy loue in Christ, which may sweeten all other pangs, though neuer
fo

so violent or extreame: make me still to lift vp my foule vnto thee, in my greatest agonies, knowing that thou alone must giue a blessing to the ordinary meanes for my safe deliuerance. Lay no more vpon me then I am able to endure; & strengthen my weake body to the bearing of what sorrowfoeuer, by which it shall seeme good vnto thee to make triall of me.

Grant me to consider that howsoeuer it be with me, yet I am alwaies as thine hand, whose mercies faile not, who will be found in the Mount and greatest extremitie, and to whom belong the issues of death: so prepare me therefore to death, that I may be fit for life, euen to
yeeld

yeeld fruit aliue vnto the world,
and to be renewed and enabled
to nourish the fame. And when
thou hast safely giuen mee the
expected fruit of my wombe,
make me with a thankfull heart
to consecrate both it and my
selfe wholly to thy seruice all
the dayes of my life, through
Iesus Christ mine onely Sa-
uiour and Redee-
mer, *Amen.*

A



*A Thanksgiving after
safe deliuerance.*

Blessed for euer be thy
great and glorious
Name (most deere and
louing Father) for thy great
mercy to me most weake and
finfull woman.

Wonderfull art thou in all
thy workes (O Lord) the riches
of thy mercies are past finding
out: thou hast plunged me with
great afflictions, and yet thou
hast returned and refreshed me
again:

again: thou hast brought me to the feare of the graue, and yet thou hast raised me vp again to life. O how hast thou shewed thy power in my weaknesse? How hath thy louing kindnesse preuailed against my vnworthinesse? Thou mightest for my sinnes haue left me to perish in mine extremities, but thou hast compassed me about with ioyfull deliuerance: thou mightest haue made my wombe a graue to burie the dead: or in affoording life to another, thou mightest haue procured my death, but yet thou hast not onely made my wombe a wel-spring of life, but restored life vnto me also, for the cherishing thereof. Marueilous (O Lord) are

are thy workes, infinite are thy mercies, my soule by present experience knoweth it well. O my soule praise thou the Lord, and all that is within me praise his holy name. My soule praise thou the Lord, and forget not all his benefits. Thou hast heard my prayers, and looked vpon my forrow, thou hast redeemed my life from death, and healed mine infirmities, and crowned me with thine euerlasting compassions.

O giue me, I humbly pray thee, a thankfull heart, not onely now while the memory & fense of thy fauour is fresh before me, but continually euen so long as I haue any being.

Grant that I may learne by
this

this liuely euidence of thy power and mercy, for euer hereafter to depend onely on thee. Quicken me also to all holy duties, that my thankfulnesse may appeare in my pure and Christian carriage.

Make me a kind and carefull mother, willing to vndergoe the paine and trouble of education. Let no nicenesse or curiositie hinder mee from those seruices, to whom both nature and religion hath appointed me: let me also be carefull when time requireth, to season the fruit thou hast giuen me, with the fauing knowledge of thee, & thy deere Son, that my desire may manifestly appeare to be fet for the encrease of thy Kingdome.
Vouchsafe

Vouchsafe so to order my affections & to bring them in obedience vnto thee, that if it shold be thy pleasure either now or hereafter to take this Infant frō me, I may as willingly part with it, as thou freely gaue it me.

And now (O God) perfect in mee that strength which thou hast begun, make me to grow in care to serue thee faithfully, both in the duties of pietie, and in other businesse of my place and calling, that I may be a comfort to my husband, and example to my neighbours, a grace to my profession, and a meanes of glorie to thy Name, through Iesus Christ my Lord and Sauour, *Amen.*

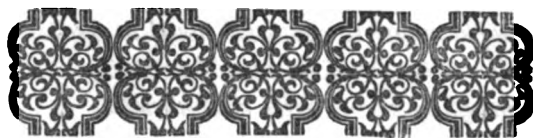
FINIS.

THE
Common Cals,
Cryes and Souuds
of the *Bell-man.*

OR
Diuers Verfes to put
vs in minde of our
mortalitie.

*Which may serue as warnings
to be prepared at all times
for the day of our
death.*

Printed at *London* for
M. S. 1628.



For Christmas day.

R *Emember all that on this morne,
Our blessed Sauior Christ was borne;
Who issued from a Virgin pure,
Our soules from Sathan to secure,
And patronise our feeble spirit,
That we through him may heauen inherit.*

For Saint Stephens night.

T *His blessed time beare in your minde,
How that blest Martyr Stephen dy-
In whom was all that good confinde, (ed,
That might with flesh and bloud abide:*

M

In

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*In doctrine and example he
Taught what to doe, and what to flee:
Full of the spirit he would preach,
Against opinions false and naught,
Confute them too, and boldly teach
What Christ himfelfe to him had taught;
For which at last he lost his breath,
Ston'd by the stony hearts to death: (end,
Let vs then learn by this blest Martyrs
To see our follies, and our liues amend.*

For Saint Johns day.

T*His man the word did boldly teach,
Saw Christ transformed, and did
The glory in that Mount he saw; (preach,
And by that glory stroue to draw,
The sonle of man to sinne a thrall,
To heauen, to which God send vs all.*

For

The Bel-mans Sounds.

For *Innocents* day.

T*He swords of Herods seruants tooke
Such sweet yong things, as with a look
Might make a heart of Marble melt,
But they nor grace, nor pittie felt;
Some from the cradle, some awake,
Some sweetly sleeping, some they take
Dandled vpon their mothers lap,
Some from their armes, some from the pap.*

For *New-yeares* day.

A*LL you that doe the Bell-man heare,
The first day of this hopefull yeare;
I doe in loue admonish you,
To bid your old sins all adue,*

M 2

And

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*And walke as Gods iust Law requires,
In holy deeds and good desires,
Which if to doe youle doe your best,
God will in Christ forgiue the rest.*

For Saint *Dauids* day.

I *Am no Welchman, but yet to show
The loue I to the Countrey owe,
I call this morning, and beseeke
Each man prepare him for his Leeke;
For as I heare some men say,
The first of March is Saint Dauids day;
That worthy Britaine, valiant, wife,
Withstood his Countries enemies,
And caused his Souldiers there to choose
Leekes for to know them from his foes;
Who brauely fought, and conquest won,
And so the custome first begun.*

Then

The Bel mans Sounds.

*Then weare your Leeks, and doe not shame
To memorize your worthies name:
So noble Britaines all adew,
Loue still King Charles, for he loues you.*

For the 5. of *Nouemb.*

A Wake Britaines subiects
 with one accord,
Extoll and praise,
 and magnifie the Lord,
Humble your hearts,
 and with deuotion sing
Praises of thanks to God
 for our most gracious King;
This was the night
 when in a darksome Cell,
Treason was found in earth
 it hatcht in hell;

M 3 And

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*And had it tooke effect,
what would auail'd our sorrow,
The traine being laid
to haue blowne vs vp o'th'morrow?
Yet God our guide
reueal'd the damned plot,
And they themselues destroy'd,
and we were not.
Then let vs not forget
him thanks to render,
That hath preferu'd and kept
our faiths defender.*

For Good Fryday.

*ALL you that now in bed doe lye,
Know, Iesus Christ this night did dye,
Our soules most sinfull for to saue,
That we eternall life might haue;*

His

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*His whips, his grones, his crown of thornes,
Would make vs weepe, lament, and mourn.*

For Sunday.

L *Et labour passe, let prayer be
This day the chiefeſt worke for thee,
Thy ſelfe and ſeruants more and leſſe,
This day muſt let all labour paſſe.*

*All hale to you that ſleepe and reſt;
Repent, awake, your finnes deteſt,
Call to your minde the day of doome,
For then our Sauour Chriſt will come,
Accompt to haue he hath decreed,
Of euery thought, word, worke, and deede:
And as we haue our times here paſt,
So ſhall our Iudgements be at laſt.*

A 4

As

The Bel-mans Sounds.

A *S* darkeſome night
unto thy thoughts preſent,
What 'tis to want
the dayes bright Element,
So let thy ſoule deſcend
through contemplation,
Where utter darkneſſe keepes
her habitation,
Where endleſſe, eaſeleſſe
pines remedileſſe
Attend to torture ſinnes
curſt wilfulneſſe:
O then remember
whiſt thou yet haſt time
To call for mercy for
each forepaſt crime;
And with good Dauid
waſh thy bed with teares,
That

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*That so repentance may
subdue hels feares:
Then shall thy soule
more purer then the Sunne,
Ioy as a Gyant
her best race to runne,
And in vnspotted robes
her selfe addresse
To meet her Lord
that Sonne of righteousnesse,
To whom with God the Father
and the Spirit
Be all due praise,
where all true ioyes inherit.*

T*He Belman like the wakefull
morning Cocke,
Doth warne you to be vigilant
and wise:*

M 5

Looke

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Looke to your fire, your candle
and your locke,
Preuent what may through
negligence arise;
So may you sleepe with peace
and wake with ioy,
And no mischances shall
your state annoy.*

*YOur beds compare vnto the graue,
Then thinke what sepulcher you haue.
For though you lay you downe to sleepe,
The Belman wakes your peace to keepe,
And nightly walkes the round about,
To see if fire and light be out;
But when the morne (dayes light) appeares
Be you as ready for your prayers:
So shall your labours thrine each day,
That you the Belman well may pay.
Like*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

Like to the Seaman is our life,
Tost by the waues of sinfull strife,
Finding no ground whereon to stand,
Vncertaine death is still at hand:
If that our liues so vainelesse be,
Then all the world is vanitie.

THose that liue in wrath and ire,
And goe to rest in any sinne,
They are worse vnto their house the fire,
Or violent theeues that would breake in.
Then seeke to shun with all your might,
That Hidras head, that monstrous sin;
That God may blesse your goods abroad,
And eke also your selues within.

Sleepe

The Bel-mans Sounds.

Sleepe on in peace, yet waking be,
And dread his powerfull Maiestie,
Who can translate the irkesome night,
From darknesse to that glorious light,
Whose radiant beames when once they rise,
With winged speed the darknesse flies.

THou God that art our helpe at hand,
Preferue and keepe our King & land
Frem forraigne and domesticke foes,
Such as the word and truth depose;
And euer prosper those of pittie,
That loue the peace of this our Citie.

AWake from sleepe, awake from sin,
With voyce and heart to call on him,
Who

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Who from aboue pleas'd to descend,
From Sathans malice to defend
Our forfeit soules, to that rich grace
Where we may still behold his face.*

L *Et vs repare and God implore,
That henceforth we transgres no more
And that our ioy be at this tide,
That we in him be satisfide;
Then shall we all for his deare sake,
Be blest asleepe, be blest awake.*

S *ith neither men nor Angels know,
When as the dreadful trump shal blow,
Nor when our Sauour Christ shall come
To giue the world a wofull doome;
Thinke then but what a case you're in,
That sleepe in vnrepented sinne:*

O

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*O wake, O wake, O watch and pray,
And thinke vpon this dreadfull day.*

*Sleepe not so sound, rest not secure,
Marke well my words, of this be sure
The waking Virgins past the gate,
When those that slept came all to late:
Wherefore be watchfull in your center,
That you may with the Bridegrome enter.*

*I F wicked impes wake day and night,
And keepe their candle alwayes light,
And all their skill and praetise bend,
To bring their damned plots to end;
Let vs not sleepe, but laud his skill,
That frustrates all their proiects still.*

The

The Bel-mans Sounds.

T *He night well spent,
the day drawes nigh,
Awake from sleepe
and sinne defie,
All sluggish sloath expell away,
Haue still in minde the iudgement day,
When dead shall rise at trumpets call,
The graues shall open wide with all.*

A *Rise from sinne,
awake from sleepe,
The earth doth mourne,
The heauens weepe;
The winds and Seas distempered bin,
And all by reason of mans sin:
Wherefore arise, lay sleepe aside,
And call on God to be your guide,
From*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*From raging sword and arrowes flight,
And from the terrours of the night;
From fires flame, from sin and sorrow,
God bleſſe you all, and ſo good morrow.*

*ALL you which in your beds doe lye,
Vnto the Lord ye ought to cry,
That he would pardon all your finnes;
And thus the Belmans prayer begins;
Lord giue vs grace our ſinful life to mend,
And at the laſt to ſend a ioyfull end:
Hauing put out your fire and your light,
For to conclude, I bid you all good night*

*MAns life is like a warfare
on the carth,
Whoſe time is ſpent with
troubles, toyles and cares,*

Subiect

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Subiect to all temptations
from his birth:
In woe he liues and dyes
at vnawares,
The surest signe true
fortitude to show,
Is in his life all
vice to ouerthrow.*

*O Harke, O harke my Masters all,
To your poore seruants cry and call:
And know all you that lye at ease,
That our great God may if he please,
Deprive you of your vitall breath:
Then sleeping, thinke your sleep is death.*

*L Et true repentance cleanse your sin,
And then your soules cōmend to him,
That*

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*That by his death hath rais'd and cur'd
The dead, the blinde, and them assured
To giue to them eternall rest,
To liue in heauen among the blest.*

*Confesse thy finnes to God on hie,
Who pardons sinners when they cry;
Bewray thy faults to him in time,
Who will in Christ forgiue thy crime.*

H*E that on the crosse hath dyed,
And for our finnes was crucified,
Be you euer blest in him,
And cleane remitted from your sinne:
Be it granted as I haue praid,
And so the Belman resteth paid.*

All

The Bel-mans Sounds.

ALL you that in bed doe lye,
Harken well to what I cry,
Leaue of your finnes, repentance craue,
It is the onely way your soules to saue.

REpent in time while ye haue breath,
Repentance commeth not after death:
He therefore that will liue for aye,
Must leaue his finnes, and to God pray.

O Gracious God and blessed,
Preserue all ye that be in bed,
So that your quiet rest may take,
Vntill the morning that yee wake:
Then may ye all with praises sing,
To thee O God our heauenly King.
Remem-

The Bel-mans Sounds.

R*Emember man thou art but dust,
There is none aliue but dye he must,
To day a man, to morrow none,
So soone our life is past and gone.
Mans life is like a withered flower,
Aliue and dead all in an houre,
Leauc of thy sins therefore in time,
And Christ will rid thee from thy crime.*

O*Mortall man that is made of dust,
In worldly riches put not thy trust,
Remember how thy time doth passe,
Euen like the sand that from the Glasse,
Hath spent the time and there remaines,
Neuer canst thou call that time againe.*

Sicke

The Bel-mans Sounds.

*Sicke men complaine they cannot sleepe,
The Bel-man such a noise doth keepe;
Others that doe win at play,
Saies he too soone proclaimes the day:
Yet to the sicke that drawes short breath,
It puts them in the minde of death;
And saies the gamster makes good stake,
If he for heauen so long would wake;
And all this while like filly worme,
He doth his office but performe:
Then if his duety breed disease,
Heele go to bed and none displease.*

FINIS.



The Famous History

of Gvy Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.



LONDON,

Printed for *Edward Brewster* at the Sign of the Crane in St. Pauls
Churchyard. 1682.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

*Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord
Herbert of Sherland, and of the most
Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.*

RIGHT worthily Enobled and
truly Honourable LORD!
vouchsafe of your generous courtesie,
(to which all men yield a general ap-
plaud) to accept this slight and weak
Poem, derived from a strong and
mighty subject (to wit) Great *GVY*
of *Warwick* (our famous Country
man) whose valor hath bin the wor-
lds wonder and his admirable acts of
Chivalry, terrors and daunting fears
of all the opposites of himself and
this Kingdome: the neglect-
A 2 ing

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ing of whose worthy Memory, hath induced my more willing than able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-confumed Champion; upon whose honourable Combat, King *Athelstone* ventur'd the whole Realm of *England*. Disdain not therefore (most worthful and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed Virtues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artless Lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, serve only to keep Valour from Oblivious destruction.

Most humbly devoted

to your Honors virtues,

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

TO

To the Noble *English* Nation.

R*Enowned English! whom our Lines invite,
To view the Acts of Warwick's worthy Knight;
Whose deeds of old, writ with an ancient Pen,
Have now out worn the memories of men,
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age:
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:
Where Paper is employed every day,
To carry Verse about the Town for pay,
That Stories should intomb'd with Worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die,
Deign to accept what recreation hours
Have spent upon this Countrey-man of ours:
It seems too far unkind, that in these days,
We toyl so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famousing of our own,
Which over-matchful unto them were known.
England hath bred such men of Valour try'd,
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.
Take here a view of knighthoods ancient face,
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case:
His broken Launce, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,
His valiant Combates with his Foes in Field.
The wounds and scarrs insculpt upon his flesh,
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to Arms,
His freeing tender Ladies from theis harms;
His hacked Target, and his splinter'd spear
His killing Serpents, savage Bore, and bear.*

A 3

Then

The Epistle

*Then look on some, in Ages since benighted,
Who never were with martial deeds delighted:
That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold:
And you shall see that one doth wear the name,
When th' others actions merits for the same.
The same for merit was renowned GUY,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy;
And never held his life in Coward fear,
But ventur'd it at point of Sword and Spear:
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him:
Were it a man, like to Gogmagog;
Or Cerberus, that triple headed Dog,
Or he that often did Olympus climb,
And was the only Club man of his time,
Great Hercules if he had breath'd on ground,
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd,
There would have been a Combat 'twixt them two,
To try what proud Alcibes force could do;
Or Hector, whose applaud the world doth know,
Or fierce Achilles fearful to his Foe.
Had all these liv'd together in an Age,
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.
Kind English, yield unto your Countrey-man
As gentle entertainment as you can,
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust
Sleeping in death as other mortals must:
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,
That hath deserv'd an honourable Name.
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me,
That all the Knights we have, were such as he.*

S. R.

To the Honourable Ladies of
ENGLAND.

Ladies in elder times your sex did need
Knight-hoods true valour to defend your
Of admirable actions we do read, (rights,
Have been atchiev'd in cruell bloody fights.
Fell ugly Serpents were destroy'd and flaine,
Strange Monsters mangled, Giants hew'd in twaine.

But who deserv'd more in such enterprize,
Then worthy English, bred where we are borne?
Such as did ease and idleneffe despise:
For Armour more than filke by them was worne.
These were the Champions that for Ladies good,
Would bleed, as long as they had drops of blood.

Such was Sir *Guy*, whose Story here we tell,
Valours renowned honourable man:
He lov'd your kinde in heart exceeding well,
How can you chuse but love his Legend then?
Bestow the reading of it, if you please,
'Gainst melancholly, the same dull disease.

SAM. ROWLANDS.

The

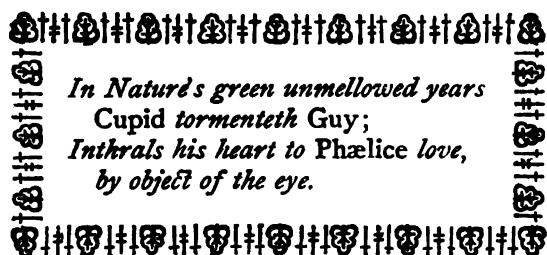
The ARGUMENT.



GUY of *Warwick* (Son to Earle *Rohands* Steward) in blooming youth of Natures spring, fell in love with the Earles faire Daughter *Phelice*, whose disdaining of him, in that he was but a meane Gentleman, and not by birth answerable to her honourable estate, did afflict his tormented minde with much distressed passions, till in a vision *Cupid* presents her with the picture of *Mars*, enjoining her to love *Guy*, as the admired Champion of Christendom: Vpon this she yeeldeth affection, on condition of Adventures, which to atchieve, he departs into *France*, and shortly returnes with Trophees of victory, and prizes of honour: But *Phelice* not satisfied therewith, he leaves *England* again, performing in forraigne Countries wonderfull acts: then returning, marries his Love, whom after forty dayes he leaves, departing on Pilgrimage to the holy Land, effecting in that journey many strange things: Then supposed to be dead; comes back disguised and out-worne to memory, and fights a Combate for King *Athelstone*, killed *Colbrond* the Gyant of *Denmarke*, freeing thereby the Kingdome from invasions. After that, lives obscurely in a Cave, and comes for Almes to his own Castle, not revealing himself till the houre of his death, and then he sent his Lady a ring, by which token she knew her husband, and came most wofully to close up his eyes, dying her self shortly after him, for very grief and extreme sorrow.

The]

T H E
F A M O U S H I S T O R Y
O F
Guy *Earl of Warwick.*


*In Nature's green unmingled years
Cupid tormenteth Guy;
Inthrals his heart to Phælice love,
by object of the eye.*

C A N T O I.

When dreadful *Mars* in Armor every day
 Lov'd stately *Juno* and *Bellona* best,
 Before he knew the Court where *Venus* lay,
 For then he took himself to ease and rest;
 When all his Thoughts unto the proof were steel'd,
 And all his Actions manag'd in the field.
 A Knight of his (a worthy *English* man)
 That went like him, clad in an Iron Coat,
 In *Warwick*, with the worlds applaud began
 To be a man of admirable note:
 Such was the Valour he ascended by,
 That *Pagans* trembled at the name of *Guy*.
 This man compos'd of courage, full of sprite,
 Of hard adventures, and of great designs.
 To fight with Giants took a chief delight,
 Or search some Cave that Monster undermines;

B

Meet

The Famous History

Meet with a Boar to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon by the way.
Yet ere he entertain'd his Love to Arms,
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce Alarms,
The victory of such a prize to prove,
As elder times before could ne're enjoy;
A sweeter face than loft old *Priam Troy*.
Fair *Phælice*, equal match to *Cupid's Mother*:
A curious creature, and the Kingdoms pride:
All spacious *Britain* had not such another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts beside:
'Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.
For most directly she had *Venus* hair,
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye:
Her cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair;
The very lips of perfect Coral-dye:
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,
A soft touch, pleasing, smooth, and filken skin.
With all perfections made a peerless Creature
From head to foot, she had them every one:
Mirrour she was of Comeliness and feature
An *English Phænix*, supreme fair alone:
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,
Beauty lives no where but in *Phælice* face:
In *Phælice* face (this object of *Guy's* fight)
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,
From thence anon his heart depriveth pain.
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,
Another time stern looks work discontent.
Thus on Love's Seas, tost by the storms of terror,
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast;
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast;
He sighs that fortune doth so strangely deal,
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal;

That

of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

That Beauty will not heal (quoth he) fond man.
Thou wrong'st thy self, and thy fair Goddes too;
By looks to know a womans heart who can?
And look on her is only all I do:
I'll take another course more resolute,
To speak, to write my honest meaning suit.
But if I should be so, what hope have I
That she will hear my words, or read my lines
She is Earl *Roband's* heir, and born too high
To condescend unto my poor designs:
Though I a Gentleman by birth am known,
Earldoms I want, and Lordships I have none:
O! women are ambitious out of measure,
They mount aloft upon the wings of pride;
And often match more for this worldly Treasure,
Than any loving cause on earth beside;
Which makes some wish rather there were no gold,
Than love for it should base be bought and sold.
If such she be (as not be such is rare)
What will my words, or sighs, or tears prevail?
I enter then a Labyrinth of care,
And strive against both wind and tide to fail:
A restless stone with *Sisyphus* I roul,
And heap continual torments on my soul.
Then I attempt to fly with waxen wings,
Where *Phæbus* Chariot burns in brightest flame;
And shall be censur'd, that in childish things,
As Love, I have begot eternal shame:
Rejected and despis'd, in base esteem
To th' envious world, I shall no better seem.
But cease, Loves coward, banish thoughts of fear,
Be resolute, and good success attend thee;
Phælice of force a loving heart must bear;
If he that shoots love-darts of gold befriend thee,
And by no reason he can be thy foe,
Because thou lov'st his mothers picture so.
I am resolv'd: Go on to *Phælice* Bower,
And from as true a heart as flesh can yield,

B 2

Intreat

The Famous History

Intreae her hear me in a blessed hour;
And with kind pity all my sorrows shield;
To look upon me with remorse of mind,
That holds my life as her love is inclined.
This said, to *Warwick* Castle he repairs,
Where the rich Jewel of his heart remain'd;
Earl *Robart* bids him welcome, and prepares
With hunting-sports to have him entertain'd:
But thereunto unwilling ear he lends,
And sudden sickness for excuse pretends.
The Earl much grieved at this alteration,
Sent his physician for to do him good;
Who told *Guy*, that his only preservation,
Consisted in the present letting blood:
And that his body in distemperature,
Was difficult and very hard to cure.
Doctor (quoth *Guy*) 'tis true I know as much,
I find my self to be exceeding ill;
But there's a flower, which if I might but touch,
Would heal me better than thy physicks skill:
'Tis called by a pretty pleasing name,
And *Phelix* soundeth somewhat near the same.
Quoth the Physician, Sir, I know it not,
Nor in the Herbal read of such a flower:
Yet in this Castle it is to be got;
Said *Guy*, it grows not far from yonder Tower.
I'll find it out my self, Doctor refrain,
Galen ne're had the Art to cure my pain.
Left in this passion to converse with moan,
As in a window he did fishing lye.
In a delightful Garden all alone,
The Emp'ress of his thoughts he did espy;
Which to his soul did much rejoycing bring,
Fear was depos'd, and Hope was Crowned King.
Now is the time (quoth he) fair Fortunes Sun
Shines favourable on my gloomy cares:
Now may I end the grief that love begun,
And boldly ask good hap, how well she fares:

Now

of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Now will I enter into yonder shade,
To court the worlds admired Beauteous Maid.
Phalice I come, assist me (*Cupid*) now,
Prepare an Arrow ready for thy bow:
I never went a wooing: Teach me how
Good action (with good speech) I may bestow:
But above all things, gentle *Cupid* move her,
That she believe me, when I swear I love her.
With speed unto the Garden then he goes,
Where one of *Phalice* Damsels let him in;
And in a curious Arbour of repose,
Finds *Cytherea* with her silver skin:
Whom he salutes with Grace and Majesty.
Beholding her with Love's enchanting eye.
Fairest (quoth he) of all, the works in Nature,
Whose Equal never breath'd this common air,
More wonderful than Earth can yield a creature,
For every part belonging unto fair;
Immortal Creature of Cœlestial frame,
Eternal honour still attend thy Name
I come to thee about the like poor suit,
That once *Leander* came to *Hero* with,
Hoping thereby to reap more lovely fruit
Than *Mars* attain'd when he deceiv'd the smith.
'Tis only Love that I with heart present;
'Tis only Love must give my soul content.
Incline (sweet Lady) to my humble motion;
Compassionate the grief that I endure.
Regard my life that rests at thy devotion,
With pity take my dying heart in cure:
O let it not in groaning torment swell!
And break in twain, because it loves thee well.
Great Princes love thee, this I knew before,
And deeds of honour for thy Name have done;
But neither King nor Prince can love thee more
Than doth poor *Guy*, thy Fathers Stewards Son;
His love to thee is so inestimable,
To countervail it all, they are not able.

Phalice

The Famous History

Phælice thus interrupts his Protestation:
No more of Love, cease gentle Youth (quoth she)
I have a mind fram'd of another fashion,
Virginity shall live and die with me:
Love is compos'd of idleness and play,
And leadeth unto vain delights that stray:
Besides it ill beseems thee, be so bold,
Inferiour and unfit for my degree;
And if unto my Father this was told,
I know it would procure reproof to thee:
That proverb in this point might make thee wise,
That Princely Eagles scorn the Catching Flies:
And with this answer she departed thence,
Leaving poor *Guy* more vexed than before:
For now in deep despair of recompence,
He never doth expect Loves comfort more;
But unto sorrow, sighs and tears doth give,
Withi ng each day the last he had to live.

Guy in strange passions for his Love,
great torments doth endure:
Till Phælice sees a Vision, and
Doth yield her Patient cure.

CANTO II.

With tired thoughts remains this woful wight,
Distracted in his melancholy mind,
Partaking nothing that contains delight,
All things are harsh, distastful, out of kind:
Phælice denies him Love; whose sound of breath,
Is like the Judge that dooms a man to death:
Like to *Orestes* in his frantick fits,
He tare the golden tresses from his head;
Or mad *Orlando* quite deprived of wits,
From whom the use of sense and reason fled;

So

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

So fares it with this Love-tormented man,
Whose raging thoughts into disorders ran.
Society he shuns, and keeps alone,
Accusing Destiny, and curling *Beauty*;
He hates himself, and is a friend to none,
Beyond the limits of all love and duty.
Venus (quoth he) how are thy Laws forgot,
Thus to afflict him that offends thee not?
What is the cause I am rejected thus?
Who interrupts my love to Beauties mirror?
I'll drag him hence to roaring *Erebus*,
There to be plunged in eternal terror.
I'll to *Joves* Court, and there with shouts and cries;
Make such a clamour as shall rent the skies.
Shall I be cozen'd as *Orpheus* was?
Assist me *Theseus* to revenge this wrong.
Where's *Radamant*, that Justice cannot pass;
Euridice is sold even for a song:
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Hydra's, for a fall,
I am prepar'd to manage with you all.
I'll mount upon the back of *Pegasus*,
And in bright *Phæbus* flames my self will wrap:
Then will I tumble windy *Eolus*
To sleep in *Thetis* watery crystal lap:
From thence I'll post unto the Torrid *Zone*,
To find which way fair *Phalice* Love is gone:
Jason had luck to win the golden fleece;
I like the skin, but for the horns I care not;
Fair *Hellen* was a waggish wench of *Greece*:
Bold *Mars* will venture, bashful *Venus* cares not.
Trust a fair face! Not I, let him that list;
What *Hercules* without a Club in's fist?
Thus for a time his Senses were deprived,
Being left by love as blind as *Cupid's* eyes;
Till Reason to perfections state revived,
And extream passions cease to Tyrannize:
For in a Vision *Phalice* did descry
The power of Love, and yields her heart to *Guy*:

Fair

The Famous History



*Fair Phælice in a Vision
Entertains the love of Guy;
Injoyning him adventures strange,
His manly face to try*

*By Morphæus posselt of quiet sleep,
In dead of night, when Visions do appear,
The heart-tormentor, he that pierceh deep,
And maketh Lovers buy their bargain dear,*

Sends

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Sends from his bow a shaft with golden head,
And wounded *Phælice* in her Maiden-bed.
Before her he presents a Martial wight,
Clad all in Armour for Encounters fit;
And says, *Sweet Virgin, love this man of might,*
Give him the heart, for he doth merit it;
For valour, courage, comely shape and limb,
The world hath not a Champion like to him.
Great honour (Lady) thou shalt gain thereby,
T' adorn thy noble and renowned birth;
He shall aspire unto such Majesty.
His Name shall be a terror on the Earth.
He shall become a Champion unto Kings,
And by the Sword perform admired things.
Be not ambitious that thou art high-born;
Be not disdainful of a mean Estate;
Be not defiled with the brand of scorn;
Be not too proud that thou art Beauties mate:
For 'tis in vain to strive against my bow;
If I say, *Love*, it must and shall be so.
Fix not thy thoughts vainly on worldly wealth,
(Coyn should not be foundation unto Love)
Corrupted hearts it draws away by stealth;
These Money-matches cannot happy prove:
For as the goods of Fortune do decay,
So love, which they beget, consumes away.
I know how *Pluto's* golden Treasure fways,
By devillish and accursed false illusion:
I know how Womens humours now a-days,
Run after Riches to their own confusion;
I see the pleasant with most abject life,
With Gold enough can buy a dainty Wife.
But *Phælice*, if thou knew'st as much as I,
How base the Gods esteem of such abuses,
When Beauty sells, and Riches comes to buy,
Which are not made for one another's uses;
Thou wouldest scorn that Maidens should be sold
As Cattel are, for Silver and for Gold.

C

Love

The Famous History

Love must be simple, harmless, pure and plain,
And take original from true affection;
It must reciprocal return again,
Or else it doth discover imperfection;
Love's inward thoughts concur in outward deeds,
Such as from loyalty and truth proceeds;
Thy Lover comes not for advancement to thee;
In that thy Father is a worthy Earl;
It is not Dowry that can cause him woo thee;
Hadst thou the *Arabian* Gold, or *Indian* Pearl.
But as great *Jupiter* to *Leda* came
For a sweet Face, his purpose is the same.
Therefore sweet Virgin use him kindly well,
Make much of *Guy*, embrace him for thine own;
Afford him Love room in thy heart to dwell;
Let him no longer live in pensive moan:
But the next time thou dost behold his face,
Give him encouragement, with kind embrace:
And with that word (*imbrace*) he shot, and hit
The very Center of her tender heart;
Feeling the wound, she starts, awak'd with it,
Being taught thereby to pity Lovers smart,
For *Cupid* drew his Arrow to the head,
Because he would be sure she should be sped.
With that she fetch'd a sigh, a grievous one,
And from her eyes a show'r of Tears did fall.
Where is (quoth she) the gentle Love-God gone,
Whose power I find is powerful over all?
Oh! call him back, my fault I do confess,
I have in Love been too too pitiless.
Sweet Boy, sollicite for me to thy Mother,
And at her Altars I will sacrifice,
From this day forth I will adore no other,
No Goddess shall be gracious in mine eyes,
But she that hath imperious rule and might,
To lead obdurate hearts to kind delight,
Compassion now hath worthy Conquest made
Of that strong Fort that did resistance make.

One

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

One shaft had been sufficient to perfwade
A League for life, a Truce till death doth take,
Guy more than Life, doth *Phelice* love prefer,
Phelice affects *Guy* dear, as he doth her.
But unto him her love is yet unknown,
Though his be made apparent long before.
He understands not that ſhe is his own,
He feels no falve appli'd unto his fore,
Till forc'd by paſſions, and conſtrain'd laments,
A ſecond Suit he boldly thus preſents.

Phelice, I was arraigned long ago,
And now I look for Judgement at thy hand:
I have been Priſoner in a Jayl of wo
So long, that ſpeedy ſentence I demand:
Oh ſpeak unto me either life or death!
For I am tired with my vital breath.
If kindneſs dwell in that fair ſhape of thine,
Exprefs it with (*I love*); if none there be,
Then ſay, *I cannot unto love incline*;
And ſo thou mak'ſt a quick diſpatch with me:
Censure me ſudden, either ſmile or frown,
I will not live thus for this Kingdom's Crown,
Phelice reply'd, 'Tis not at my diſpoſe,
To faſhion Love, without my Friends conſent,
What, would you wiſh me to be one of thoſe
That are to Parents diſobedient?
Shall fond affections over-rule the will,
And do you good, to be accounted ill?
You know my Father's greatneſs in the Land,
And if he ſhould (as there's no other like)
The love of one too mean for me, withſtand,
How could we bear the ſtroke diſgrace would ſtrike?
Nothing but death would make my ſorrow ſweet,
And ſhame would wrap me in a Winding-sheet.
Doubt not of Father in this caſe (quoth he)
For *Warwick's* Earl (the Honourable man)
Shall ſee ſuch deeds of valour done by me,
To have diſlike he neither will nor can.

C 2

Injoyn

The Famous History

Injoyn me what adventures thou think'st good,
That wounds and scars may let my body blood.
Why then (quoth she) *Guy* make thy Valour shine
Throughout the world, as glorious as the Sun;
My heart, my soul, my life, my love is thine:
What deeds of honour by thy hands are done:
Make thy self famous by a Martial life,
And then take *Phelice* for thy lawful wife.
I ask no more (said he) to gain thy love,
I shall esteem it bought at easie rate:
O that I were at work, my task to prove,
With *Hercules*, or some such churlish Mate.
Phelice farewell, this kifs thou gavest me,
Shall make a number kifs the ground for thee.

From England *Guy* to France doth go,
Where deeds of Arms are done;
And thence returns triumphantly,
With all his Prizes won.

CANTO III.

INlarg'd from sorrow's thralldom by hope's bail,
Guy arms his thoughts with Honours enterprize,
Imbarks himself, and into *France* doth sail
Leaving fair *England*, where his comfort lies,
He seeks for Enemies, he longs for Foes,
And now desires to be a dealing blows.
In *Normandy* arriv'd, he understands
That there was Warlike business to be done,
For valiant Knights of divers Christian Lands,
The race of Valour did intend to run:
A great advantage was propounded there,
Which news was musick to his greedy ear,

The

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The prize that drew them all unto this Place,
Was Daughter to the *Almain* Emperor,
For *Blanch*, with such a wondrous heavenly face,
It had attractive beauty full of power:
In her such Graces did unite together,
The Worthies of the world came posting thither.
Who won the Damsel (it was thus decreed)
By manly courage, and victorious might,
Should have her mounted on a milk-white Steed,
Two Greyhounds and a Faulcon, all in white:
This was his lot that could attain the day,
To bear the Honour, and the Maid away.
Our *English* Knight prepares him for the Field
Where Kings were present, Princes did repair;
Where Dukes and Earls a great Assembly held
About the face that was so wondrous fair:
Though only one must speed, and hundreds miss,
Yet each man there imagines *Blanch* is his.
The spacious field where they assembled were,
Hardly affordeth room for Armed Crouds:
The golden glittering Armour that was there,
Did dart the Sun-beams back into the Clouds:
The pamper'd horses proudly stamp the ground,
To hear the clamour of the Trumpets sound.
A *German* Prince of an undaunted sprite,
A first and very fierce Encounter gave
Unto an Earl, whose valour did requite
With blow for blow, as resolutely brave;
Till by a stroke the Earl received on's head,
He was unhors'd, falling to ground for dead.
Then *Guy* came forth with courage to the Prince,
And deals with him as *Hercules* would do;
Like force he never felt before nor since,
Such hard extreams he ne're was put unto:
Just where himself had laid the Earl in fround,
There down comes he, both horse and man to ground.
Duke *Otton* seeing this, was in a rage,
And desp'rate humour did incense him so,

He

The Famous History

He vow'd by Heaven nothing should assuage
His fury, but the death of that proud Foe.
Prepare thee, fight, to breathe thy last (quoth he)
Monster, or Devil, or what e're thou be.
They joyn together with a dreadful fight,
The splinters fly, and clatteing Armour sounds;
The dust ascended up, and blinds their sight;
The blood allays it, streaming forth their wounds.
Both their swords break, they light, and on his back
Guy threw the Duke, that ev'n his bones did crack.
Duke *Rainer* would revenge his Cousin then,
And for Encounter he prepareth next.
Quoth *Guy*, I find y'are wretches and no men,
That with a blow or fall so soon be vext:
But come, and welcome, I am for you all;
We say in *England*, *The weakest must to th' wall*.
They rush together, that the ground did shake,
Whilst animating Trumpets sound alarm;
In *Rainer's* shoulder *Guy* a wound did make,
Whereby he lost the use of his right arm;
Yielding himself as others did before,
Unable once to wield his weapon more.
Then for a while all stood amaz'd at *Guy*,
And not a man was forward to proceed;
Till *Lovaine's* Duke his Fortunes went to try,
Having good hope that he should better speed:
Well mounted, and well arm'd, he fair did sit
On a proud Steed, that ill indur'd the bit.
I think (quoth he) thou some Inchanter art,
That hath the force of Magick in thine arm,
I'll teach thee to believe e're we depart,
Quoth *Guy*, for thou shalt feel that I can charm:
I'll conjure thee even with an Iron Spell,
My sword shall send thee unto Heaven or Hell.
With that he lent him such a cruel stroke,
That the other did return a weak reply;
With second and with third his Helmet broke;
Hold, hold (quoth he) I'll rather yield than die:

Fight

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Fight for a Woman he that list for me,
I think the Devil cannot deal with thee.
Then not a man that would encounter more,
They all were terrifi'd and flood in fear;
And in a rage among themselves they swore,
What shall a stranger all the honour bear
Of this great day? What curst fortune's this,
That all the glory of the field is his!
Amongst themselves his happiness they curst,
In envy's heat, not knowing what to do;
They could have kill'd him, but that no man durst
Put his own life in hazard thereunto.
If wishes might have done it, he had dy'd,
But fight with him not any could abide.
The Emperor, for *Guy*, a Knight did send,
Asking his Name and Birthright, which he told;
Then said His Majesty, I much commend
Thy haughty Courage resolutely bold:
Brave *English* man, thou art thy countreys pride,
In *Europe* lives not such a man beside.
I do admire thy worth, thy Valour's great;
To speak thy praise my tongue cannot suffice;
Ascend to Honour's just deserved seat,
That art a second *Hector* in mine eyes.
This day thy worthy hand hath shew'd me more
Than in my life I ever saw before.
Come and receive thy due desert of me,
My Daughter's love is free at thy dispose,
The Greyhounds, Steed and Faulcon, take to thee;
Thy worthiness doth merit more than those:
Hold, here's a Jewel, wear it for my sake,
Which I a witness of my love do make.
Guy thank'd his Highness for his gracious favour,
And vow'd him service whilst his life did last,
Then to the Princess with a mild behaviour,
A reverent, humble, modest look he cast,
Saying, Fair Lady, Fortune is my Friend,
That doth such beauty to my lot extend.

Madam,

The Famous History

Madam, accept your loyal *English* Knight,
To do true service when you please command it:
Who, while he hath a drop of blood, will fight
In your behalf, against who dare withstand it:
To be your Husband is degree too high;
'Tis Grace sufficient, call me Servant *Guy*:
In *England* doth my Marriage Love remain,
To whom I must and will be true for ever;
About whose face Nature hath took such pain,
I durst have sworn flesh cou'd have matcht it never;
But now I find (that curiously have ey'd her)
There is a *Phoenix* in the world beside her,
And that's your self; I dare the world deny it;
But which is fairest, eye cannot decide,
No humane judgement in the world can try it,
Who hath most Beauty, *Blanch*, or my fair Bride,
I dare be bold to call your Beauties Twins,
And *Venus* Blackamoor to both your skins.
Oh *Phalice*! here's thy Picture in this Princess,
Methinks th' art present in her lovely look:
Thou that of my souls faculties art Mistress,
Recorded in Time's brazen leaved Book;
To thee if I prove false, or be misled,
Jove's fearful vengeance light upon my head.
Quoth *Blanch*, Thy constancy (and sighed deep)
Is highly to be praised; thou dost well:
He that Love's-promise will no faithful keep,
In horrors and in torments let him dwell.
But I suppose thy vows are yet to make,
And so what thy sword won, thy heart may take.
What I avouch is true, the Heaven knows,
My protestations are above the skies;
Madam, the Sun declines, day ancient grows,
I'll take my leave of you in humble-wife,
My Body is unto repose inclin'd,
Although no rest be in my troubled mind.
My troubled mind's in *Warwick*-Castle now,
Although my body be in *Normandy*.

Here

of Guy *Earl* of Warwick.

Here I make others bend, there I do bow,
And lowly as the humble ground do lye,
Even at Love's feet I cast my self to ground,
Though Victory my Temples here have crown'd.
I cannot stay, I must to *England* back,
My mind misgives me, *Phelice* is not well:
Like my sad thoughts, my Armour shall be black!
I'll suit me in a mournful Iron-shell:
For where the mind meets with suspicious cares,
Distrust is ever dealing doubtful shares.
Yet I have much good fortune on my side,



D

That

The Famous History

That know the means how to attain my blifs;
For *Phælice's* Love is to Conditions ty'd,
And I do trust she is my own for this:
By this she may: but if she more require,
There's nothing in the world I will deny'r.
With hasty journey he is homeward bound.
Leaving the vulgar to the nine days wonder:
Arriving safely on the *English* ground,
Posting to her, suppos'd too long afunder:
Whom with more joy his chearful looks behold,
Than can by pen, or lines of ink be told,

*In France all Knights of Christendom,
To win a Princess, meet:
Guy conquers all, and wins the prize,
Then doth his Goddess greet.*

With the rewards of Victory
Guy doth his Love present,
But Phælice is not satisfi'd:
Him forth again she sent.

CANTO IV.

IN the supposed Heaven of repose,
Hope casteth Anchor for his Barque to ride:
With kind salute unto his Love he goes;
Who gives embracement, and all things beside
Besit Affection; all such Complements
As Love can look for, gracious she presents.
Fair Foe (quoth *Guy*), I come to challenge thee,
For there's no man that I can meet will fight;
I have been where a Crew of Cowards be,
Not one that dares maintain a Ladies right:

Good

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Good proper fellows of their tongues, and tall,
That let me win a Princess from them all.
Phalice, this sword hath won an *Emp'rors* Daughter,
As sweet a Wench as lives in *Europe's* space:
At price of blows, and bloody wounds I bought her,
Well worth my bargain; but thy better face
Hath made me leave her to some others Lot;
For, I protest by Heaven, I love her not.
This stately Steed, this Faulcon and these Hounds,
I took, as in full payment of the rest:
For I will keep my love within the bounds
That do inclose the compass of my brest:
My constancy to thee is all my care,
Leaving all other Women as they are.
But Sweet-heart, tell me, shall I have thee now,
Wilt thou consent the Priest shall do his part?
Art thou resolved still to keep thy Vow?
Is none but I half with thee in thy heart?
Canst thou forsake the world, change Maiden-life,
And help thy faithful Lover to a Wife?
Quoth *Phalice*, Worthy Knight, my joys are great,
To understand thy honourable deeds:
It seems some were in such a bloody sweat,
Their Valour, Fame and Reputation bleeds:
I give thee humble thanks, that for my sake
Such hard Adventures didst vouchsafe to take.
To win a Princess was a precious prize;
But sure, methinks, if I had been Sir *Guy*,
She should have found more favour in mine eyes,
Than take a Horse, and turn a Lady by.
What, is a Horse, a Faulcon, and a Hound,
More worthy than a Lady so renown'd?
Perhaps you'll say, 'tis done for love of me;
I do imagine, nay, believe it so.
And though I jest, I will do more for thee,
Than thou, or any but my self doth know.
I'll never marry while life's glass doth run,
But only thee, or I will die a Nun.

D 2

But

The Famous History

But give me leave to speak my mind (kind Love)
Let me lock up my secrets in thy breast.
I had a Vision did affection move,
Cupid came to me in my quiet rest,
And did command me, in his Mothers name,
To love thee. Thus perswading to the fame,
An armed man (just as I see thee now)
He set before me, speaking to me thus.
Phalice, be gentle-hearted, yielding, bow,
Do not oppose against the power of us;
But all thy love, thy loyalty and truth,
Bestow it freely on this matchless youth.
Throughout the world his Fame shall be admired,
And mighty men shall tremble at his wrath.
To end Kings quarrels, he shall be required,
His worthiness shall tread no common path.
But actions to be fear'd, he shall effect
Matters of moment, things of great respect.
This (in effect) he did to me relate,
And I have been obedient to his will.
Now if I would, I know not how to hate;
Of perfect kindness I am taught the skill.
Believe me, *Guy*, for if it were not so,
This secret of my heart thou shouldst not know.
But now, my Love, before thou dost possess
Thy constant *Phalice* in her Marriage-bed,
Thou must do deeds of greater worthiness,
Than winning of a Lady with her Steed.
I'll ever love thee, though I ne'er do more,
But will not grant thee use of love before.
Not grant me use of love (quoth he) fair Friend!
Why then of force I must abroad again.
I will content thee, or I'll make an end
One way or other, slay or else be slain.
Ere I return again into this Realm,
Thou shalt confess I have fulfill'd thy Dream,
Assist me Heavens, as I mean upright;
For I protest by all the powers Divine,

No

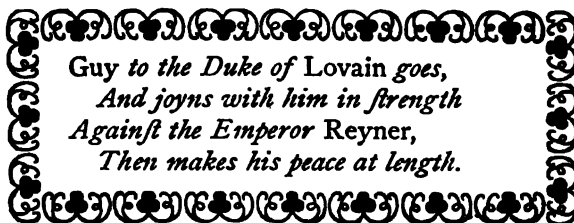
of Guy Earl of Warwick.

No unjust quarrel shall procure me fight,
To wrong the wronged I will ne're incline;
But stand for those that by oppression fall,
In Honor's venture; be it life and all.
Come my *Bellona*, do thou gird my sword,
Embrace my Armour in thy Ivory Arms,
And such kind kisses as thou canst afford,
Bestow vpon me in the stead of Charms.
I think upon *Ulysses* loving Wife,
How thou art now to imitate her life.
Farewel, my *Phalica*, health and happines
Attend thee ever, to thy hearts desire.
And I beseech God grant me like success,
As I resolve my love to thee intire,
At my return, when *Mars* his bus'ness ends,
My comfort is, *Hymen* will make amends.
And so unto Earl *Roband* he repairs,
And tells him, he is come to take his leave;
He must seek out where Honour dealeth shares,
To purchase that which worthy men receive.
At home (saith he) my honourable Lord,
I find that Valour nothing can afford;
Therefore I'll search abroad what's to be done,
From Countrey unto Kingdom I'll resort,
By Nature's course my Glasse hath much to run;
I well may spare some years for fighting sport;
Of idleness there's nothing comes but evil,
I hate a Coward as I hate the Devil.
Guy (quoth the Earl) thou mak'st me grieve at this,
The news is more than I can well indure,
Thy wished company so soon to miss,
When I did make account I had been sure
Possess of thee, at thy late travels end;
And dost thou now Journeys anew intend?
Remain with me, trust not to fortunes pow'r;
Though now she hath so well and kindly dealt,
She may allot thee an unlucky hour,
That instantly her Favours so have felt.

Her

The Famous History

Her couteſies are moſt unconstant things,
Believe her not, ſhe dealeth falſe with Kings.
Triumphant on her wheel now thou doſt ſit,
And with Fame's Triumph thy glory doth remain,
Oh! do not over-raſhly hazard it;
Loſt honour is not eaſ'ly got again.
May not one curſed and unhappy blow
Betray thy ſelf to thy insulting Foe?
May not a Monſter, or a ſavage beaſt,
At unawares deprive thee of thy breath?
May not a Tyrant when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
Cut off thy courſe by an untimely death?
May not a thouſand dangers on thee light,
Where but thy ſelf, thy wronged ſelf muſt right?
(Quoth *Guy*) My Lord, danger he may not fear,
That to Adventures doth himſelf diſpoſe;
He muſt a mind of reſolution bear,
And think himſelf too good for all his foes;
I'll never dread I ſhall be over man'd
While I have hands to fight, or legs to ſtand.
Therefore in humble fort I leave your honour,
Wiſhing all health unto your happy ſtate.
If Fortune take a frowning mood upon her,
Why, ſhe ſhall ſee I will diſdain her hate,
What ſtar ſoever ſway'd when I was born,
I have a mind will laugh miſ hap to ſcorn,



*Guy to the Duke of Lovain goes,
And joyns with him in ſtrength
Againſt the Emperor Reyner,
Then makes his peace at length.*

C A N T O V

NOW *Guy* expects a favourable gail,
Which to his hearts deſire he doth attain;

And

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with a speedy passage he doth fail,
To seek Adventures out in in *France* again;
Where finding none, from thence away he hies
To *Lovain*, where in siege the Emp'ror lies.
For *Seguin* Duke of *Lovain's* hap was fuch,
At *Turnament* a Noble-man to kill,
The Emperor's coufin, whom he loved much,
And took the death of him exceeding ill;
So that a quarrel thereupon arose,
And Wars ensu'd betwixt two mighty foes.
Thither goes *Guy* to lend the Duke his aid,
But in the way an accident befel;
For by Duke *Otton* he was false betray'd,
And's life in question, which he freed well,
Otton in *France* before disgrac'd by *Guy*,
Had vow'd where e're he met him he should die.
And to that end, sixteen appointed were
To lye in ambush, and surprize him so;
All men of resolution, void of fear,
That in a Forest did themselves bestow,
And set on *Guy*, only with three Knights more,
The like distress he ne're was in before.
Now Gentlemen, and loving Friends (quoth he),
Shew your selves *English* hearted, rightly bred.
Here is some odds, sixteen unto you three;
But I the fourth will stand you in some stead;
You three shall combat six, that's two for one;
And with the other ten let me alone.
Wherewith he drew his sword, and laid about,
That ratling Armour eccho'd in the skye;
Dealing so resolute amongst the rout,
That down they drop on every side, and die.
Here lyeth one that hath no legs to stand,
And there another wanting head and hand,
Guy quickly made dispatch of his half score,
He was not long in ridding them away:
But then remained half a dozen more,
Which two of his most worthy Knights did say

When

The Famous History

When he perceiv'd them fall, he stamp't the ground,
And utter'd forth this fearful angry found:
Ah villains! how my soul abhors this fight:
For these how my revenging passion strives:
This bloody deed with blood I will requite.
You die for it, had each a thousand lives.
Two slain out-right, and *Heraud* wounded too,
Is the last curst Act that you shall do.
With force (as 'twere exceeding humane strength)
He lays upon them blows to stagger under,
And brought them breathless to the ground, at length
Cut all in piece-meal for the Crows asunder:
There lye (quoth he) and feast Fowls of the Air,
Or feed those savage beasts that will repair.
But these sweet Gentlemen that have resign'd
Their dearest Lives for the defence of me,
And came from *England*, as their Love inclin'd,
Companions in my hardest haps to be;
I will inter in honourable wise,
With best solemnity I can devise,
From thence unto a Hermit, dwelling nigh,
He rode, and did commit that charge with care,
Who did perform that office carefully,
And *Heraud* home unto his Cell he bare;
Who was not dead, though *Guy* suppos'd him slain,
But by the Hermit was restor'd again.
Now forth goes *Guy*, pensive, perplexed, sad,
Grieving that Destiny so cruel dealt;
For left alone, no company he had,
To ease the torments that in heart he felt:
Till travelling along, at last he found
A place for honour very much renown'd.
There did he meet with *Tilt* and *Turnament*,
And entertain both glory and delight;
There fortune yielded him her full consent
To win the best of every valiant Knight:
Of all the worthy men that did resort,
Not one could match him in Duke *Reyner's* Court.

Then

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then to the Duke of *Millain* he repairs,
Where for his worth he is admir'd of all:
And understanding that some great affairs
'Twixt *Segwin* Duke of *Lovain* did befall,
And th' Emperor; *Millain* he did forsake,
And towards *Lovain* did his journey take,
As he did pass upon the way, he meets
A Pilgrim, that with travel seem'd faint:
Whom in all human courtesies he greets,
And with some news entreats him to acquaint
His longing ear; he with a sigh or two
Said, Sir, with news I little have to do.
One thing in all this world is all my care,
And only that, and nothing else I mind;
I seek a man, and seek him in despair;
Because I long have fought, and cannot find
A man more dearly to my souls love ty'd,
Than all the men are in the world beside.
Why, what art thou, quoth *Guy*, or who is he?
Of kindness be so kind, as tell in brief,
I am an *English* man of Knights degree,
(Quoth *Heraud*) and the subject of my grief,
Is loss of one Sir *Guy*, my Countrey-man,
Guy with joys tears lights to embrace him then.
And art thou living, *Heraud*, my dear freind
(Quoth he)? and kindly took him in his arms:
Then cheerfully let sorrows all take end,
And let me know who cur'd thee of thy harms?
The good old Hermit by his skill did save me,
With wholesome Medicines and Salves he gave me.
Guy did reioyce; and *Heraud's* joys abound
At this so good and happy accident;
No angry Star in opposition frown'd.
But each was owner of his own content:
So posting with good fortune on their side,
Unto the Duke of *Lovain* they do ride.
The City in distress besieg'd they find,
And very small resistance could be made;

E

But

The Famous History

But *Segwin* was right joyful in his mind,
That worthy *Guy* was come unto his aid.
For now (quoth he) boldly perfume I can,
We have an honourable valiant man.
Advise me, warlike Knight, what's to be done,
To free the present danger we are in?
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), there's freedom to be won;
Ev'n by a course my self will first begin:
Let's issue forth upon them presently;
Our Courages will make the Cowards fly.
I'll give consent to any thing thou wilt,
Thy project willingly I do approve:
Let limb be lost, let life and blood be spilt,
All follow thee, that comes to me in love,
Open the Gates, let's beat them from our Walls:
He lies no lower than the ground, that falls.
Then suddenly the City they forsake,
And on the *Almains* resolutely set,
Where such a bloody slaughter they did make,
That many thousand lives paid Death his debt,
Of thirty thousand that in Siege there lay,
Scarce thirty hundred that escap'd away.
The Emperor at this was much agrieved,
And with new forces gave a new assault,
Knowing the City could not be relieved,
And then their strength would weaken by default.
So comes upon them with a fresh supply,
Thinking at length to famish them thereby.
Guy and the Duke upon the Walls appear,
And tell him he shall never win the Town:
For they can spare their Soldiers much good cheer,
Throwing them Victuals in abundance down:
Intreating them, if they want more than that,
To speak, they shall have store to make them fat.
But now, quoth *Guy*, your Bodies are well fed,
How do you feel your Stomachs to go fight?
I am afraid you are not rightly bred,
But Dunghils, that will sooner crow than bite;

For

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For still when Cowards do begin a fray,
Look e're it ends, to see them run away;
And so your selves have lately done we see,
Your tounes we heard, but hands there's no man feels:
Most hot to brabble and contend you be,
But wondrous quick and nimble at your heels.
We did suspect when you came here to forage,
We should have been incumbred with your courage.
But it's not so, alas you're not the men,
Unless perhaps asleep you should us catch;
For waking we'll encounter one for ten,
And never wish to have a better match:
Have at you once again, sit fast, we come,
March on my hearts, sound trumpet, strike up drum:
Upon the sudden with the Foe they be,
Fighting like men that laught pale death to scorn,
Resolved now they would their City free,
Or never live to see the next day morn.
Much blood was shed, great store of lives it cost,
And on the *Almains* side the day was lost.
The Duke, with *Guy*, pursue their foes in chase;
Who like so many Hares away do fly;
Wishing that they had wings to mend their pace;
So sweet is life to them that fear to die.
But Fortune in an angry doom decreed,
Their glory, honour, fame and life should bleed:
The Victors to the City then retired.
With trophies of triumphant glory won;
And all that heard the Action much admired
The great exploit so resolutely done:
But unto *Guy* the Duke all thanks did yield;
For thou (quoth he) art *Cæsar* of our field
My Lord (quoth *Guy*), I joy not half so much,
That we have wrought a freedom by the sword,
As I should glory, if my hap were such,
'Twixt you and th' Emperor to make accord:
Give me but leave, I will endeavour it;
And put good will to a blunt Soldiers Wit.

E 2

The

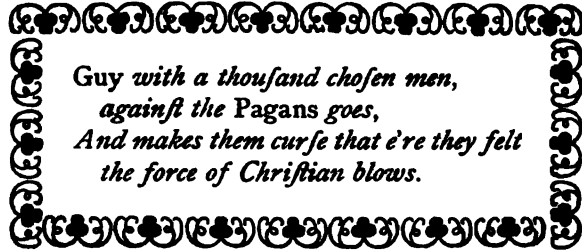
The Famous History

The Duke consents with thanks, and doth intreat
Him take a guard of Soldiers forth the Town;
Danger that seems but little, may prove great,
I would not have thee wrong'd for *Reyners* Crown.
Go honourable man, what thou shalt do,
I'll set my hand, my heart, my life thereto.
Guy goes unto the Emperor, speaks thus:
High Majesty, all health unto thy Grace,
And peace to thee, if thou say peace to us;
And love to thee, if thou wilt love embrace:
As we are Christians, let us War no more,
But fight 'gainst such as will not God adore,
We sue to thee not in a servile manner,
As dreading any power or force thou hast;
For Victory doth now display his banner,
And War yields us a sweet and pleasant taft;
No cause doth move it, but a Conscience cause,
To bring the Heathens to Religious Laws.
Speak *Reyner*, and resolve, what wilt thou do?
With Soldiers brevity my Message ends;
Give me an Answer, ev'n as brief hereto:
Shall we be Christians Foes, or Christian Friends?
Shall we among our selves the Name divide?
Or challenge them that have the same deni'd?
Brave *English* man! hadst thou spoke thus before,
Thoufands, quoth he, had liv'd which now are slain;
Earth should have wanted of that slaughter'd store
Which doth in her vast bowels now remain:
Thou hast prevail'd with me, hot War shall cease,
And I embrace thee as a friend in piece,
Thy motion tends to Honour, Honour's Knight,
And thou shalt live in Fame's immortal praise,
When thou art buried in eternal night,
Thy name shalt last the longest length of days.
Thou dost the Worthies of the world exceed,
Blest be the Countrey did thy person breed.
Come, go my Liege (quoth *Guy*) unto the Town,
And to Duke *Segwin* there a League renew:

Our

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Our end shall be to pull the *Pagans* down,
That unto Christ's Religion are untrue.
My greatest joy will be to hear it said,
This is the best days work that e're *Guy* made.



*Guy with a thousand chosen men,
against the Pagans goes,
And makes them curse that e're they felt
the force of Christian blows.*

CANTO VI.

THE power of peace hath vanquish't stubborn War,
And mighty Princes worthily conclude,
The sword shall rust in sheath before it jar,
To be with blood of Innocents imbrew'd:
Christians in Name and Actions to unite,
'Gainst unbelieving Infidels to fight.
Guy with a thousand men doth take his leave,
To hearken further after Martial news,
And doth a true intelligence receive,
That barb'rous *Pagans*, *Sarasens* and *Jews*,
Turks, and the like, of *Mahomet's* blind Crew,
In most confused War each others slew.
To them he goes, partial on neither part,
His sword did favour every side alike,
They all were odious to him in his heart;
Which arm'd his hand with vigour for to strike,
And work amazement unto their contending.
Coming so roughly to their quarrels ending,
Quoth they amongst themselves, What fellow's this,
That lays about him like a mad man thus?
Of certainty, more than a man he is;
For human force would fear to fight with us:

But

The Famous History

But if he be, as seemeth by his shape,
Had he ten thousand lives he should not scape.
Then did a haughty Pagan step to *Guy*,
And said to him, if Valour in thee rest,
Let's have a little sport 'twixt thee and I,
Only to see which of our Swords cuts best:
Thou hast a weapon there like to a Reed:
Methinks it is too blunt to make one bleed.
Too blunt (quoth *Guy*)! and in his anger groans:
Pagan, I like thy humour passing well.
I'll whet it, e're we part, upon thy bones,
And then another tale thou wilt me tell;
If it should fail me now, it were a wonder,
Such Lubbers it hath often hew'd in funder.
But come, art ready? Bid thy friends adieu,
And say thy Prayers unto thy Pagan Gods;
For I do mean to use thee like a Jew,
Because with Christians thou dost stand at odds;
Look that thy head be set on sure and fast,
Or, mortal man, I'll prove thee but a blast.
Then did they lend each other lusty knocks,
That sparks of fire did from their Helmets fly:
The Martial multitude about them flocks,
Expecting all the end and death of *Guy*:
For *Colbrond*, whom he fought withal, was strong,
And had been Champion to the Pagans long.
At length *Guy* lent him such a speedy blow,
That down comes *Colbrond* and his strength to ground.
Pagan (quoth he), is my sword sharp or no,
With which even now such a blunt fault you found?
Rise quick, for if thy legs thou canst not feel,
Off goes thy head as sure as this is steel.
Forthwith he made him shorter by the head,
And that unto the Emperor he sent.
The Infidels grew all astonished,
For they in *Colbrond* were so confident,
They durst have ventured goods, and life, and limb,
On any Combat that was fought by him,
Then

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then *Heraud* (to give *Guy* some breathing space)
Challeng'd a *Pagan*, called *Elmadant*;
And dar'd him, and defi'd him to his face;
(For valiant *Heraud* did no courage want)
The *Pagan* somewhat hot with fury fill'd,
Did combat, being quickly cool'd and kill'd.
Presently *Guy* unto another comes,
Call'd *Morgadour*, and soundly with his blade
Lays on him, and his senses so benums,
He tumbles head-long like a tired Jade.
The *Pagans* seeing their Champions thus go down,
Forfook the Field, retiring to the Town.
Where a most bloody Tyrant bare the sway,
Who hearing what had hapned, full of ire,
Went armed to the Tent whereas *Guy* lay,
And did a Combat at his hands require.
Villain (quoth he) whom like a Dog I scorn,
I'll make thee curse the time that thou wast born.
Now Runnagate, I come to fetch thy head,
For to a Lady I have promis'd it;
My curs shall with thy *English* flesh be fed,
They must devour thy body every bit:
Come, I have vow'd by *Mahomet* thou di'st,
Thou canst not scape by trusting in thy Christ.
And hast thou giv'n away my head (quoth he)
Unto a Lady? 'tis a brave intent;
An honest man will his Words-Master be,
And never promise more than he hath meant:
Come on thy ways, and take it quickly off,
Or else the Lady will suppose you scoff
With proud disdain together then they rush,
Laying it on as fast as they could drive;
But *Eskeldart Guy's* sword did so becrush,
That for his head no longer durst he strive;
But on the sudden for to save his own,
Put spurs to horse, and in all post is gone.
Guy then returns to *Heraud*, and declares
What a bold fellow came to fetch his head:

Who

The Famous History

Who smiling at it, merrily prepares
To tell of his adventures, how he sped
With a false Coward called *Addellart*,
That wounded him with an envenom'd Dart,
And being hurt most dangerously so,
Was intercepted e're he could retire
By *Estellard*, a proud insulting Foe,
Compos'd of cruelty, of devilish ire.
But (quoth Sir Heraud) e're our fray was done,
I made them with it never had begun.
For *Addellart* I wounded in the side,
And *Estellard* I cur-tail'd by the knees:
Then left them lying, Death to be their guide
Unto the Jayl where worms do claim their fees.
So when these two were seen to fall down dead,
All t' other *Pagans* with amazement fled.
Why then (quoth *Guy*) all's quiet I perceive;
The Miscreants like unto Foxes lye;
But gentle *Heraud*, e're we take our leave,
One Combat more I am resolv'd to try:
The General of this accursed Rout,
Shall be the man I mean to single out.
They term him mighty *Soldan*; Friend, I long
To make a proof, if he deserve the name;
I am in doubt they do him mighty wrong,
If might be wanting to avouch the fame:
Titles of worth become base Cowards ill,
I'll try what's in him, hap whatever will.
Nay *Heraud*, leave me, prithee do forbear.
I will be speedy, tarry in this Wood:
Go to your grassy bank, repose thee there,
And with this balsom stay those drops of blood.
Ere *Phæbus* in the Occident decline,
Death shall conclude the *Soldans* life or mine.
Said *Heraud*; Since thou wilt not let me go,
But durst appoint this bed of Earth to bear me;
Till thou return, I will converse with wo,
And will not suffer any Bird sing near me.

With

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With longing eyes, and careful lifting ears,
I'll spend thy absent time in prayers and tears,
Guy posts with speed, and doth the *Souldan* find,
And thus he speaks, Art thou the man of Might,
Surnamed so by tongues, and peoples wind?
Here is a Christian comes to dare thee fight:
Both *Mahomet* and thee I do defie,
And here's a sword I will maintain it by!
The *Souldan* with a staring look replies,
Thou Christian slave, I'll chastise thee with steel,
Thou art an odious creature in mine eyes,
And thy presumption shall my fury feel.
With that at *Guy* he ran with all his force,
Their Launces brake, and each forfook his Horse.
Then by the Sword the Victor must prevail,
Which manly force makes deadly wounds withal,
Cutting through Armour, mangling shirts of Mail,
That at the last down did the *Souldan* fall,
Sending blasphemous curses to the skye,
And casting handfuls of his blood at *Guy*.
Who presently took horse, and then retir'd
To *Heraud*, whom he found in slumber laid;
Rise Friend (quoth he), the time is now expir'd,
An end with mighty *Souldan* I have made.
With that he rose with joy and Loves embrace,
And forth they travel to another place.

Guy takes a Princely Lyon's part
and doth a Dragon kill;
Then frees fair Ofile from mishaps,
that else had fared ill.

CANTO VII.

Passing the Defart now, where shady trees
 Embrac'd each other in their green-leave arms;
F
Where

The Famous History

Where Lady Eccho's dwelling best agrees,
And little birds sing fearless of their harms,
They chanc'd to find a silver streaming spring,
Which water to them was a pleasant thing.



*His Lady sends him forth again,
Whose will he doth obey,
And manfully a Dragon kills,
To part a cruel fray.*

There

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

There with the cryſtal ſtreams they cool their heat,
And ſlake their thirſt they had endured long;
There did they make the herbs and roots their meat,
To ſatisſie for Nature's hungry wrong:
But on a ſudden at a noiſe they wonder,
A Lyon roar'd as if great *Jove* did thunder.
Heraud (quoth *Guy*), to horſe let's be prepar'd,
And leave our dinner till another day;
Here is a ſound, I never was ſo ſcar'd,
I'll ſeek it out, it comes from yonder-way:
Some Monster, or ſome Devil makes a noiſe,
For on my life it is no human voice,
So forth he rides, and underneath a hill,
He finds a Dragon with a Lyon met:
Brave ſport (ſaid he) I pray fight on your fill,
And then upon the ſtrongeſt I will ſet:
Which of the twain that firſt aſide doth ſtart,
I am a friend that will maintain his part.
The Dragon winds his crooked knotted tail
About the Lyon's legs, to caſt him ſo;
The Lyon faſtens on his rugged ſcale,
And nimbly doth avoid that overthrow:
Then tooth and nail, they cruelly tear and bite,
Maintaining long a fierce and bloody fight.
At laſt the Lyon faintly turns a ſide:
And looks about, as if he would be gone:
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) Dragon have at your hide,
Defend thy Devils face, I'll lay it on.
With that couragiously to work he goes,
And deals the Dragon very manly blows.
The ugly beaſt, with ſlaggy wings diſplay'd,
Comes at him manly, with moſt dreadful paws,
Whoſe very looks might make a man afraid,
So terrible ſeem'd his devouring jaws:
Wide gaping, griſly, like the mouth of hell,
More horrible than pen or tongue can tell.
His blazing eyes did burn like living fire,
And forth his ſmoaking gorge came ſulphur ſmoke.

F 2

A

The Famous History

Aloft his speckled breast he lifted higher
Than *Guy* could reach at length of weapons stroke;
Thus in most ireful mood himself he bore,
And gave a cry as Seas are wont to rore.
With that his mortal sting he stretched out,
Exceeding far the sharpest point of steel;
Then turns and winds his scaly tail about
The Horfes legs, more nimble than an Eel:
With that *Guy* hews upon him with his blade,
And three mens strength to every stroke he laid.
One fatal blow he gave him in the side,
From thence did issue streams of swarthy blood;
The sword had made the passage broad and wide,
That deep into the Monster's gore *Guy* stood:
Then with a second blow he overtook him,
Which made the Dragon turn to have forsook him.
Nay then, quoth he, thou hast not long to live,
I see thou faintest at the Point to fall;
Then such a stroke of death he did him give,
That down came Dragon, crying out withall
So horrible, the sound did more affright
The Conqueror, than all the dreadful fight.
Away he rides, and lets that Hell-hound lie;
But looking back, espies behind his Horfe
The Lyon coming after very nigh,
Which makes him light to follow manly force;
But when the Beast beheld his weapon drawn,
He came to him, and like a dog did fawn.
Like to that grateful Lyon which did free
Androdus life, for pulling out a thorn,
When by offence he should by Laws decree,
Within a Theater by beasts be torn;
The Lyon came, and lick'd him very kind,
Bearing (as seem'd) an old good turn in mind.
Ev'n so this gentle creature deals with him,
For that same benefit which he hath done;
Although by Nature cruel, fierce and grim,
Yet like a Spaniel by his horfe did run;

Con

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Continuing many days with great desire,
Till extream hunger forc'd him to retire.
Now towards the Sea *Guy* doth his journey take,
Imbarques for *France*, but by contrary wind
Arrives in *Almain*, where the Nobles make
Great triumph for him, and with joyful mind;
The Emperor rejoyces that he's come,
And bids him welcome into Christendom.
There is he entertain'd with Turnament,
With Kingly banquets, Princely Revelling:
And multitudes to give their eyes content,
Attend him with their throng, still wondering
At all his worthy Acts report had spread,
Where with their ears most strangely had been fed.
From thence he travels towards his loving friend
The Duke of *Lovain*, whom he long'd to see;
But e're he came unto his journeys end,
A wronged Lady he did worth'ly free;
Which violently was from her love bereft,
And he at point of death fore wounded left.
Thus it befel, *Terry* a valiant Earl
With his dear Love, firnam'd *Ofie* the Fair,
(His precious Jem, inestimable Pearl)
Into a Forest went to take the air;
Whereas a plot was laid to take his life,
And make his beauteous Love anothers wife.
Upon the sudden sixteen Villains came
Unto the Earl, and did him grievous wound.
Sirrah (quoth one) thou hast a wench we claim,
She must with us, lye thou there on the ground,
And the next passenger that thou dost see,
Intreat him make a grave to bury thee.
Guy finding *Terry* thus, hearing his plaint,
Doth comfort him in kindest fort he can:
Who with the los of blood doth weakly faint,
With force of deadly choler pale and wan:
Courage (quoth he) I'll fetch thy Love again,
Or say that *Guy* is but a Coward Swain.

When

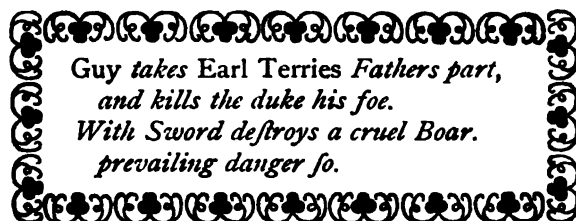
The Famous History

When *Terry* heard that name, he did revive,
For unto *Guy* his worthy deeds were known:
And lifting up himself from ground, did strive
For to embrace him in deep passions groan.
Thanks gracious Heavens (quoth he) with foul and heart,
For fending thee to take my wronged part.
Which is the way (quoth he) those villians went?
That path, said woful *Terry* by yon Oak:
Have after them, this deed they shall repent,
As I'm a Christian Knight, and as he spoke,
He heard a shriek, Which was the Ladies cry.
So by that sound he did them soon discry:
Coming unto them, Wretched slaves (quoth he)
What do you purpose with this Lady here?
Enlarge her presently, and set her free,
You have done wrongs that will be rated dear;
Her Husband wounded, she us'd violent
Will cost your lives a price incontinent.
With that they laugh'd and said, what fool's this fame,
Or rather mad-man in his desperate mind,
That means by wilful death to get a name,
And have the world report he hath been kind?
The fellow sure is in some frantick fit,
And means to fight, without both fear and wit.
Like so (quoth he) the fit that's on me now,
You shall all find to be a raging one,
With that he shews them *Mars* his angry brow,
And bids the Lady cease her pensive moan:
Saying, Good Madam, unto joy incline,
For suddenly the Rascals will be mine.
Then with a courage admirable bold,
At every blow some one or other dies:
Which when the gentle Lady did behold,
Oh pity! worthy Knight, she crys;
These mortal wounds I can no longer see;
Be not so bloody in revenging me.
Upon my knees I do intreat thee stay,
This is to me a terrifying fight:

Oh!

of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

Oh! with their lives thou takest mine away;
If one die more, I faintly yield my sp'rite.
Thou worthily mine honour hast defended,
Let the revenging of my wrongs be ended.
Lady (quoth he) I cease at your request,
Depart base Rascals, all but two, be gone:
But Villians, you did bind her for the rest,
And struck them with his sword (the scabbard on)
That down to ground they fell, making this 'scuse,
My Lord we only kept her for thy use.
Then on his Steed he lets the Lady ride,
To seek her Lord, whom she had left distressed:
And *Guy* unto that place became her guide,
Where coming, they did find him careful drest:
For in their absence came a Hermit by,
Which to his bleeding wounds did salve apply.
Terry and *Osile*, in their joys abound,
And gratefully to *Guy* all things do give:
Be thou (said they) in life and death renown'd,
Whom we will honour, while we breathing live;
Hold, here's my hand (quoth *Terry*) worthy *Guy*,
In fight for thee, I will be proud to die.



*Guy takes Earl Terries Fathers part,
and kills the duke his foe.
With Sword destroys a cruel Boar.
prevailing danger so.*

CANTO VIII.

Now *Titans* Horfes with his fiery Carr,
Had brought the day to darknes in the West,
And *Vesper*, the silver shining Starr,
Which doth adorn the Skies at evening best

Ap-

The Famous History

Appear'd as bright as *Cynthia* in her Sphere,
To welcome fable-nights approaching near.
When *Terry*, *Guy* and *Osile* wanting guide,
Did stay about the unfrequenting Wood,
Hearing the Savage noise on every side,
Of Beasts that thirsted after human blood,
As Boars, and Bears, and Lyons, and the like,
Which to their hearts did some amazement strike.
On every side they cast a heedful eye,
Still doubting on a sudden, some surprise;
At length two armed men they did espy,
That also listen to those fearful cries,
Each had his sword in hand, being ready drawn,
Knowing that place did yield no dogs would fawn,
Coming more near, Sir *Herand* was the one,
The other even as dearly *Terry's* friend,
Who with embracements made their gladness known,
And then the Earl demanded to what end
His loving Cousin pass'd the desert so?
My Lord (quoth he) to bring the news of wo.
Thy noble Father is besieged now
In his strong Castle, by Duke *Ottens* Power;
Who hath Protested by a solemn vow,
About his ears he will pull down the Tower,
In a revenge that thou his Love hast got,
He swears thy Father's life escapeth not.
His Love (quoth *Terry*) prithee *Osile* speak,
Acquaint this worthy man with thy souls thought
Have I procur'd thee any faith to break?
Or been the instigator unto ought
That is unjust in righteous Heavens sight?
Ever, (quoth *Osile*) thou hast been upright.
That wretch would force my love from thee away,
In claiming that I ne're intend to give;
I will be thine until my dying day,
Thou shalt enjoy me all the hours I live:
And when I alter this determination.
Let God and man hold me in destination.

Well

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Well spoke (said *Guy*) Lady be constant ever,
And honour's blemish then thou needst not doubt;
Keep Love's foundation firm, alter it never,
It is for Love I range the World about:
And do expose my life to mortal danger
In this exiled state, an unknown stranger.
But *Terry*, wherefore are they looks so sad?
Thou hast thy Love in person to embrace;
As far as *England* mine is to be had,
And many years I have not seen her face:
It were enough to bring my hopes to end,
But that my patience is a trusty friend.
My Lord (said *Terry*) know you not my grief,
And heard this messenger relate the cause?
Oh my distressed Father wants relief!
I were a Rebel unto Nature's Laws,
Not to condole with him in his extrem,
Making his trouble my true sorrows Theam.
If that he be all (quoth he) thou art to blame,
There is no cause to spend a sigh thereon:
I'll terrifie Duke *Otten* with my name,
Let him but hear I come, and he'll be gone.
Something between us may not be forgot,
He felt my sword in *France*, but lik'd it not.
Since that, against my life a plot he laid,
By Villains that surpriz'd me in a wood,
But treachery with vengeance was repaid;
Who ever knew a Traitor's end prove good;
Accursed haps attend them evermore:
In Brazen Bull *Perillus* did first roar.
I will go with thee to defend thy Father,
(For the oppressed I have vow'd to right)
And reason moveth it, so much the rather
Mine own abuses therewith to requite:
This opportunity we'll not omit,
In that occasion falleth out so fit.
Let's hasten on with speed unto the place,
Preventing mischief ere too far it run,

G

Take

The Famous History

Take hold on Time before he turns his face,
Good proveth best, when it is foonest done;
Go like *Eneas* with a filial joy,
To fetch thine old *Anchises* out of *Troy*.
Couragious Knight (quoth *Terry*) thy bold heart
Cannot be daunted, I perceive, with fear;
Compos'd with *Mars* his Element thou art,
Of powerful limbs, to manage sword and spear;
My Melancholy thou hast banish'd hence,
And with strong hope arm'd me in recompence.
Now all in post they speed themselves away,
And in short time unto the Castle come,
Whereas Duke *Otten* and his forces lay,
Relying on his Souldiers ample summe;
But when the Captains of *Guy's* coming knew,
They fled by night, and never bad adieu.
This was discouragement to all the rest,
To see their Leaders thus give ground and flie.
Yet the Duke most resolute protest,
If each man in the Castle were a *Guy*,
He would not leave it basely and retire;
Though life be dear, yet honours place is higher.
Terry (quoth *Guy*) we must not tedious be;
Experience often hath my Tutor been,
And taught, that when advantage I do see,
To fasten on occasion and begin;
The enemy by fear himself subdues,
Add force to that, and victory ensues.
We will not make our prison in this place,
As long as there is field-room to be got;
'Tis my desire to meet the Duke's good Grace,
And combat him, because he loves me not,
If that you will not leave this house of stone,
I'll leave you all, and go my self alone.
And with these words *Heraud* and he depart,
Which when the Castle-soldiers did perceive,
They gave a shout, Our General thou art,
Thy honourable steps we will not leave;

We

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

We are resolv'd to attend thee still,
Let Fortune use us, e'en as fortune will.
And thus most valiant they do march along,
Giving the onset, fearless to their foe;
Making those multitudes that seem so strong,
Retire themselves with slaughtered overthrow;
But when the Duke perceiv'd his Soldiers flye,
Perish (quoth he) base Villians, here I'll dye.
Where is this *English* man that haunts my Ghost,
And thus pursueth me from place to place?
I challenge him to come and leave the Host,
And meet with resolution face to face:
Let equal envy make his equal match,
All controversies we will soon dispatch.
Agreed (quoth *Guy*) proud Foe, I yield consent:
Repent thy wrongs, and make thy conscience clear;
For thou hast liv'd to see thy honour spent,
Which worthy men of all things hold most dear:
The noble-minded censure him with shame
That lives to see the death of his good name.
Then toward each other they did manly make,
And break their Launces very violent;
Which being done, their swords in hand they take,
Fighting untill great store of blood was spent:
For envy did the Duke's keen weapon whet;
And on *Guy's* sword revenge an edge did set;
At length through loss of blood the Duke fell down
And said, Now fond felicity farewell;
I am betray'd by Fortune's angry frown,
And this experience to the world doth tell,
There's nothing constant that the Earth contains,
Death deals with Monarchs, as with simple Swains.
Bewitching vanities, seducing blind us,
Greatness hath great accounts thereon depending.
As Death doth leave us, so shall Judgment find us,
There is no peace unto a happy ending:
My dying hour yields more repenting grace,
Than in my life I ever could embrace.

G 2

Th' im-

The Famous History

Th' immortal soul doth with these words depart,
And leaves the breathless body did contain it:
While woful passions do afflict *Guy's* heart,
Now wishing to himself he had not slain it:
For true humility compassion shows,
To see affliction overburden woes.
Guy sheath'd his sword, and said, remain thou there
Until I do arrive on *Englands* shore;
No further quarrel to the world I bear,
For love of *Phælice* I will bleed no more;
From her I have been too too long away,
And will return to challenge Soldiers pay.
So thence he rode to find Sir *Heraud* out,
Making his journey through a desert place,
Which was obscure, environ'd round about
With shady trees that hid bright *Phæbus* face,
Where suddenly he met the hugest Boar,
That ever mortal eyes beheld before.
The Beast came at him most exceeding fell,
Which he perceiving, stands upon his guard,
And doth avoid those dreadful Tusks right well,
Laying upon his swinish head so hard,
That dead he left him, who had many slain,
For forth that Wood no man came back again.
When this was done, *Heraud* he overtakes,
And tells him what a Christmas Brawn he slew,
Then with his purpose him acquainted makes,
Which was to bid all foreign parts adieu,
And see the heavenly object of his heart;
Heraud consents, and they forthwith depart.

To

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

*To England comes victorious Guy
and doth fair Phælice wed;
At York presenting Athelstone
a dreadful Dragon's head.*

CANTO IX.

A Sifted now by nimble winged Time,
Guy shapes his course for *England*, and doth leave
The bold adventures of each foreign Clime,
Love's just reward from *Phalice* to receive:
As *Hercules* twelve labours being past,
Found time for *Dianer's* love at last.
Heraud and *Guy* no sooner do arrive,
But news thereof unto the King was brought.
Who heard of all before they did atchieve;
Which made him much desirous in his thought
To see such subjects, matchless men alone,
In honouring *England*, and King *Athelstone*.
To *York* they go, for there the King was then,
To whom they did most humble duty show;
Welcome (quoth he) renowned Martial men;
My Princely love upon you I bestow;
Your fortunate success contentment breeds,
Fame came before and brought us home your deeds.
Guy, thou hast laid a heavy hand we hear
Upon the necks of Pagans, Infidels,
And sent them home by fatal Sword and Spear,
To horrors vault, where unbelievers dwell;
Devouring Beasts thou likewise hast destroy'd,
That human Creatures fearful have annoy'd.
Yet worthy man, I think thou ne'r did slay,
Of all those Monsters terrible and wild,

A crea-

The Famous History

A creature more cruel, than at this day
Destroys what e're he meets, man, woman, child,
Cattle and all, which no man may withstand,
A dreadful Dragon in *Northumberland*.
I speak not this to animate thee on,
And hazard life at setting foot on shore;
For divers to destroy this beast have gone,
But to their Friends never returned more:
No, I express how happy thou hast been,
To free like fears that other men were in.
Dread Lord (quoth he) as I am *English Knight*,
And faithful unto God, true to my King.
I will go see if that same beast dare bite,
For to your Grace his head I mean to bring:
I found his fellow with a Lyon fighting,
And made him leave both scratching and his biting.
And as I dealt with him, I'll deal with this:
Only I do beseech your Roynl Grace,
Command me some direction where he is,
And to your Court I'll bring his ugly face,
Or your mild favour let me never see;
Dragon or Devil whatfoe're he be.
So taking humble leave, away he rides
Unto *Northumberland*, to find the beast,
Having a dozen Knights which were his guides,
And brought him where the Dragon held his feast
Like *Canibal*, that feeds on flesh of men:
Behold (quoth they to *Guy*) yon Cave's his Den.
It is enough, said he, do you remain,
And leave me to go find out *Hidra's* head,
That never shall devour a man again,
Who with so many bodies have been fed:
Here Gentlemen if you will please to stay,
Sit on your Horses, and behold our fray.
Coming unto the Cave, the Dragon spies him,
And forth he stalks with lofty speckled breast
Of dreadful form: as soon as ere *Guy* eyes him,
His Launce he speedy set unto his wrest;

Then

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Then spurs to Horse, and then at Dragon makes,
That bearing ground at the encounter shakes.
Then very lightly *Guy* returns his Horse,
And comes up on him with redoubled might:
The Dragon meets him with resisting force,
And like a Reed, his Launce in two did bite:
Nay then (quoth *Guy*) if to such bites you fall,
I have a tool to pick your teeth withal.
Then drew his Sword (a keen and massie blade)
And fiercely struck with furious blows so fell,
That many wide and bloody wounds he made,
Which caus'd the Dragon yawn, like mouth of hell;
Roaring aloud with a most hideous sound,
And with his claws, all rent and tore the ground.
Impatient of the smart he did sustain,
He thought with wings to raise himself aloft,
But with a stroke *Guy* brought him down again,
And ply'd him with the edge of steel so oft,
That down he fell in dirty blood bewray'd;
And forth his wide devouring Oven bewray'd:
A flake of fire seemed to issue thence,
While *Guy* was hewing off his ugly head.
Now fiend (quoth he) thou hast thy recompence
For all the human blood thy jaws have shed;
Upon a part of this same broken spear,
Thy filthy face unto the King I'll bear.
The Knights (with joy exceeding) take a view
Of that same fearful creature, strange of shape:
Admiring at his ugly form of hiew,
With wonderment, that mortal could escape
Those teeth and claws, so dreadful, sharp and long,
Compos'd by nature in a Beast so strong.
When they had fix'd the head upon a spear,
And measur'd out the bodies length direct:
Unto the King at *Lincoln*, they it bear,
Who *Guy's* return with longing did expect.
God shield (quoth he) and save me from all evil,
Here is a face may well out-face the Devil:

What

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

What staring Eyes of burning-glaſs be thoſe
That might (alive) two flaming beacons ſeem?
What ſcales of Harnes arm that crooked noſe
And teeth? none ſuch had *Cerberus* I deem.
What yawning mouth, and forked tongue is there
That being dead, may make the living fear?
Victorious Knight, thy actions we admire,
And place thee highly in our Kingly love;
Throughout the ſpacious Orb thy Fame aſpire,
More lofty than the Supream Sphere doth move:
To the ſucceeding ages of thy Land,
I will remember thy victorious Hand.
Which ſhall be thus, the Monſter's picture wrought
On cloth of Arras artificial well;
And unto *VVarwick* we will have it brought,
There to remain, and after-ages tell,
That worthy *Guy*, a man of matchleſs ſtrength,
Deſtroy'd a Dragon thirty foot in length.
And place his head here on the Caſtle wall,
For memory, till years do ruin it:
And Nobles make triumphant Feſtival,
Afford our Knight all honour doth befit;
Troy's Hector's dead, and can no more atcheive,
But *England's Hector* ſtill remains alive.
By this report (the only Linguist living)
Hath been with *Phælice*, for to make her glad,
Such Fame and Glory to her Lover giving,
As never greater any Worthy had;
Tells all the deeds of wonder he hath done,
From the firſt action that his hand begun.
Phælice impatient of his wiſhed fight,
Speeds towards *Lincoln*, like light *Salmaciſ*,
Where joyfully ſhe entertains her Knight
With *Juno's* kind embrace, and *Venus* kiſs:
Guy with requital makes his gladneſs known,
And in his arms he now enjoys his own.
Forgetful Love, and too to ſlow (quoth ſhe)
I fear'd thou didſt not mind thy deareſt friend;

What

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

What, seek a Dragon, ere thou look for me;
And hazard life, before thou come or send
To know if I remain in happy state?
Some jealous woman would suppose 'twere hate.
But sure I do not, though I speak my heart,
And wish I had been first thou saw'st on shore:
Guy! Welcome to thy *Phœbe* now thou art:
Thou never shalt go forth a fighting more:
No, thou hast fought too much, thy looks bewray:
Stern countenance hath stoln thy smiles away.
But love will learn thee (Love) to change thy face;
And frame it as at first when I did chuse it,
'Thou hast almost forgotten to embrace;
I like that well, it seems thou didst not use it
In Foreign parts abroad, where thou hast been;
But that lost lesson thou must new begin.
I will (quoth he) dear Love, and ply my book,
And kifs my Lesson on thy Coral lip:
Tell me but only when I am mistook,
In reading rashly, if I over-skip,
Or be too negligent in taking pain,
Why turn me back to conn my gear again.
But Lady, one exception I will make,
What line soever you do put me to,
The Horn-book of all other I'll forsake:
For willingly I would not have to do
With that Crows-row, crows upon many, when
Women doth teach it unto married men.
Kind Sir (quoth she) consent, I'll never chuse it,
It fits two sorts, a Courtezan, a Child;
Once as the latter simply I did use it,
But for the other, rather be beguil'd,
Than to deceive, the second Horn-book's naught
Teach it not me, and it shall ne're be taught;
Guy smil'd and said, then let us *Warwick* see,
Of all the world the place that I love best,
Because it had the bringing up of thee;
And there first with thy beauty I was blest.

H

I love

The Famous History

I love the Castle, and the Castle-Ground.
Where first thy *Venus-face* alone I found.
Let's hasten on to hear this sacred voice,
I Guy take Phælice to my wedded Wife;
And thou repeat, *I likewise am thy choice,*
Till death depart us, ev'n so long as life:
And then the next will be, *God give us joy,*
And send my Father's Heir a gallant Boy.

*The Marriage is solemniz'd,
But after four days,
Guy Penance vows, and Pilgrim like
From England goes his ways.*

CANTO IX.

THE happy day (that Lovers long expect)
Is now obtain'd, to give desire rest:
And all the honours *Hymen* can effect,
He frank bestows to grace the Wedding feast.
For *Athelstone* and his renowned Queen,
At this great Nuptial in their pomp were seen:
The Nobles rich and costly attire,
With worthy Knights and Gentlemen beside,
Ladies of Honour (as their lives require)
Attend upon the beauteous fair-fac'd Bride.
There wanted nothing (wit of man could find)
To please the eye, or to content the mind.
Masques, mid-night Revels, Tilt and Turnament,
Acting of ancient Stories, stately Shows,
Banquets might give great *Jupiter* content;
Where Cups of *Nectar* plenty overflows,
Abundant all things, with a plenty hand,
As if a King himself should feast the Land.

Soon

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Soon after all these things were consummate,
Earl *Roband* (*Phalice* worthy Father) dies;
And to his Son bequeaths the whole Estate
Of Earldom, Lordship, all his Land is *Guy's*;
Who is created Earl of *VVarwick* then,
In Honour's rank, with *England's* Noble men,
But in the Glory of his high applaud,
Enjoying all that did partake delight;
When every tongue his Fame and Fortune's laud,
Himself converts the Sun-shine days to night;
Bethinking what the world may judge be thought,
And deeming all but vain that he had sought.
Oft would he sit and meditate alone,
In looking back what steps his youth had trod:
Then to himself wirh sighs and grievous grone,
Cry Pardon me, thou just incensed God;
I have done nothing for to purchase Grace,
But spent my time about a womans face.
For Beauty bloody through the world I ran,
In pride of heart preferring *Phalice* Feature:
For beauty I have ended many a man,
Hating all other for one mortal creature:
For Beauty I have pawn'd my utmost power;
But for my sins not spent one weeping hour.
My *Nunquam sera* I will now begin,
And vow to spend the remnant of my days
In contrite penance for my former sin,
That God may pardon all the erring ways
Which flesh and body were deceived by;
Unto the world I will go learn to dye.
Let me be censur'd even as mortals please,
I'll please my God in all things may be done:
Ambitious pride hath been my youths disease;
I'll teach Age meekness e're my Glafs be run:
And change my voice, wealth, beauty, world, farewell,
To purchase Heaven I will go pass through Hell.
Phalice perceives his melancholly state,
And coming to him, doth most mildly woo;

H 2

My

The Famous History

My Lord (quoth she) why are you chang'd of late?
As I share joy, let me bear sorrow too:
If I in ought have mov'd you to offence,
I will with tears perform due recompence.
No, my dear Love (quoth *Guy*) no cause in thee,
'Tis with my self I discontented strive:
By light of Grace my Nature's faults I see,
That am as dead, although I seem alive:
Phælice, my sins, my countless sins appear,
Crying *Repent, thy guilty conscience clear*.
I must deal with thee as *Bavarus* dealt
(A Prince of *Rome*) with *Sygunda* his wife,
Who (from a deep impresson he felt)
Vow'd Chastity perpetual all his life.
Intreating thee (even as thou lov'st my soul)
To pardon me, not urging by controul.
Hast thou not heard what *Ethelfrida* did,
A Christian woman sometimes *Englands* Queen;
Is *Edelthrudis* act of chaste life hid,
A Princess likewise, and matchless doth seem;
The first with child, no more of lust would taste,
The second caus'd two husbands both live chaste.
And canst not thou (the Phoenix of a Realm)
By imitation win immortal praise;
Leaving thy Vertues and admired Theam,
To the succeeding Age of Iron-days?
I know thou canst, thy greater part's Divine,
Where most is carnal, 'twill to flesh incline.
Thou didst procure (although I do excuse it)
My pride by Conquests to attain thy love:
God gave me valour, I did vain abuse it;
My heart and thoughts aspired far above
The Crowns and Scepters of most potent Kings,
I held their Diadems inferior things.
But now I gather in a total sum,
Such follies, and condemn them all to die:
A man of other fashion I'll become;
Some better travels for my soul to try,

Not

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Not as before, in armour on my Steed,
But in a Gown of gray, a Palmers Weed.
Obscure my journey, for I'll take no leave,
But only leave my endless love to thee:
Here is my ring, this memory receive,
And swear the same, to make thee think on me,
Let me have thine which for thy sake I'll keep,
Till death close up these eyes with his dead sleep,
When this was spoke, how she did wring her hands
With sighs and tears, may be well deemed much;
Yet wondrous meekly, nothing countermands;
For the devotion of that age was such,
To hold them blessed, could themselves retire
To solitude, and leave the worlds desire.
Now is his Princely Clothing laid away,
Wherein he glitter'd like the glorious sun;
And his best habit, homely Countrey-gray,
Such as the poor plain people term home-spun,
A Staff, a Scrip, a Scollop-shell in's hat,
Not to be known, nor once admired at.
And thus with penfive heart, and doleful tears,
He leaves the fairest Creature *England* had;
Who in her Face a Map of sorrow wears,
A countenance compos'd all mournful, sad;
Like unto one had banish'd all delight,
Wishing for slumbers of eternal night.
Guy journeys, towards the sanctified Ground,
Whereas sometimes the *Jews* fair City stood:
In which our Saviour's Sacred Head was crown'd,
And where for sinful men he shed his blood:
To see the Sepulcher was his intent,
The Tomb that *Joseph* unto *Jesus* lent.
With tedious miles he tir'd his weary feet,
And pass'd desert places full of danger;
At last with a most woful Wight did meet,
A man that unto sorrow was no stranger,
For he had fifteen Sons made captive all
To slavish bondage in extreemest Thrall.

Who

The Famous History

Who in a castle, which he held and chain'd them,
Guy question'd where; and understands at length.
The place not far; lend me thy sword (quoth he)
I'll lend my man-hood all thy Sons to free.
With that he goes, and lays upon the door,
Like him that says, I must and will come in:
The Giant never was so rous'd before,
For no such knocking at his gate had been;
So takes his Club and Keys, and cometh out,
Staring with ireful Countenance about.
Sirrah (quoth he) what business hast thou here?
Art come to feast the Crows about these Walls?
Didst never hear, no ransom could him clear,
That in the compass of my fury falls?
For making me to take a Porters pains,
With this same Club I will dash out thy brains.
Sirrah (quoth *Guy*) y'are quarrellsome I see,
Choler and you seem very near of kin:
Dangerous at the Club be-like you be,
I have been better arm'd, though now go thin:
But shew thy utmost hate, enlarge thy sprite,
Here is a weapon that must do me right.
So draws his sword, salutes him with the same
About the head, the shoulders, and the side,
While his erected Club did death proclaim,
Standing with huge *Colossus* spacious stride:
Putting forth vigour to his knotty beam,
That like a furnace he did smoke extream:
But on the ground he spent his strokes in vain,
For *Guy* was nimble to avoid them still:
And ever ere he heav'd his Club again,
Did brush his plated Coat against his will:
At such advantage he would never fail
To bang him soundly in his shirt of Mail.
At length through thirst *Amarant* feeble grew,
And said to *Guy*, As th' art of humane race,
Shew it in this, Give Nature's wants their due;
Let me but go and drink in yonder place:

Thou

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Thou canst not yield unto a smaller thing,
Than to grant life that's given by the spring.
I grant thee leave (Quoth *Guy*) go drink thy last
To pledge the Dragon, and the Savage Boar:
Succeed the Tragedies which they have past,
But never think to drink cold water more,



*A Giant called Amarant,
Guy valiantly destroyes;
VVhereby wrong'd Ladies, captive Knights,
Their liberty enjoys.*

Drink

The Famous History

Drink deep to death, and after that Caroufe,
Bid him receive thee in his earthen house.
So to the spring he goes, and flakes his thirst,
Taking the water in extreamly, like
A wrecked Ship, that on some Rock is burst,
When forced bulk against the Stones doth strike;
Scooping it in so fast with both his hands
That Guy admiring to behold it stands.
Come on (quoth he) let us to work again,
Thou art about thy Liquor over long,
The Fish that in the River do remain,
Will want thereby, thy drinking doth them wrong;
But I would see their satisfaction made,
With Giants blood they must and shall be paid.
Villian (quoth *Amarant*) I'll crush thee straight,
Thy Life shall pay thy daring tongues offence;
This Club (which is about an hundred weight)
Is Death's Commission to dispatch thee hence,
Dress thee for Ravens diet I must needs,
And break thy bones as they were made of reeds.
Incensed much by these bold Pagans boasts,
Which worthy *Guy* could ill indure to hear:
He hews upon those big supporting posts,
That like two pillars did the body bear;
Amarant (for them wounds) in choler grows,
And desperately at *Guy* his Club he throws.
Which did directly on his body light;
So violent, and weighty therewithall,
That down to ground on sudden came the Knight,
And ere he could recover from the fall,
The Giant got a Club again in's fist,
And struck a stroke that wonderfully mist.
Traytor (quoth *Guy*) thy falsehood I'll repay,
This Coward-act, to intercept my blood;
Says *Amarant*, I'll murder any way,
With enemies all vantages are good;
Oh! Could I poyson in thy nostrils blow,
Thou should'st be sure I would dispatch thee fo.

'Tis

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

'Tis well (said *Guy*) thy honest thoughts appear,
Within that beastly bulk do Devils dwell,
Which are thy Tenants while thou livest here,
But will be Land-lords when thou com'st in Hell:
Vile miscreant, prepare thee for their Den;
Inhuman Monster, hateful unto men.
But breathe thy self a time, while I go drink,
For flaming *Phæbus* with his fiery eye
Torments me so with burning heat, I think
My thirst would serve to drink an Ocean dry:
Forbear a little, as I dealt with thee.
Quoth *Amarant*, thou hast no fool of me;
No silly Wretch, my Father taught more wit,
How I should use such enemies as thou:
By all my gods I do rejoyce at it,
To understand that thirst constrains thee now:
For all the treasure that the world contains,
One drop of water shall not cool thy veins.
Relieve my Foe! it were a mad mans part,
Refresh an adversary to my wrong!
If thou imagine this, a child thou art:
No fellow, I have known the world too long
To be so simple; now I know thy want,
A minutes space of breathing I'll not grant.
And with these words heaving aloft his Club,
Into the air he swings the same about;
Then shakes his locks, and doth his temples rub,
And like the *Cyclops* in his pride did strut.
Sirrah (said he) I have you at a list,
You are now come unto your latest shift.
Perish for ever, with this stroke I send thee,
(A medicine will do thy thirst much good)
Take thou no care for drink before I end thee,
And then we'll have carouses of thy blood;
Here's at thee with a Butcher's down-right blow,
To please my fury with thine overthrow.
Infernal, false, obdurate Fiend (*Guy* said)
That seem'st an Imp of cruelty from Hell;

I

In-

The Famous History

Ingrateful Monster, since thou hast deny'd,
The things to me wherein I us'd thee well:
With more revenge than e're my sword did make.
On thy accursed head revenge I'll take.
Thy Giants longitude shall shorter shrink,
Except thy Sun scorcht skin be weapon-proof;
Farewel my thirst, I do disdain to drink;
Streams keep your water to your own behoof:
Or let wild beasts be welcome thereunto,
With those pearl drops I will not have to do.
Hold Tyrant, take a taste of my good will,
For thus I do begin my bloody bout;
You cannot chuse but like the greeting ill,
It is not that same Club will bear you out;
And take this payment on thy shagged crown;
A blow that brought him with a veng'ance down.
Then *Guy* set foot upon the Monsters brest,
And from his shoulders did his head divide;
Which with a yawning mouth did gape, unblest,
No Dragons jaws were ever seen more wide
To open and to shut, till life was spent;
So *Guy* took's keys, and to the Castle went.
Where many woful captives he did find,
That had been tryed with extremities,
Whom he in friendly manner did unbind,
And reason with them of their miseries:
Each told a tale with tears and sighs, and cries,
All weeping to him with complaining eyes:
There tender Ladies in dark Dungeon lay,
That were surpris'd in the desert Wood;
And had no other diet every day,
Than flesh of humane creatures for their food:
Some with their Lovers bodies had been fed,
And in their Wombs, their Husbands buried.
Now he bethinks him of his coming there,
T' enlarge the wronged brethren from their woes;
And as he searched, both great clamours hear,
By which sad sounds direction, on he goes,

Until

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Untill he finds a darksome obscure Gate,
Arm'd strongly over all with iron-plate:
That he unlocks, and enters, where appears
The strangest object that he ever saw,
Men, that with famishment of many years,
Were like deaths picture which the Painters draw.
Divers of them were hanged by each thumb,
Others head downward, by the middle some.
With diligence he takes them from the walls,
With Liberty their Thralldom to acquaint:
Then the perplexed Knight, their Father calls,
And says, Receive thy sons, though poor and faint,
I promis'd you their lives, accept of that,
But did not warrant you they should be fat.
The Castle I do give thee, here's the keys,
Where Tyranny for many years did dwell:
Procure the gentle tender Ladies ease.
For pity sake use wronged women well.
Men eas'ly may revenge the deeds men do,
But poor weak women have no strength thereto.
The good old man, even overjoy'd with this,
Fell on the ground, and would have kist *Guy's* feet,
Father (quoth he) refrain so base a kifs,
For age to honour youth I hold unmeet:
Ambitious pride hath hurt me all it can,
I go to mortifie a sinful man.

The Famous History

Guy on his journey doth proceed,
with painful Pilgrims life,
VVhile Warwicks Countess lives in tears
a chaste and loyal VVife.

CANTO XI.

BEhold the man that fought contentions out,
Whose recreation was in angry arms,
And for his *Venus* rang'd the world about,
To find out dreadful combats, fierce alarms:
From former disposition alienate,
Shuns all occasion may procure debate.
In his own wrongs by vow he will not strike,
Let injury impose what strife can do,
Abuses shall not force him to dislike,
For he hath now fram'd Nature therunto:
And taken patience by the hand for's guide,
To lead his thoughts where meekness doth abide.
No worldly joy can give his mind content;
Delights are gone, as they had never been:
His only care is, how he may repent
His spending youth about the serving sin;
And fashion Age to look like contrite sorrow,
That little time to come, which life doth borrow,
His looks were sad, complexion pale and wan,
His diet of the meanest, hard and spare:
His life he led like a Religious man,
His habit poor and homely, thin and bare;
His dignities and honour were forgot,
His *Warwicks* Earldom he regarded not.
Sometimes he would so search into a grave,
And there he finds a rotten dead mans skull;

And

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And with the same a conference would have,
Examining each vanity at full,
And then himself would answer for the head,
His own objection in the dead mans stead.
If thou hast been some Monarch, where's thy crown,
Or who in fear of thy stern looks do stand?
Death hast made Conquest of my great renown,
My golden Scepter, in a fleshly hand,
Is taken from me by another King,
And I in dust am made a rotten thing.
Hast thou been some great Counsellor of State,
Whose potent wit did rule a mighty Realm?
Where is the policy thou hadst of late?
Consum'd and gone, even like an idle dream.
I have not so much wit as will suffice,
To kill the worms that in my Coffin lies:
Perhaps thou wast some beauteous Ladies face,
For whom right strange adventures have been wrought,
Even such, as (when it was my loving case)
For my dear kindest *Phœbe* I have fought.
Perhaps about this skull there was a skin
Fairer than *Hellen's* was inclosed in.
And on this scalp so wormy eaten bare,
(Where nothing now but bone we may behold)
Where Natures ornaments, such locks of hair,
As might induce the eye to deem them gold;
And chrystal Eyes in those two hollow caves;
And here such lips, as love, for kissing craves.
But where's the substance of this beauty sent,
So loving, precious in the sight of men?
With powerful death unto the dust it went;
Grew loathsome, filthy, came to nothing then.
And what a picture of it doth remain,
To tell the wife, *All beauty is but vain*.
Such memories he often would prefer,
Of mortal frailty and the force of death:
To teach the flesh how apt it is to err,
And post repentance off till latest breath:

Thus

The Famous History

Thus would he in the worlds contempt reprove
All that seduce the soul from heavenly love.
Now for a while reverse your vows of wo,
For one sad subject to behold another,
To see new sorrow back to *England* go,
And to long absent years commit the other:
Leave doleful *Guy* to aged grief and cares,
And look on *Phelice*, how his Lady fares
Like to a widow, all in black attire,
She doth express her inward doleful mind:
A Chamber-prison is her chief desire,
Where she to passion wholly is inclin'd.
She that of late was pride of *English* Court,
With Majesty no longer will consort,
But lives a life like one despis'd life's being;
And every day unto the world did die,
With judgment's eyes far into folly seeing,
And noting well, how fast false pleasures flie;
Leaving for every taste of vain delight,
A greater heap of cares than pen can write.
Her thoughts run after her departed Lord,
And travel'd in conceit more fast than he:
What place (quoth she) can rest to thee afford,
That pilgrim like hath thus forsaken me;
Oh sad laments! my soul your burthen bears,
To think poor *Guy* remembers me in tears.
Methinks he sits now by a River side,
And swells the water with his weeping eyes:
Methinks that, *Phelice*, *Phelice*, loud he cry'd,
And charged Eccho bear it through the skies;
Then rising up he runs with might and main,
Saying, sweet Eccho bring my love again.
Then comes he to a Cypress Tree, and says,
Sylvanus, this was once the lovely Boy,
Whom thou for feature to the Clouds didst praise,
But here's thy senseless and transformed joy;
'Tis nothing now but boughs and leaves, and tree,
And made to wither, as all beauties be.

And

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

And then methinks he sits hlm sadly down,
And on his bending knees his elbow stays,
With head in hand, saying, Farewel renown,
Vanish vain pleasures of my youthful days;
My true repentance do you all displace;
A happy end brings sinful souls to grace.
Ah worthy man that thus canst mortifie
The Rebel flesh, to conquer *Adams* nature,
And for the gaining of Eternity,
Dost live on earth, as if an earthly creature;
Dead and alive, old and new-born again,
True Valiant *Guy*, that hath the Devil slain.
As thy advice was when thou didst depart,
That I should live a Vestal Virgins life;
Although when I was Maid, by Lovers art
Thou didst perswade me to become a Wife:
I vow by Heaven's, and all the Pow'rs Divine,
To keep my thoughts as constant, chaste as thine.
My beauty I will blemish all I may,
With tears, and sighs, and doleful lamentation;
By abstinence I will attain the way
To overcome the force of sins temptation:
This sentence have I often read and seen,
A womans chastity is Virtues Queen.
Cerus and *Bacchus* I will careful shun,
Foes to *Diana*, Friends to *Venus* ever;
Unto licentious life they teach us run,
And with sobriety associate never,
Spare Diet shall become my daily fare,
The soul thrives best to keep the body bare.
The Courtly ornament I wore of late,
In honour of King *Athelstone's* fair Queen,
Ev'n all those Jewels and those Robes of State,
Wherein so often I was glorious seen,
Shall with their price and value now supply
Those naked poor that in the streets do lie.
The Gold and Silver that I do possess,
About good works shall all employed be;

The

The Famous History

The purchase of eternal happiness
Is of all wealth most precious unto me;
All that in want to *Varwick* Castle come,
And crave relief, I will afford them some.
For halt, and lame, and blind, I will provide
Some Hospital, with Land to be maintain'd;
For widows, and poor fatherless beside,
That their necessities may be sustain'd;
For young Beginners their Estates to raise;
And for repairing of decay'd High-ways.
This I account to be the Heavenly thrift,
Lay up your Treasure where it cannot rust.
And give the riches we receive by gift,
As each good Steward is enjoyn'd he must:
That after this short stinted life's decay,
We may have life an everlasting day.
Rejected World, thus do I take my leave
With thee, and all things thou do'st most esteem:
Thy shews are snares, and all thy hopes deceive,
Thy goodness is but only good to seem:
Of thy false pleasures I as much have seen,
As she that bears the Title of a Queen.
Oh that I were in such unknown disguise,
(Attending on my *Guy* where-ere he be)
As once the King *Sulpitia* did devise,
His *Lentulus* in banishment to see!
Or *Hyppocrata* like, in mans attire
Following her exil'd King, through Love's desire.
'Twould something ease my sorrow wounded heart,
So to divide the burthen of unrest;
For where affliction take afflictions part,
In hard extreames some comfort is exprest.
Misery is more easie to abide,
When friends with friends their crosses do divide.
But all in vain I wish'd, would God I were;
Or thus, or thus, it nought avails my woe:
Though starving thoughts do wander here and there,
My poor weak body knows not where to go:

Unto

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Unto the Holy Land I heard him say
God fend me thither at my dying day.
I will about my vows, and see them paid,
To do the goood that Charity requires:
When grace to works of virtue does perfwade,
'Tis blessednefs to further fuch defires.
And while on earth I do a finner dwell,
I'll strive to please my God with living well.
In this refolve, that life ſhe entertains,
Performing all the courſe ſhe had propounded,
And ſuch ſeverity therein explains,
Her ſex with wonder reſts amaz'd, confounded,
To ſee ſo rare a beauty, rich, high-born,
Hold all worlds pleaſures in contempt and ſcorn.
For no perfwading friend that ſhe would hear,
Which motion'd company or recreation;
Unto their ſpeech ſhe would not lend an ear,
That ſought to alter her determination:
But ſuch as came, and of compaſſion ſpake,
She did relieve for bleſſed Jeſus ſake.
Her wandring Lord from Land to Land repairs,
To ſeek out places Pilgrims do frequent:
By careful years turn'd into ſilver hairs;
Exceeding chang'd with grief and languiſhment.
(For ſorrow gives a man more ancient look
Than elder time, which leſſer cares have took).
His old acquaintance in thoſe foreign parts,
That had before moſt worthy actions ſeen,
Right bold adventures of his long deſerts,
Had loſt Sir *Guy*, as he had never been.
Thoſe that in Armour knew his Martial face,
Did not expect him in a Friars caſe.
Among the reſt to whom he had been known,
He met Earl *Terry* baniſh'd to exile:
Each unto other being ſtrangers grown,
Through ſorrow, which the ſenſes do beguile;
They had forgot that ere they ſaw each other,
Yet *Guy* was *Terry's*, *Terry Guy's* ſworn brother.

K

Having

The Famous History

Having related how their Travels grew,
One's voluntary, t'other's by constraint;
In taking leave with courtesies adieu,
Oh English man (saith *Terry*, sighing faint)
I had a friend, a Countrey-man of thine,
Was Justice Champion to great wrongs of mine.
Tyranny to the face he durst defie.
And stamp his foot upon oppression's neck:
Tell me, dear friend, hast thou not heard of *Guy*,
That had a hand to help, a sword to check?
I have (quoth he) and knew him many years;
Guy VVarwick's Earl, is one of *England* Peers.
What is thy name, *Terry* (quoth he) I hight,
Greater by birth than fortune makes me seem.
Terry (saith he) I vow to do thee right
To what I may, my poor good will esteem:
To human thought my nature doth agree,
Thou lov'st my friend, I must of force love thee.
Direct me to the man exil'd thee thus,
I'll take thy part as far as strength extends:
If *Guy* himself were here to joyn with us,
He could but say, *I'll venture life and friends*.
And be assured, though I simple be,
I oft have had as good success as he.
Terry with loving thanks his love requites,
And brings him to his Foe, whom he defies,
And valiant with his adverse Champion fights,
Till mortal wounded at his feet he dies;
Yet 'twas a man suppos'd of matchless worth,
That for that Combat they had singled forth.
When this was done, the Earl demands his name:
Pardon, (quoth he) that were against a vow;
To no man living I'll reveal the same,
For I have changed name and nature now:
Nature's corruption I do strive to leave,
A new regeneration to receive.
Farewel my friend, ev'n as my soul would fare,
If we ne're meet on earth, Heav'n be the place;

For

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

For idle hours I have none to spare,
My hairs look gray, they turn to white apace;
I have great los in short time to redeem;
A minute's sorrow is of much esteem
So he departs towards *Judea's* ground,
Samaria and *Galilee* to see,
Those parts where Christian Pilgrims so renown'd
Because their Saviour's choice was there to be,
Where he did suffer to redeem our los;
Ev'n from the Cratch unto the bloody Cross.
Much time he spends and many years bestows,
From place to place about this holy-Land,
That all his friends in *England* do suppose,
Now death of him hath got the upper-hand:
For no report came that could ere relate
His life, his being, or his present state.
This put the world to silence, men were mute,
Concerning *Guy* they knew not what to say.
The dreadful Champion in the armed suit,
Was never known nor fear'd in simple gray,
But did endeavour all that ere he might,
Never to be reveal'd to any Wight.
For unto none he would his name disclose,
Nor tell direct what Countrey-man he was;
Nor of his noble mind make any shows,
But strive in all things most obscure to pass,
Until by native love his mind was led,
To come and lay his bones where he was bred.

K 2

Guy

Guy after many years comes home,
To England for his grave,
Kills Colbrond the great Giant, and
Dies poorly in a Cave.

EV'n as the brightest glorious shining-day
 Will have a night of darkness to succeed;
 Which takes the pride of *Phæbus* quite away,
 And makes the Earth to mourn in sable weed:
 Presenting us with drowsie heavy sleep,
 Death's memory in careful thoughts to keep:
 So youth the day of Nature's strength and beauty,
 Which had a splendor like fair Heaven's eye,
 Must yield to age by a submissive duty,
 And grow so dark, that life of force must dye,
 When length of years bring ancient evening on,
 Irrevocable time is posting gone.
 This cogitation in *Guy's* breast appears,
 By his returning from the Holy Land;
 He finds himself to be a man in years,
 And that his Glass had but a little sand
 To run, before his date of life expire,
 Therefore to *England* he doth back retire,
 There to be buried where he had been born,
 Was all the cause that did induce him back:
 To end his evening where he had his morn,
 In doleful colours of a dead man's black:
 And let that body rest in *English* ground,
 Which through the world no resting place had found.
 When he arrived on his native shore,
 He found his Countrey in extream distress;

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of Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

For through the Kingdom armed troops great store,
Against the Foe was all in readines,
The King of *Denmark*, whose destroying hand,
A mighty Army did securely land;
And marched from the Coast with devastation,
Destroying Towns, Villages set on fire;
Working such terror unto all the Nation,
King *Athelstone* was forced to retire
To *VVinchester*. Which when the *Danes* once knew,
Towards the City all their strength they drew,
Which was too strong for Spear and Shield to win,
(Invincible their walls of stone were then)
They wanted Cannon-keys to let them in.
Hell's picklock powder was unknown to men:
The Devil had not taught such murdering smoak;
A Soldier's honour was in manly stroke:
Beholding now how they repulsed were,
That *VVinchester* by no means could be won:
They do conclude to summon parly there,
And with a Challenge have all quarrels done;
An *English* man to combat with a *Dane*,
And that King lose, that had his Champion slain.
Wherewith a huge great Giant doth appear,
Demanding where the Foxes all were crept;
Saying, if one dare come and meet me here,
That hath true valour for his Countrey kept,
Let him come forth, his manhood to disclose,
Or else the *English* are but cowards foes.
Why, very Cravens on their Dunghils dare
Both crow and strike, before they run and cry;
Is *English* Courage now become so rare,
That none will fight, because they fear to dye?
That I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools,
Afraid to look on manly martial tools?
What slanders I have heard in foreign lands,
Of those poor men for deeds which they have done?
Most false they are belied of their hands;
But he says true, who says their feet can run;

They

The Famous History

They have a Proverb to instruct them in,
That 'tis good sleeping in a sound whole skin.
Thus did he vaunt in terms of proud disdain,
And threw his Gauntlet down, say'ng, There's my glove:
At length great *Guy* no longer could refrain,
Seeing all strain court'fies to exprefs their love:



*Guy fights to free all England's fear,
With Colbrond Giant Dane:
And in Hide-Mead at Winchester,
Was that Goliah slain.*

But

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

But comes unto the King, and says, Dread Lord!
This combate to thy unknown Knight afford.
Although in simple habit I am hid,
Yeilding no shew of that I undertake,
I ne're attempted ought but what I did;
An end of *Colbrond*, on my foul, I'll make.
Palmer (quoth *Athelstone*) I like thy sprite,
God send thee thither, and He aid thee right.
His Powerful Hand lend vigour to thy blows,
And grant thy foot upon thy Foe may tread;
Amen, quoth *Guy*, and with great courage goes
Forth *V Vincheſter's* North gate unto *Hide-Mead*
Where that ſame Monſter of a man he found,
Treading at every ſtep two yards of ground.
Art thou the man (quoth *Colbrond*) art thou he
On whom the King will venture *England's* Crown?
Can he not find a fitter match for me,
Than this poor Rascal in a thred-bare Gown?
Where's all his Knights and worthy Champions now?
I do diſdain ſo baſe a Slave as thou.
Giant, ſaid *Guy*, Manhood ſhould never rail,
To breathe the air with blaſt of idle wind;
A Soldier's weapon beſt can tell his tale,
Thy deſtiny upon my Sword I find;
'Twill let thee blood, while thou haſt drops to bleed,
And ſpell thy death for all the *Danes* to read.
Thus I begin; and on his armour laid,
That *Colbrond's* Coat was never cudgel'd ſo,
Who with his Club did watch to meet his blade,
Intending to have brok'n it with a blow;
But *Guy* was ſure his ſword would hold out play,
It had been truſted many a cruel fray.
And therefore boldly he preſumes thereon,
Laying about as faſt as he could ſtrive,
Until the Lubbers breath was almoſt gone,
(For with a weighty Club did *Colbrond* ſtrive)
Which lighting on the ground, made earth give way,
As if ſome Devil did about him lay.

So

The Famous History

So long they held this stern and ireful fight,
That the beholders knew not what to deem,
Yet still some wounds to *Colbrond's* share did light,
Which to the English did great comfort seem.
Besides, their Champion gave encouragement,
By active carriage, danger to prevent.
Quoth *Colbrond*, *English* man, wilt thou forbear,
And sue for mercy, let the fight alone?
Villain, (quoth *Guy*) I scorn thy Coward fear,
I'll have thy life, or it shall cost mine own:
We'll never part till one be soundly sped,
The King hath ventur'd *England* on my head.
For twenty *Denmarks* (if they might be found)
And all the wealth that on the Ocean swims,
I will not yield an inch of *English* ground;
Thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs:
Although thy bodie's height be more than mine,
I have a heart bigger by odds than thine.
Think on thy ancient Grandfire, *Gogmagog*,
Whom *Corineus* dealt withall at *Dover*;
How that same Lubber, like a Timber log,
Was by the worthy *Britain* tumbled over;
For his bold challenge, he had such a check,
There was no Surgeon could amend his neck.
Thou art deceiv'd in me, poor silly Sot,
I am untaught to bend submission's knees:
Hold me no Christian, if I fail a jot,
(And for the world that title I'll not leese)
Betake thee to thy Tools, honour thy king,
Upon thy manhood lies a mighty thing.
And thus I do encounter thee afresh:
With that he lent him such a powerful stroke
It made wide ruptures in the Giant's flesh,
And did his furious choler much provoke;
Laying about him in most cruel rage,
Till the next wound did all his heat assuage,
It was so mortal that it brought him down,
To lie and groan upon the bloody ground:

Forth

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

Forthwith a shout was heard from out the Town,
That all the skie did eccho to the found;
Great joy was made by ev'ry *English* heart,
And all the *Danes* with extream grief depart.
King *Athelstone* sent for his Champion then,
To do him honour for his famous deed:
Who was received by the Clergy-men
With all solemnity, for such high meed:
Embraced by the Nobles, and renown'd,
With Martial Musick, Drum, and Trumpets found:
But little pleasure *Guy* conceives herein,
Refusing Jewels, costly ornaments,
Saying, with these he out of love had been
For many years by true experiments:
Only thanks God, that blest him with an hour,
To free his Countrey from invading pow'r.
And so intreats that he may pass unknown,
To live where poverty regards not wealth,
And be beholding to the help of none,
Seeing the world but now and then by stealth.
*For true content doth such a Treasure bring,
It makes the begger richer than a King.*
With true content (said he) I will abide,
In homely Cottage, free from all resort;
But I have found, content cannot be spy'd,
To make abode within a Monarchs Court:
No there's ambition, pride, and envy seen,
And fawning flatt'ring stepping still between.
Yet gentle Palmer (said the King) agree,
Where-ever thou resolvest to remain:
Acquaint thy name in private unto me,
And this is all thy Sovereign will obtain:
Tell me but who thou art, I will conceal it,
As I am *England's* King, I'll not reveal it.
Why then (quoth he) your Grace shall understand
I am your Subject, *Guy of VVarwick* named;
That have these many years not seen your Land,
But been where youth by ancient age is tamed:
Yet there experience taught me wit, dread Prince,
The world of many follies to convince.

L

And

The Famous History

And now am come to bring my bones to grave,
Within the Kingdom where I first took life;
Yet shall no creature else the notice have
Of my arrival, not my dearest Wife,
Till sickness come, and doth my death foretell.
Then I'll acquaint her with my last farewell.
The King with joy imbrac'd him in his arms,
And with great admiration answers thus;
Most worthy Earl, freer of *England's* harms,
It grieves my soul thou wilt not live with us:
Oh were thy resolutions thoughts, but now,
That my persuasions might prevent thy vow.
But, 'tis too late, they are grown ripe, I see
Thou art too settled in determination;
Well, Honoured man, yet this joys me,
Thou bring'st thy bones unto thy dearest Nation;
Where Monuments of thy great deeds shall last,
Till after-ages of the world be past.
In *Warwick* Castle shall thy Sword be kept,
To witness to the world what thou hast been,
And least forgetful time should intercept,
A President, I present will begin;
The Castle-keeper shall receive a Fee,
To keep thy sword in memory of thee.
Thy Armour likewise, and thy Martial Spear,
That did thee service in thy high designs,
Shall be preserved very careful there,
That all such men as have distrustful minds,
May think (if from a truth it did not grow)
A King would scorn to cozen people so.
And in thy Chappel (distant thence a mile)
A bone shall hang of that same cruel beast,
Which near to *Coventry* remain'd long while,
Whose rib by measure is six foot at least;
Destroying many that did pass that way,
Until thy manhood did the Savage slay.
That by tradition, men may speak and tell,
This was *Guy's* Armour, this his Massie blade;
These bones of murdering beasts which men did quel,
And this the Tomb wherein his Corps where laid.

This

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

This the true Picture of his shape at length.
And this the Spear did oft exprefs his strength.
For fure I hold it an ungrateful thing,
(When thou by Natures courfe in duft ſhall lie)
No memory ſhall caufe ſome Muſe to ſing
The worthineſs of matchleſs Engliſh *Guy*:
Thy Country-men would prove too far unkind,
When out of ſight, they leave thee out of mind.
This ſaid, in humble duty (wondrous meek)
Guy reverenceth the King, and ſo departs,
Some ſolitary Den, or Cave to ſeek,
Which he unto his Manſion-houſe converts:
And ſo lives poorly in the hollow ground,
Making his meat of herbs and roots he found.
Sometimes he would to *Varwick* Caſtle go,
And crave an alms at his dear Ladies hand,
Who unto Pilgrims did more bounty ſhow,
Than any Noble-woman in the Land;
And ſhe would ask all Palmers that came there,
If at the Holy Land they never were?
Or in their travels, if they had not ſeen
An Engliſh man was Lord of that ſame Tower?
Who many years away from hence had been,
A Knight ne're conquer'd yet by human Power.
But there's a Tyrant whom I only fear,
They call him Death, that murders every where;
If he have met him (O my deareſt Lord)
I never ſhall behold thy face again,
Till that ſame Monſter do as much afford
Unto my heart, and ſo releaſe all pain.
Which gracious Heaven grant, if *Guy* be dead,
Upon the earth let me no longer tread.
Thus did he often hear his Wife enquire,
With deep complaints from extream paſſions flowing;
Yet by no means would grant her kind deſire
The comfort of a hopeful word beſtowing;
But look upon her as his heart would break,
Then turn away for fear his tongue ſhould ſpeak;
And ſo departs with weeping to his Cell,
Setting a dead man's head before his eyes;

L 2

The Famous History

Saying, with thee I shortly come to dwell,
This sinful flesh I constantly despise,
My soul is weary of so bad a guest,
And doth desire to be at home in rest.
My feeble limbs weakness doth sore possess,
And sickness gripes do touch about my heart;
I feel I am not far from happiness,
But am in hope my foe and I shall part;
This adversary which I long have fed,
By whom my soul hath been so much misled.
To my dear *Phallice* I will send my Ring,
Which I did promise for her sake to keep:
I may no longer time defer the thing,
For fear that death prevent me with his sleep;
I feel his messenger approach apace,
And poor weak nature must of force give place:
So call'd a Herds-man as he passed by,
And said, Good friend, do me a special favour,
Even in a matter that concerns me high,
(My hope relies upon thy kind behaviour)
To *VVarwick* Castle speedily repair,
And for the Countess ask, with trusty care
Deliver thou this Ring to her own hand,
And say, the ancient Pilgrim sent the same
That lately at her Gate with Scrip did stand,
To beg an alms in blessed Jesus Name.
And if she ask thee where I do remain,
Direct her hither, she'll requite thy pain.
Sir (quoth the Herds-man) I shall be agham'd,
That ne're durst speak to Lady in my life:
Nay more, and't please you, I may much be blam'd,
To carry Rings to such a great man's Wife.
Besides, if I should lose it by the way,
Why what would you and Madam *Phallice* say?
Prethee (said *Guy*) frame not such idle doubt,
No prejudice can light on thee at all;
The act is honest which thou go'st about,
And for it none can thee in question call:
A courteous ear the Lady will thee lend,
Upon my warrant, fear you nothing friend.

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

With that he goes, and mannerly betakes
The token, to the Countess; which she seeing,
Most admirable wonder at it makes,
Ah friend (quoth she) where is my Husband's being?
Husband (said he) that news I do not bring,
From an old Begger I receiv'd the Ring.
His house was made of neither wood nor stone,
But under ground into a hole he went:
And in my conscience there he dwells alone,
And never pays his Landlord quarters rent.
Ah 'tis my *Guy*, she said, shew me his Cell,
And for thy pains I will reward thee well.
So he directs *Warwick's* fair Countess thither,
Who entering in that melancholy place,
Her Lord and she embracing, weep together,
Unable to pronounce a word long space,
Long time them two had not a word to speak,
Till *Guy's* discretion Sorrows door did break:
Phalice, quoth he, now take thy leave of *Guy*,
That sent to see thee e're his sight decay:
Within thy arms I do intreat to die,
And breathe my spirit from thy sweat foul away.
Thou gav'st me alms at *Warwick* Castle late:
'Tis blessedness to pity poor mens state.
Look not so strange, bewail not so my Dear;
Ah! weep not Love, I do not want thy tears:
I have shed plenty since my coming here;
Of true Remorse, my conscience witness bears,
Thou weep'st not now, because I wept no more,
But to behold me friendless, hapless, poor.
Wife, I have sought the place that I desire,
Though few endeavour for eternal rest;
The soul which to that Heaven doth aspire,
Must leave the world, and worldly things detest;
'Tis full of Devils that on Souls do wait,
And full of mates, in every place some bait.
Ah *Phalice*, I have spent (and then he wept)
Youth (nature's day) upon the love of thee;
And for my God, old rotten age have kept,
The night of nature, *Christ forgive it me;*

Sorrow

The Famous History

Sorrow lies heavy on my soul for this,
Sweet Saviour Christ, pardon thou my amifs.
In that I had destroy'd so many men,
Even for one Woman to enjoy thy love;
Therefore in this folitary Den,
I fought my peace with that great God above,
'Gainst whom by fin I have been more mif-led
Than there be hairs upon my hoary-head.



*Guy in repentance poorly lives,
Obscurely in a Cave;
Reveal'd to Phælice by a Ring,
When death had digg'd his Grave.*

of Guy Earl of Warwick.

The other day, seeing my Body ill,
And all the parts thereof opprest with pain,
I did compose a Testament and Will,
To be the last that ever I ordain.
Lo here it is, I'll read it if I can,
Before I cease to be a living man.

HIS WILL.

E*ven in the name of him whose mighty Power
Created all in Heaven and Earth contained,
As one to dye this very instant hour,
I leave the world, and all therein, unfeigned
My Soul I give to him that gave it me;
Receive it Jesus, as I trust in thee.
I owe a debt of Life is due to Death,
And when it's paid him, he can ask no more;
A very vapour of a little breath;
Would he had had it many years before;
But here's my comfort, if he come or stay,
'Tis ready for him (if he will) to day.
I owe the world a stock of wealth is lent,
When I did enter traffique with the same:
Lesse would have given Nature more content,
'Tis happiness to want a rich man's name,
World, leave me naked, as I did begin;
I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in
I do bequeath more sins than I can number,
My deadly evils in a countless sum;
Even from my cradle unto deaths dead slumber,
These past, these present, all that are to come,
To him that made them loads to burthen me,
Satan, Receive them, for they came from thee,
I give good thoughts, and every vertuous deed;
That every grace hath guided me unto,
To him from whom all goodness doth proceed,
For only evil, Nature taught me do:
I was conceived, bred and born in sin,
And all my life most vile and vain hath been.
I give to sorrow all my sighs and cryes,*

The Famous History

*Fetcht from the bottom of a bleeding heart,
I give repentance, tears, and watry eyes,
The sign unfeigned of a true Convert,
Earth yield a grave, or Sea become a tomb,
Jesus unto my Soul grant Heaven room.
Phælice, I faint, farewell true loyal wife,
Assist me with thy Prayers, thy Husband dies,
I trust to meet thee in a better life,
Where tears shall wiped be from weeping eyes.
Come blessed spirit, come in Jesus Name,
Receive my Soul, to him convey the same.*

And with these words his quiet Spirit departs,
While mournful *Phælice* well nigh dead with woe,
Her Senses all to sorrows use converts,
And too abundant doth her tears bestow,
Beating her breast, till breast and heart be sore,
Wringing her hands till she could strive no more.
Then sighing, said, Ah Death! my sorrows cause,
Thou hast depriv'd me of my dearest Lord!
Since loathsome air my vital spirits draws,
This favour for thy Tyranny afford,
Do me a good to recompence thy ill,
And strike the stroke that all my cares can kill,
Let me not live to see to morrows light,
But make me cold, bloodless, pale and wan,
As this dead Carcass doth appear in sight,
This true description of a mortal man:
Whose deeds of wonder past and gone before,
Hath left him now at Deaths dark prison-door
Kissing his face, with a farewell of tears.
She leaves the body for the grave to claim;
And from that place as sad a Soul she bears,
As ever woman that the world can name;
Living but fifteen days after his death,
And then through extream sorrow yieldeth breath.

FINIS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[As access could not be had to the second edition of Rowlands' "Betraying of Christ," which contains the two following poems, they are consequently reprinted from "Select Poetry Chiefly Devotional of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. Collected and Edited for the Parker Society, by Edward Farr, Esq," 2 vols., 12mo, Cambridge, 1845.]

THE HIGH WAY TO MOUNT CALUARIE.

REPAIRE to Pilat's hall,
Which place when thou hast found,
There shalt thou see a pillar stand,
To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be knowne
To anie Christian eye;
The bloudie whips doe point it out
From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe
Of purple, and a reed,
Which Pilat's seruants vs'd t' abuse,
In sinne's deriding deed:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

When they pronounced "All haile!
God faue thee!" with a breath,
And by the same cride presently,
"Let Christ be done to death."

His person had in scorne,
His doctrine made a iest,
Their mockeries were a martirdome;
No wrongs but him opprest.

What courage lesse then his
Would haue indur'd like shame,
But would with greifs of such contempt
Haue dide t' indure the same?

A little from that place,
Vpon the left-hand side,
There is a curious portlie dore,
Right beautifull and wide.

Leaue that in anie wife,
Forbid thy foot goe thether;
For out thereat did Iudas goe,
Despaire and he together.

But to the right hande turne,
Where is a narrow gate,
Forth which St Peter went to weepe
His poore distrest estate.

Doe immitate the like,
Goe out at Sorrowe's dore;
Weepe bitterly as he did weepe,
That wept to finne no more.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Keepe wide of Cayphas' house,
Though couetous thoughts infence:
There bribery haunts, despair was hatcht;
Falso Iudas came from thence.

But goe on forward still,
Where Pilat's pallace stands;
There where he first did falso condemne,
Then wash his guiltie hands:

Confess'd he found no cause,
And yet condemn'd to die,
Fearing an earthly Cæsar more
Then God that rules on hie.

By this direction then
The way is vnderstood;
No porch, no dore, nor hal to passe,
Vnsprinckled with Christ's blood.

So shall no errour put
Misguiding steppes betweene;
For euery drop sweet Iesus shed
Is freshly to be seene.

A crowne of piercing thornes
There lies imbru'd in gore;
The garland that thy Sauour's head
For thy offences wore.

Which when thou shalt behold,
Thinke what his loue hath binne,
Whose head was loaden with those briers
T' vnlade thee of thy sinne:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Whose sacred flesh was torne;
Whose holie skinne was rent;
Whose tortures and extreamest paines
Thy paines in hell preuent.

As God from Babilon
Did turne, when they past cure
Refused helpe; whom he would heale,
Denying health t' indure:

So from Hierufalem
The soule's phifition goes,
When they forfook his sauing health,
And vow'd themselues his foes.

Goe with him, happie soule,
From that forsaken towne;
Vpon whose wals lies not a stone,
But ruine must throw downe.

Follow his feet that goes
For to redeeme thy losse,
And carries all our sinnes with him
To canfel on his crosse.

Behold what multitudes
Doe guard thy God about,
Who bleeding beares his dying tree
Amidst the Iewish rout.

Looke on with liquid eies,
And sigh from sorrowing mind,
To see the death's-man goe before,
The murdering troupes behind:

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Centurion hard at hand,
The theeues vpon the fide,
The exclamations, fhouts, and cries,
The fhame he doth abide.

Then preffe amongst the throng,
Thyselfe with sorrowes weed;
Get very neere to Chrift, and fee
What teares the women fhed:

Teares that did turne him backe,—
They were of fuch a force—
Teares that did purchafe daughters' names
Of father's kind remorse.

To whom hee faid, Weepe not:
For me drop not a teare;
Bewaile your offspring and yourfelues,
Greefe's caufe vnfeene is neare.

Follow their fteps in teares,
And with thofe women mourne,
But not for Chrift; weepe for thyselfe,
And Chrift will grace returne.

To Pilat's bold demands
He yeelded no replie;
Although the iudge importun'd much,
Yet filence did denie.

Vnto his manie words
No anfwere Chrift would make;
Yet to thofe women did he fpeake,
For teares' and weeping' fake.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Thinke on their force by teares—
Teares that obtained loue—
Where words too weak could not persuaide,
How teares had power to moue.

Then looke toward Iesus' load,
More then he could indure,
And how for helpe to beare the same
A hireling they procure.

Ioine thou vnto the crosse;
Beare it of loue's desire;
Doe not as Cyranæus did,
That took it vp for hire.

It is a gratefull deed,
If willing vndersta'ne;
But if compulsion fet aworke,
The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death,
That Christ did die for thee,
Giues life to none but such as ioy
Crosse-bearing friends to be.

Vp to Mount Caluerie
If thou desire to goe,
Then take thy crosse, and follow Christ;
Thou canst not misse it so.

When there thou art arriu'd
His glorious wounds to see,
Say, but as faithfull as the theefe,
O Lord, remember me.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Affure thyfelfe to haue
A gift, all gifts excelling,
Once sold by finne, once bought by Christ,
For faints' eternall dwelling.

By Adam Paradife
Was finne's polluted shade:
By Chrif the dunghill Golgotha
A Paradife was made.

CHRIST TO THE WOMEN OF
HIERUSALEM.

WEEPE not, but weepe; stint tears, shower eies;
Cease sorrowes, yet begin lament:
Weepe for your children and alies;
Weepe not for me, 'tis tears mispent:
Bewaile the offspring of your wombe,
Sentenc'd succeeding vengeance doome.

No cause you should my case bemone;
My death's the death of Death and Hell:
Great cause you haue to weepe your owne,
And rue the cittie where they dwell:
Know how to weepe when greefes complaine,
Or teares and sighs are meerly vaine.

If this be done vnto the tree,
Green in perfection's perfect prime,
In what state shall the barren bee
That's iuicelesse, drie, and spent by time?
When thus they fell downe fruitfull greene,
Where shall the fruitlesse stock bee seene?

B

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

This was reply without demand
To tongues, eies, hearts, mute, wet, and weake,
Vnlesse by teares we vnderstand
That waterie eies haue power to speake:
Their weeping spake to Iesus' eares;
He turn'd about, and answer'd teares.

Where sinne-stain'd Adam first was plapt,
Three kind of trees were growing there:
The first was for delicious tast,
Fruitful, ordained food to beare:
Life's arbour next, which grace did fill;
And knowledge-tree of good and ill.

Where, sinne's hie ransome, Iesus di'de,
Three trees vpon that dunghill stood:
One greene with grace; the other dri'de
Bearing two theeues, the bad and good:
In midst, the tree of life, the crosse,
Bare Adam's guilt, restored his losse.

Great negligence, great loue and paines,
First gardner had, last did supplie:
His tree was watred from his veines;
In Paradife they carelesse die:
His blood for his hath moisture bin;
His thornes a hedge to guard it in.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Letting of Hvmors Blood in the Head-Vaine, with a new Moriffco, daunced by feauen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of Diogines Tubbe. At London: Printed by *W. White* for *W. F.* 1600," in Cryne's Collection in the Bodleian Library.]

TO HIS VERY GOOD
FRIEND M. HVGH
LEE ESQUIRE.

MY right hand, with affection doth present
These Humours to thee, of a kinde intent:
That in a paper Merroure you may see,
What madd fantastiques in the worlde there bee:
Whose giddie heads, and apish idle braynes,
Are euery hower in new printed vaines:
The swagg'ring Gull, an empty Drume is found,
Nothing within, yet makes the greatest sound.
The Foppe, the Puncke, the Pander, and the Knaue
Signieur Shift-maker, that most odious slaue,
Are all presented to Iuditiaall view,
With other Rascals of the Damned crew:
Behold them all, how each doth aſte his parte;
Deſteſt their Humours, with thine honeſt hart.

Yours euer in true affection,
SAMVELL ROWLANDS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Vnmasking of a feminine Machiauell. By Thomas Andrewe, Gent. London: Printed by *Simon Stafford*, and are to be sold by *George Loftes*, at the golden Ball in Popes-head Alley. 1604."]

To his respected and kind affected
Friend, Mr Thomas An-
drewe, Gent.

No hungry vaine of profit or of praise
Inuities thy Muse salute the Printers Presse:
Thou dost disdainethose Hackneyes of our daies,
That pawne their Poetrie of meere distresse:
Thy pen is but a quill of recreation,
Which serues not thee in stead of occupation.

But with deare bought experience tutor'st time,
By true vnmasking an incarnate Deuill,
No fiction is the subiect of thy Rime,
But a damn'd monster of deformed euill;
Whose portreict so to life thy pen doth touch:
I know no Penfill can performe so much.

Samuel Rowlands.

Veritas non quærit latebras.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Curtaine-Drawer of the World: or, The Chamberlaine of that great *Inne of Iniquity*. By *W. Parkes* Gentleman, and sometimes Student in *Barnards Inne*. London, Printed for *Leonard Becket*, and are to be sold at the Temple, neere to the Church. 1612."]

In Vulponem.

THE Fox is earthed now in ground,
Who liuing, fear'd not horne nor hound,
That kept the Huntsmen at a bay,
Before their faces ceaz'd his prey.
Of whose successe-full thriuing wit,
Bookes haue beene made, and playes beene writ,
That prey'd on Mallard, Plover, Ducke,
And euer scap'd by craft or lucke:
Yet now hee's gone: what though? behinde,
Are Cubbes too many of his kinde.
Who whilst by death hee's kept away,
Will make a purchase of his prey.
And when the old he left is gone,
Will finde out more to worke vpon.
In Skinners shops, though some appeare,
Tis long before the last comes there.

S. R.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From the Collection of Broadfides in the Library
of Society of Antiquaries, London, No. 142.]

Sir Thomas Overbvry,
OR
The Poyfoned Knights Complaint.

[A large woodcut, across the sheet, of a skeleton on a tomb, a tree bearing a shield grows out of the skeleton; standing one at either end of the tomb are figures of *Time*, with a scroll round his scythe, "Time revealeth Trvth," and *Justice*, with a scroll round her sword, "Ivstice wil right al wrongs." Over the skeleton's head is the word "Poyfoned;" and over Justice's outstretched arm the word "Revenge."

Within the entablature of the tomb are the following lines:—]

Within this house of Death, A dead man lies,
Whose blood like Abels vp for vengeance cryes:
Time hath reuealed what to trueth belongs,
And Ivstice sword is drawne to right my wrongs:
You poyfoned mindes did me with poyfon Kill,
Let true Repentance purge you from that ill.

[The whole cut is about 15 inches wide by 10 deep. The following poem is in two parallel columns immediately under the cut, surrounded by printer's borders.]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Great powerfull God, whom all are bound to loue,
 How gracelesse bad, doth Man (thy Creature) proue?
 Thy Supream Creature ouer all the rest,
 (In number numberlesse to bee exprest,)

To whom thou gauest grace to bee his guide,
 Reason with Vnderstanding, and beside,
 Thy Law to be direction for his wayes,
 Which vnto Sinners view, thy Iudgements layes,
 Those fearefull plagues pronounc'd for vgly Sinne,
 Which with the first created, did beginne,
 Who by the Law of Nature vnderstood,
 To make a difference of bad deedes and good.
 By which enlightening, that is given vs,
 No Nation Heathenish, and Barbarous,
 (Farthest remote from true religions light)
 But can distinguish betwixt wrong and right,
 Those that to *Christ* did neuer yet belong,
 Can tell they do amisse, when they do wrong,
 And that there is a Iustice to be done,
 And shamefull actions, which they are to shun,
 Yet neuer age, since Nature first began,
 Wherein man was not Deuill vnto man,
 In practising most opposite to kinde,
 Inhumane actions out of bloody minde.
 Behold the first that in the World was borne,
 With his reiected Sacrifice of Corne,
 Because his Brothers gifts more grace did yeeld,
 Lift vp his hand against him in the field,
 And with a cruell hart obdurate ill,
 Did innocent pure-thoughted *Abell* kill.
 When *Ioab* sent for *Abner* (as a friend)
 Hee came to *Hebron*, for a peacefull end,
 Where, as in armes hee lent a cheerefull smile,
 He gaue his heart a mortall stab the while.
 Gods holy History hath many more
 Humane records, Innumerable store,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What intercepting hath there bin of liues,
 By Pistolls, Stabbing, Powder, Daggers, Kniues:
 Drowning and Hanging, and strange murdering?
 As second *Edward*, sometimes Englands King,
 Whom an incarnate Diuell did torment,
 With red hot Spit into his fundament.
 Some in their beds haue acted tragick Scenes,
 As those two Princes, which by *Glosters* meanes,
 (Their cruell Vncle, Fathers vnkind Brother)
 Villaines betweene the sheetes to death did smother.
 Some in vnwonted manner done to death,
 As *George* the Duke of Clarence lost his breath,
 When with heeles vpwards he was strangely put,
 To suffer drowning in a Malmesey But.
 Yet besides all these damned plots to kill,
 And thousands more from Hell transported still,
 The Diuell hath a poyson working Art,
 In which of late I shar'd a mortall part.
 A Rapier drawne, and at thy heart aim'd iust,
 May be put by and made a broken thrust:
 A Dagger offer'd for anothers paine,
 Hath bin return'd into the stabbers braine:
 A Pistoll shot with an intent to kill,
 Hath mist the marke, and party liuing still:
 But this life-killing poyson, cureles foe,
 The bodies hopeles, helples ouerthrowe:
 Brings with it nothing but pale deaths command,
 Depriuing life with a remorseles hand.
 Oh sacred *Iustice*! euermore renound
 In thy vprightness of reuenge late found:
 Proceede with vengeance as thou didst begin,
 To punish *Caines* most bloody crying sinne:
 Let not a murtherer remaine conceal'd,
 Nor breath aliue when being once reueal'd:
 This is the suite wrong'd Innocents doe craue,
 This is the Iustice that the Heauens will haue.

Samuel Rowlands.

Imprinted at London for Iohn White.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[From "The Teares of Love: or, Cupids Progress. Composed by Thomas Collins. London, Printed by *George Purflowe* for *Henry Bell*, and are to be sold at his shoppe without Bishopsgate. 1615."]

To his affected friend Master
THOMAS COLLINS.

T*Hy well writ Poem, Sweet composed lines,
Delightfull subiect, and right modest pen,
With iust applause, euen desertfull shines
In cleere-ey'd censure of best iudging men,
Like to thy Shepherds flockes, as white as cleane,
Partaking nothing, sordid or obseane.*

*Thy Louers-Teares, shew Louers dolefull fashion,
(As fable habit sutes a mournfull heart,)
A sprightly line hath power to moue compassion,
And such a lymmer to the life thou art,
Let Momus breath, vanish like pipe of smoke,
All wisemen know, Detractions credit's broke.*

Samuell Rowlands.

Well met Gofsip:

OR,

Tis merrie when

Gofsips meete

NEWLY ENLARGED WITH

diuers merrie Songs.



L O N D O N,

Printed by *I. W.* for *Iohn Deane* and are to be sold at his
Shop iust vnder *Temple-barre* 1619.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The Songs which follow were first printed in the edition of "Tis Merrie when Gossips Meete," 1619 (Sig. C i.). As the title to this edition contains a very curious woodcut, it is given in facsimile on the opposite page.]

Musicians comes in.

Couffen, heer's Fidlers, lets heare a Song:	<i>Widdow.</i>
But looke my friends, it be a pleasing thing.	
I am afraid then we shall stay too long.	<i>Mayde.</i>
No, no, I warrant: come on, quickly sing.	<i>Widdow.</i>
Let it touch men I pray in any case:	<i>Wife.</i>
This Youth (mee thinkes) will doe it with a grace.	

The Songe.

What's a womans chiefe delight?
To giue man his hearts content:
How doth hee the same requite?
Loue her till the sport be spent:
You that doubt it, doe but try,
Men will flatter, cogge, and lye.

With bewitching words they sue,
Vowing constant faith and loue;
Women thinke their oathes be true,
Till (poore foules) they trie and prooue,
Then they finde, when helpe is past,
For a night their loue doth last.

Their owne Stories tell their liues,
How vnconstant they haue dealt;

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Honest *Widdowes, Maydes, and Wiues,*
Haue their double dealing felt:
All will say that are not blinde,
Men are false, and Women kinde.

When they vow, trust not their fwearing,
When they smile, thinke they will frow[n]e,
Giue their flattering but the hearing,
If they can, thei'le put you downe:
Since they seeke your ouerthrow,
Keepe them from the thing you know.

For to be in great request,
Make your loue exceeding strange,
Trie good earnest out in iest:
Deale with flatterers by change:
As they come, so let them passe;
Turne dissemblers out to grasse.

FINIS.

NOW God-amercy Boy, this Song is true, *Widdow.*
I prethee drinke, tis good to mend thy voice. *Wife.*
Hast thou not such another that is new?
Yes, I haue one is call'd, *The Maydes bad choyce: Boy.*
Pen'd by a Mayde her selfe, whose constant truth
Was lately wronged by a Merchants Youth.

Widdow. Sing it prethee.

The Song.

YOU *London* Maides, giue eare to me,
That am in Loue your owne,
And borne within the Citie walles,
Well friended, and well knowne.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

My felfe I will not feeme to praife,
It were a note of pride:
What beautie there is in my face,
Or comely limbes beside.

My ready witte, and quicke conceit
To breake a nimble iest;
And all good parts and qualities,
I meane to let them rest.

The Art I haue in Needle-worke,
Imbrod'ry rich in Gold:
With Lace and Stich, and euery thing,
That may or can be told.

For Dauncing, and my skill in Song,
I muft, and will be mute:
My playing on the Virginals,
And tickling of the Lute.

Ile burie all mine owne good parts,
And of a Youth will fpeake;
Whofe moft vnkinde bad qualities,
Doth make my heart to breake.

How hee is calde, I will conceale,
And not reueale the fame;
Becaufe Ile leaue him like a *Jew*,
Without a Chriftian name.

Hee plide mee long, as Suters doe,
(I meane thefe fubtill men)
And wee had often meeting too,
It skills not where, and when.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hee vow'd hee lou'd mee constantly.
Farre dearer then his life:
And would himself, destroy himselfe,
Except I were his wife.

I being (as poore wenches bee)
Most kinde, where loue doth sting:
Consented too, (I shame to tell:)
And let him doe the thing.

This done, which cannot be vndone,
(Tis now fixe months too late:)
I am turn'd off, my Youth hath got
Another louing mate.

One that hath neither witte nor wealth,
Beautie, nor comely grace:
One that is Kitchin-stuffe to mee,
Her stocke is knowen so bafe.

Fie, who would trust this wicked world?
Maidens take heed, be wife:
I am not *Widdow*, *Wife*, nor *Mayde*,
But of another size.

FINIS.

I Like this Song exceeding wel indeed: *Mayde.*
Heer's fixe pence toward the Mufick with my heart.
Besse, tis good warning wench for you; take heed, *Wife.*
Ile see him hang'd, would play me such a part: *Mayde.*
Hee that should come and offer but to feele,
I would en'e scorne that fellow with my heele.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[The following additional verses are given in the edition of 1619, and should be read between the last and second last verses in the edition of 1602.]

Now Gentlewomen, I intreate you speake, *Vintner.*
And name the wine, a pinte I will goe fill.
No *William*, no; there's many Vintners breake, *Wife.*
Let it alone, prethee, kinde hearted *Will*,
It is enough, if you one rule doe keepe,
And that is this; Nicke not your Pots too deepe.

There is much knauery in your trade for that,
Which will not thriue, who euer vse the same:
Draw briske to *Londoners*, let Clownes drinke flat,
That take in wine but onely for the name;
Out-face the *Fooles*, but with a cogging tale,
For all their iudgement's in a pot of Ale.

You can perfwade them that their taste is bad,
And boast your wine, that there's no better drawne,
The like in *London* is not to be had;
When all is false, and but an outward fawne.
Couffen, wee know Vintners can doe amisse, *Widdow.*
But we might haue drunke *Williams* pinte by this.

Troth you shall haue it instantly, I runne. *Vintner.*
Why this is your fault Couffen, you'le not leaue. *Wife.*
Tut, hang him knaue: this pinte, and we haue done, *Widdow.*
So much in measure, hee did vs deceiue:
Did you not marke how e'ry Pot lackt filling,
Wee'le take it kindly, cause hee giues it willing.

Heere Gentlewomen, and I thanke you all. *Vintner.*
This is a cuppe of Clarret doth excell. *Wife.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

At any time, when you doe please to call, *Vintner.*
Vpon my honeftie Ile vse you well,
While with my Master I remaine a dweller,
You fhall command the beft that's in the Seller.

[From the folio edition of John Taylor the Water-Poet's Works, 1630, Sig. Bbb 3.]

To my louing Friend Iohn Taylor.

F*Erris* gaue cause of vulgar wonderment,
When vnto *Bristol* in a boat he went;
Another with his Sculler ventured more,
That row'd to *Flushing* from our English shoare.
Another did deuise a woodden Whale,
Which vnto *Callice* did from *Douer* faile,
Another with his Oares and slender Wherry,
From *London* vnto *Antwerpe* o're did Ferry.
Another maugre fickle fortunes teeth,
Rowed hence to *Scotland* and arriu'd at *Leeth*.
But thou hast made all these but triuiall things,
That from the Tower thy watry Sculler brings
To *Hellicon*: most sacred in account,
And so arriued at *Parnassus* Mount:
And backe return'd Laden with Poets wit,
With all the Muses hands to witnesse it;
Who on their Sculler doth this praise bestow,
Not such another on the *Thames* doth row.

Thy louing Friend, Sam: Rowlands.

NOTES TO THE WORKS
OF
SAMUEL ROWLANDS

NOTES.


I.—THE BETRAYING OF CHRIST, 1598.

- | PAGE | LINE | |
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| 3 | last. | "wherof . . . floates with," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , wherof partaking, <i>it</i> floats. |
| 5 | 8 | " <i>Cinthia</i> ," Diana, the moon, so called from her birth-place, <i>Cynthus</i> , in the Island of Delos.—Cf. Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> , I. i. 39. |
| 10 | | "were come to latest fine," <i>i.e.</i> , had finally ceased to exist. |
| 13, 14 | | These lines mean, all winged creatures having cleared up their account with day, <i>i.e.</i> , having duly sung their daily song, had gone to rest. |
| 6 | 3 | "Dispensing," <i>i.e.</i> , excepting, making an exception in favour of. |
| 7 | 22 | See Numbers xvi. 32, 33. |
| | 23 | "Seandale" read "scandale," <i>i.e.</i> , insult, offence. |
| 8 | 1 | 1 Kings xiii. 4. |
| | 8 | Acts ix. 1-9. |
| 9 | 11 | "He must needs go whom the devil drives."—Hazlitt's <i>Proverbs</i> , &c. |
| 10 | 6 | "This greene had serpents," &c. This is apparently the proverbial saying, " <i>latet anguis in herba</i> ," there is a snake in the grass.—Cf. Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> , I. ix. 28—
<div style="text-align: center;">"As snake in hidden weedes."</div> |
| | 7 | 2 Samuel iii. 27. |
| 11 | 11 | 2 Samuel xii. 13. |
| 12 | 8 | Matthew xxvi. 53. |
| 17 | | "false," <i>i.e.</i> , falsely. The use of the adjective for the adverb is common. |

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14	1	The meaning is: "Thou, Gehazi, canst no longer lay exclusive claim to the sin of covetousness, for my share in that sin exceeds thine."
	7	Luke x. 42.
15	23	"Sound conscience well," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , a sound conscience <i>when</i> well or clear is said to be like, &c., . . . and <i>when</i> corrupted, is <i>fitly</i> compared, &c.
16	15	Matthew xxv. 32, 41.
17	4	Matthew xxii. 11-14.
	18	"correct it," <i>i.e.</i> , correct <i>him</i> for it.
18	19	John xii. 3-4. "turn'd thy sweet," <i>i.e.</i> , turned to thy advantage.
19	1, 2	"guiltlesse wast, controld," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , with what falseness did I with thy innocent waste stopped, and the ointment saved.
	7	"Like Sampson till," &c.
15		The word "purchase" had at this time not only the modern meaning of anything obtained in exchange for money or other valuable consideration, but was also applied to anything dishonestly or disgracefully come by.—See Glossary. Shakspeare, <i>Henry V.</i> , iii. 2, shows the transition when he writes—
		"They will steal anything, and call it— <i>purchase</i> ."
		In Spenser, <i>Faery Queene</i> , I. iii. 16, we find—
		"On his backe a heavy load he bare Of nightly stелths, and pillage severall, Which he had got abroad by <i>purchas</i> criminall."
		It is from the Fr. <i>pourchasser</i> , to hunt after; thence, to catch, seize, rob; thence, to buy.
18		"that I lou'd," <i>i.e.</i> , that <i>which</i> I loved. The omission of the relative is very common in Shakspeare and writers of that period.
20		"their intrest," <i>i.e.</i> , my share in, or claim to, them.
20	15	Matthew xxvi. 22, 25.

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21	3	"putchas'd," read "purchas'd."
	8	"I should ben mangled," <i>i.e.</i> , I ought to have been mangled.
23	23	"They would retire," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , they would draw back (Fr. <i>retirer</i> , Lat. <i>retrahere</i>) themselves from the fearful course of the world to perdition, so as to avoid, &c.—Compare p. 36, l. 19.
24	11	The accent is on the second syllable in "enuyng," as in Shakspere, <i>Richard II.</i> , i.— "Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap;" And <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , ii. 1, 18:— "Is it for him you do envy me so?" The same use is followed by Spenser.
13		Greedy of gain on earth, even though obtained by or involving the loss of heaven.
24		"The wages of sin is death." "Pale death," the <i>pallida mors</i> of the classics.
25	4	"Xpian," <i>i.e.</i> , "Christian," from the sacred monogram  , the <i>Chi</i> , <i>Rho</i> , the two first letters of the word Christ. The meaning is: A follower of Christ outwardly, but not at all in heart.
21		"Conuerse remaine of Time," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , for the rest of Time be associated with all impiety. The word <i>conuerse</i> is used in its original Latin sense, <i>conversari</i> , to dwell, pass one's time away.
24		"Wrap me," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , "Hide me from the eyes of all, oh dark night!" Insert a comma after <i>eies</i> .
26	1	"Sauls frightfull guest," <i>i.e.</i> , madness.—See 1 Samuel xxvi. 14-23.
13		"Not to dismount," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , not to throw myself from some lofty precipice, nor inflict on myself a hideous stab with a dagger, nor to drown myself.
17		See 2 Samuel xviii. 9, and Esther vii. 10.
18		2 Samuel xvii. 23.
27	6	Acts i. 18.

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28	1	"The watchfull bird," <i>i.e.</i> , the cock.
	11	"a rocke," in allusion to his name Peter, which, in the Greek, is a stone or rock.—Cf. Matthew xvi. 18.
30	12	"he swaied most," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , he carried most sway, or had most influence, who could deride most.
31	1	1 Samuel xxxi. 4.
	17	In proportion as his offence was least, his griefs and pains were greater.
32	3	2 Kings ii. 23.
	7	Such wrongs, as compared with those suffered by our Lord, are not worthy to be called wrongs.
33	8	"Farre extending humane fence," <i>i.e.</i> , far exceeding man's understanding. The spelling <i>humane</i> is constantly used by Shakspere.
35	12	"Preuenting him," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , anticipating and disappointing the Devil who had long hoped for it.
36	3	Samuel, the son of Hannah.—See 1 Samuel ii. 21.
	4	Judges xi. 34-40.
37	1	Rowlands seems to understand the word <i>Son</i> in "Woman behold thy son," as meaning our Lord, but the passage, John xix. 25-27, points to St. John as the person meant, our Lord's words signifying apparently that the Virgin and St. John were to be as Mother and Son, as is evidenced by the last verse—"from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."
39	2	"My God, who am," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , the God of me, who myself am true God, &c. A classical usage.
40	6	"to those denide," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , to those <i>who</i> denied, &c.
41	7	John iv. 5-26.
	11	Compare note to <i>Hel's Broke Loose</i> , p. 38, l. 18.
	13	"publicke," <i>i.e.</i> , publicly.—See note on p. 12, l. 17.
42	15	Judges iv. 19.
43	13	"Esay," <i>i.e.</i> , Isaiah.
	16	Genesis iii. 15.
45	7	1 Kings ii. 5.

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| 45 | 11 | To cut short the natural duration of his life.—Cf. <i>Letting of Humours Blood in the Head-Vaine</i> , &c., p. 81, l. 3. |
| 47 | 16 | "No suite of clay," <i>i.e.</i> , no prayers of men. |
| 48 | 5 | John xv. 13. |
| | 20 | "What moment," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , at what moment was he free from, or without, pain and grief? |
| | 21 | "addes," used intransitively = is added. |
| | 24 | What people is there whom his death did not affect in the higheft degree? |
| 50 | 16 | In the <i>Aurea Legenda</i> , cap. xlvii., we are told that :
"Longinus fuit quidam centurio, qui cum aliis militibus cruce domini adstans iussu Pylati latus domini lancea perforavit, et uidens signa quæ fiebant, solem scilicet obscuratum, et terræ motum, in Christum credidit. Maxime ut eo, ut quidam dicunt, quod cum ex infirmitate uel senectute oculi eius caligassent, de sanguine Christi per lanceam decurrente fortuito oculos suos tetigit, et protinus clare uidit." The day of S. Longinus is March 15.—See Chambers's <i>Book of Days</i> . Allusions to the legend are common in early English writers.—See, for instance, <i>Legends of the Holy Rood</i> , ed. Morris (Early English Text Society), pp. xix. 100; <i>Old English Homilies</i> , ed. Morris, i. 282; <i>The Towneley Mysteries</i> , p. 231; <i>Piers Plowman</i> , ed. Skeat, xxi. 82; &c. |
| 59 | 22 | Allow this last service to be ended. |

II.—THE LETTING OF HVMOVRS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE, 1600.

- | | | |
|---|----|--|
| 3 | 5 | "Richard the usurper." Is this a reference to Shakspeare's <i>Richard III.</i> , published 1597? |
| 4 | 10 | "a Lordship on his backe," <i>i.e.</i> , the value of a Lordship spent in dress. |

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- 7 1 "Monfieur Domingo is a skilfull man." This word is the chorus of a drinking song quoted by Master Silence in his exuberant fit of revelry at Justice Shallow's mansion.

"Do me right, and dub me knight,
Samingo."

In the Variorum edition, the first verse of the song is given with the burthen corrected to *Domingo*.
—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 6 "fingle penny lyn'd," *i.e.*, filled with the cheapest beer. Penny ale is common thin ale, and is mentioned in *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, B. Text, xv. 310, as fit only for strict-living friars. It was sold at a penny a gallon, while the best ale was 4d.—See *Liber Albus*, pp. 274, 311; Strutt, *Manners and Customs*, ii. 81; *Babies Book*, ed. Furnivall, p. 208. Compare *Tis Merrie when Gossips meete*, p. 3, l. 17.

- 8 3 "He paunch the villian with my Rapiers poynt." This is a phrase used by Caliban in his proposal for murdering Prospero [*Tempest*, iii. 2, 88]:

"——— with a log
Batter his scull, or paunch him with a stake."
—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 7 "patch," a word of frequent occurrence in Shakspere.
—See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2, 9; *Macbeth*, v. 3, 15, &c. Florio gives "*Pazzo*, a foole, a patch, a madman," and this is probably the correct derivation of the word, though some refer it to the motley or patched coat of a jester. Tusser, ed. Herrtage, p. 115, ft. 32, uses it in the sense of a country clown, farm labourer—

"From Maie to mid August, an hower or two,
Let patch sleepe a snatch, how foeuer ye do."

- 15 "Then for to drinke a pipe of Trinedado." To *drink* tobacco was one of the affected phrases of the

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gallants of that age. In the *Roaring Girl* of Middleton and Dekkar, Saxton, one of the humorists of the piece, after commending "a pipe of rich smoke," has a parcel of the same tobacco made up for him, observing, "this will serve to drink at my chamber." And in an interlude entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco contending for superiority*, Tobacco is made to say,

"——What, do ye stand at gaze?

Tobacco is a drink too.

Beer. A drink?

Tobacco. Wine, you and I come both out of a pipe."

Many other authorities for this conceited expression might be quoted.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

11 11

"His Hofe to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His finguler, and onely, Veluet payre."

A calamity fimilar to that which occasioned this gallant's indisposition, imposed silence upon one of the bravest warriors of the 15th century. After the field of Shrewsbury, in which

"The Percy and the Douglas both together
Were confident against the world in arms,"

the latter champion, it is well known, was wounded and made prisoner. Having received his hurt in a part of the body too ignoble to be mentioned, Godscroft assures us that when, "after the battell every man was reckoning his wounds, and complaining, the earl said at last, when he had heard them all, 'They sit full still that have a riven breike.' The speech continueth still in Scotland, and is past into a proverb, which is used to design such as have some hidden and secret cause to complain and say but little."—*History of the House of Douglas and Angus*, ed. 1644, p. 120.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

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| 21 | 6 | "many graines too light," &c. There is a play here on the word "angel," which was also a coin, varying in value from 6s. 8d. to 10s. In the next line the play is kept up on the word "stone," one of the meanings of which is the testing stone for gold. |
| 25 | 13 | "dischargeth," pays for. |
| 28 | 1 | "———Signeur Sacke and Suger,
When calling for a quart of Charnico."
This phrase brings us home to Falstaff, from whose dramatic history it was probably borrowed. "What says Sir John Sack and Sugar?" Charnico is a wine mentioned in the 2d part of <i>Henry VI.</i> , Act ii. sc. 3. "And, neighbour, here's a cup of Charnico." The critics conceive it derived its name from having the flavour of turpentine, Charneco in Spanish signifying a turpentine-tree. If this interpretation be correct, we need not regret the disuse of Charneco in our modern times.—Sir WALTER SCOTT. |
| 29 | 10 | "To drinke amongst you."—See note to p. 8, l. 15, above, and compare p. 77, l. 22-3. |
| 32 | 7 | For the "Lord of Misrule," see Brand's <i>Popular Antiquities</i> , i. 272; Strutt, <i>Manners and Customs</i> , ii. 200, &c. |
| 33 | 1 | "Aske Humors why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humor (by the Lord) heele fweare."
The whole of this epigram describes one of those dissolute coxcombs mentioned by Jonson in a passage quoted in the preface, who termed each conceited peculiarity of dress and manner, <i>his humour</i> , and vindicated his singularity as a quality befitting a fine gentleman. The worthy Corporal Nym hath this apology usually at his finger-ends, and Shylock himself condescends to excuse his extravagant cruelty as a humour, or irresistible propensity of the mind. I do not observe that |

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the commentators have noticed that, in the Jew's celebrated answer to the duke, the expression,

"But say it is my *humour*—Is it answered?"

the word *humour* is not used in its modern signification, but in that which it bears through these satires, a peculiar quality, namely, which sways and masters the individual through all his actions. Accordingly Shylock proceeds to illustrate his innate antipathy to Anthonio by similar natural loathings.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

33 14 Why he is so persecuted by bailiffs.

17 "Obiect," *i.e.*, if you ask.

34 1 "cross-esse curse," *i.e.*, the misfortune or curse of being penniless.—See Glossary, *croffe*.

35 9 "——— to worke he went:

 Making the Dog she held, a grim Cattes face."

This lady's dislike to being represented in such company, was not universal in the seventeenth century. The celebrated Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, among the numerous portraits preserved of her, at Appleby Castle, is in one represented with a very large black cat sitting beside her foot.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

36 7 "In every streete where any Gallant goes,
 The swagg'ring Sloppe is Tarltons clownish hose."

The breeches in James I.'s time swelled to a most uncouth and preposterous size, and were stuffed out with bags and other bombast, and sometimes with bran. These were called trunk-hose. Bulwer, in the *Artificial Changeling* tells of a gallant in whose immense gally-gaskins a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and wriggled to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unladed on the floor. It would seem

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- in Queen Elizabeth's time such large breeches were part of the clown's dress, in which character Tarleton was very famous.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 38 5 On the character of the Dutch for drinking, see Andrew Boorde's *Introduction to Knowledge*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 147, 149, 337, &c.; the "Libel of English Polecie," printed in Wright's *Political Songs*, ii. 169-171; and Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2, 76, and *Othello*, ii. 3, 80.
- 38 10 "How rare his spurres doth ring the moris-daunce." It was the fashion of the time to wear gilded spurs, with rowels of a prodigious size and fantastic shape, which clanked and rung as the gallants walked, like the bells which morrice dancers fastened to their ancles. Spurs of their fashion are still preserved by the curious, and may also be seen in old paintings. "I had spurs of mine own before," says Fungoso, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, "but they were not gingers."—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 39 12 In Sloane MS., 1585, leaf 152, will be found a recipe for the "laske," the components of which are the yolk of a new-laid egg, honey, and fine salt.
- 24 "———some pippin Squier." A pippin, or apple squire, whatever be its original derivation, is, in old plays and poems, used as synonymous to a pandar. Cavalero Shift, his trade being allied to that of Sir Pandarus of Troy, was, among other appellations "as a poor esquire about the town," called occasionally Mr. Apple-John. It is in this capacity that his bills set him forth as one "who can serve in the nature of a gentleman usher, and hath little legs of purpose, and a black fatten fute of his own to go before her in . . . and can hide her face with her fan if need require, or sit in the cold at the stair foot for her, as well as another gentleman." Such a property was the subject of the

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thirty-fourth [thirty-third] epigram become to his imperious confort.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 41 I "Seuerus is extreame in eloquence." The whole of this thirty-sixth [thirty-fifth] epigram is in the vein of Don Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, who addressees his page Moth very much in the bombastic style of Severus's conversation with his boy.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 44 3 Compare Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, iii. 4, 119—

"Stand not *upon* the order of your going,
But go at once."

- 46 I "Bot wote you now, whither the buzard walkes?
I, into Pauls forfooth."

St. Paul's was the rendezvous of all the idle and dissipated persons of the period, as well as of those whom serious business, or a desire to learn the news of the day, led to frequent a place of public resort. Being a place privileged from arrests, it afforded considerable convenience to the first of these descriptions. One whole scene of *Every Man out of his Humour* is laid among the loiterers who frequented the western and middle aisle of Paul's, which Sir Fastidious Brisk affectedly terms Mediterraneo. It cannot be forgotten that there Falstaff picked up his trusty follower Bardolph. Osbourne also informs us, that it was the fashion, from the time of James I., down to that of the Commonwealth, "for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanics, to meet in St. Paul's church by eleven, and walk in middle aisle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six," and that by attending to the news which were there daily current, he himself picked up a reasonable modicum of political information.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

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| 47 | 18 | "runs byas on affaires," runs headlong, unceasingly.
" <i>Bias</i> , a slope, a bias."—Hollyband. |
| 48 | 13 | "Men without heades," &c.—See Sir John Maundevile's <i>Travels</i> , ed. Halliwell, p. 203: "And in another Yle, towarde the Southe, duellen folk of foule Stature and of curfed kynde, that han no Hedes: and here Eyne ben in here Scholdres." Again, in Holland's <i>Pliny</i> , v. 8: "The Blommyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breast."—See also <i>ibid.</i> , vii. 2; and <i>Gloss Romanorum</i> , Early English Tract Society, 1879, ed. Herrtage, Tale 175, p. 529. |
| 16 | | "penthouse."—Compare Decker, <i>Gull's Horn-Book</i> , p. 79: "The two eyes are the glasse windowes at which light disperfes itself into every roome, having goodly <i>penthouses</i> of haire to overshaddow them." |
| 52 | 6 | "Long-lane" was "A Place also of Note for the sale of Apparel, Linnen, and Upholsters' goods, both Second-hand and New, but chiefly for Old, for which it is of Note."—Stow's <i>Survey of London</i> , ed. Strype, I., Bk. iii. p. 112, col. 2.
"As many Fox-skins as wille furre his <i>Long-Lane</i> gowne."
<i>Tom of all Trades</i> , ed. Farnivall, p. 165, l. 12. |
| 53 | 21 | "His Iacket faced with motheaten Budge." Budge was probably some paltry imitation of velvet. The word in Queen Elizabeth's time was used to signify the allowance of liquor issued to those who attended upon her progresses.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.—[See Strutt, ii. 102, and Fairholt's <i>Pageants</i> , i. 66.] |
| 54 | 7 | "chardges," expense.—So Tuffer, p. 173, ch. 84, 2—
"Som drieth with strawe, & some drieth with wood
Wood asketh more <i>charge</i> , and nothing so good." |
| 55 | 1 | "— Kinde-heart, in drawing out a tooth." Kind-heart is sometimes mentioned by authors of the |

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- period as a sort of quack-doctor. Henry Chettle, an obscure dramatic author, wrote a pamphlet called *Kind-heart's Dream*.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 58 10 "give him fixe at feuen;" as we should say, give him a start of fix in feuen.
- 14 "juggling Kings," &c., cheating tricks at cards.
- 59 2 "But come to Dice; why that's his onely trade, Michell Mum-chaunce, his owne Invention made."

Alluding probably to a pamphlet entitled, *Mihil Mum-chaunce his Discovery of the Art of cheating in False Dyce Play*, without a date. It is ascribed by Mr. Reid to Robert Greene, but, as appears to Mr. Haffewood, on doubtful authority. See *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. p. 390. The Fullams, Bardquater-tray, High and Low men, &c., mentioned in the subsequent lines, were various kinds of loaded or false dice. Some of the terms are yet used among sharpers. Hence the consolation of Pistol when dismissed by Falstaff, that

"——Gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguile the rich and poor."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act i. sc. 3.

—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

[Cotgrave has "*Chance*: The game at dice called Mumchance, or such another." Silence appears to have been essential to its proper playing, whence the name.]

- 5 "Fullams," &c.—See Glossary.
- 14 "Well scene in Magicke and Astrologia." The character of the gamester, swindler, and bully, of the reign of James I. had features unknown to those of our age. He was often a conjurer, an astrologer, and an alchemist. The practice of legerdemain probably fitted him for all the branches of his profession, and, besides dealing in the sophisticated wares of prediction, philtres, and alchemy, these impostors

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often mingled darker practices with their mystical frauds. The name of Dr. Forman, a celebrated astrologer and magician, is deeply implicated in the amours of Somerset and Lady Essex, and Villiers Duke of Buckingham was much censured for his attachment to impostors of this description. Dr. Lamb, one of his dependent necromancers, had his brains beat out by the mob in the streets of London in 1628; and Butler, another of the same description, is said to have been miserably murdered by the jesuits abroad, in one of their religious houses. See Wilson's *History of James VI.* in Kennet's Collection, vol. ii. p. 490.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.—[Compare Shakspere, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2—

“It's a schoolmaster well seen in music.”

And Tuffer, ch. 95, st. 1—

“To haue your childe in Musick something seene.”

Compare the use of the Latin *spectatus*.]

- 59 19 “His Booke of Characters,” *i.e.*, His Book of Magic Figures and Charms.—See the chapter on “Characts” in Brand's *Popular Antiquities* (ed. Ellis, iii. 319), showing that Gower uses *Caract* in the sense of a charm: “With his *Caract* would him enchaunt,” *Confessio Amantis*, Bk. i. In old French *Caracte* meant a mark, sign, also a written charm, rendering the wearer of it invulnerable; also a magic rite.—See *Vie de Saint Auban*, ed. Atkinson, l. 1006, and note at p. 104. The following passage from Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 463, well illustrates that writer's belief in charms, in the year 1652: “What I have further to say, shall onely be to shew what Naturall powers Sigills, &c., graved or imprest with proper *Characters* and figures, and made under certaine peculiar constellations, may have. Albumazar, Zahel, Haly,

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Albategnus, and divers other Arabians, give us severall examples of such as have been cured of the biting of serpents, scorpions, mad dogs, &c., by Talismanicall Figures," &c.—See also Halliwell's Dictionary, s.v. *Carafles*.

60 12 "by chalke, and poaft," i.e., by the score chalked up on the door-post.

63 9 "———What meanes Singer then?

And Pope the Clowne, to speake so Boorish, when They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage?"

Gabriel Singer is mentioned at the end of Epigram 2d [10th], and is quoted in the *Gull's Horn-Book*, with Tarleton and Kempe, as a performer of the clown's part. The pamphlet was published in 1609, and it would seem that Singer was then dead.—See *Prolegomena* to Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 243, Variorum edit. 1803. Thomas Pope also acted the clown's part. He died in February, 1603-4, and the industry of Shakespeare's editors has recovered his will, which is curious. Pope acted along with Shakespeare.—*Ibid.* pp. 244 and 521. [See Mr. Collier's *Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare*, p. 120, Shakespeare Society, 1846.]—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

63 9 "That Cloth will now compare with Veluet breech
Let him discourse, euen where, and when he dare,
Talke nere so ynk hornre learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth breech is a peffant (by the Lord)
Threaten to drawe his wrath-venger, his sworde:
Tush, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laugh,
And lets him see Bone-baster; thats his staffe."

This is an epitome of Robert Green[e]'s pamphlet, entitled *A Quip for an upstart Courtier, or a Dispute between Velvet and Cloth Breeches*, which may be found in Mr. Parke's new edition of the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v. p. 393. The original

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tract was published in 1592. See Mr. Haslewood's curious list of Green[e]'s productions in the *Censura Literaria*, vol. viii. 380.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

- 64 12 "stooleballe." This game is mentioned in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 2, 73.—See Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, p. 97. Strutt, p. 98, quotes from D'Urfe's *Don Quixote*—

"Down in a vale on a summer's day,
All the lads and lasses met to be merry;
A match for kifes at *fool-ball* to play,
And for cakes, and ale, and fider, and perry.

Chorus. Come all, great and small,
Short, tall, away to *fool-ball*."

- 20 "barly-breake." This game is thus described by Gifford, chiefly from a passage in Sidney's *Arcadia*:—"It was played by 6 people (3 of each sex), who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and *hell* was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places; in this 'catching,' however, there was some difficulty, as by the rules of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard-pressed, when all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to be *in hell*, and the game ended." On the Scottish way of playing it, see Jamieson, l.v. *Barla-Breikis*. Allusions to it are common.—See Massinger, *Virgin Martyr*, v. 1, and *Parliament of Love*, iv. 5; Ben

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- Jonson, *Sad Shepherd*, l. 11, &c. See also a good note on the word in Nares.
- 66 3 "diminish," for administer.
- 69 6 "in esteeming," in the estimation of others.
- 70 13 "eates," read cares.
- 71 14 "deales crosse blowes," &c., acts improperly behind her husband's back.
- 22 "ietting."—Compare *Knave of Hearts*, p. 26, l. 5,
"Along the streetes, as he doth ietting passe."
See Glossary.
- 72 10 "tall trencher man." This use of the word *tall* in the sense of great, notable, is common in early plays, and is even not yet quite obsolete, especially in America.
- 13 He walks with his coat unbuttoned to show off his shirt, when he has one.
- 14 "He takes a common course to goe vntruff,
Except his Shirt's a-washing; then he must
Goe woollward for the time——"
- Our ancestors' drefs consisted of three principal parts, cloak, doublet, and hose. The former was often laid aside, when the gallant was said to be in *cuerpo*. The hose, like the present pantaloons, comprehended breeches and stockings in one piece. They were fixed to the doublet by a vast number of strings called points, by tying or unloosing of which the person was *trussed* or *untrussed*. A slovenly careless ruffian, like him described in the satire, went about without being trussed, unless when his only shirt was a-washing, when the hiatus between the hose and doublet would have exposed the deficiency of linen. Then, like Don Armado, he went wool-ward for penance.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 15 "woollward." This word is thus explained by Palsgrave,
"Wolwarde, without any lynnene nexte one's body,

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Sans Chemyse." It is discussed and explained by Nares, who says: "Dressed in wool only, without linen, often enjoined in times of superstition, by way of penance."—See *Loves Labour's Lost*, v. 2, 717; and five other examples which Nares cites. To these we may add Hampole, *Pricke of Conscience*, ed. Morris, l. 3512, and *Pierce the Ploughmans Crede*, ed. Skeat, l. 788. The word was also discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 4th Ser., i. 65, 181, 254, 351, and 425.

72 15 "hee scornes it hee," compare the use of the repeated I in such sentences as, "I know it, I."
—See Glossary f.v. I.

75 11 "Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a snuffe.
A pox of peecemeale drinking (William sayes)
Play it away, weele haue no stoppes and stayes."
A snuff is, in the language of modern computators, called a heel-top. The passage affords an interpretation to one in Shakespeare more clearly than the commentators have assigned to it. Among the cant phrases acquired by Hal in the cellar of the Boar's Head tavern at East Cheap, he tells us, "When you breathe in your watering they cry hem! and bid you play it off"—which is precisely the encouragement given by the hero of the satire to the faint-hearted pot-companion who stops for breath in the midst of his draught.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

78 21 "The first of them in many a Tauerne tride,
At last subdued by Aquauitæ dide.
His second Worthies date was brought to fine,
Feasting with Oysters and braue Rennish wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deere,
Was stabb'd by pickeld Hearinges & strong Beere."
The author had probably in his recollection the miserable fate of Robert Green[e], who died of a

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- surfeit in 1592, after a debauch upon pickled herrings and Rhenish wine.—Sir WALTER SCOTT.
- 81 2 “Troynouant,” *i.e.*, London, the city of the *Trinobantes*.
 —See Spenser, *Faery Queene*, II., x. 46. There is of course no ground for the old derivation from *Troia nova*, which is due to Alexander Neckham, who in his book *De Laudibus Divinae Sapientiae* (Rolls’ Series, ed. Wright), p. 458, speaks of London as *Trinovantum* and *Troja Nova*, adding in a note, “Troja nova Londinum seu Londonia dicitur.” The legend was that it was named New Troy by its founder, Brutus, who called it thus after the city of his ancestors.
- 83 2 “The days are past when ‘Brother’ was the usual form of address; now ‘Coufin’ is the word.” There is, of course, here a play on the word “cofen,” in its secondary meaning of “to cheat, swindle.”

III.—TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS MEETE, 1602.

- 3 17 See note to *Letting of Humours Blood*, &c., p. 7, l. 6.
- 5 15 “Conny-catching.” Published in three parts, 1591-2. Greene also wrote “A Disputation betwene a Hee Connycatcher and a Shee Connycatcher, whether a Theafe or a Whore is most hurtfull in Coufenage to the Common-wealth,” 1592.—See Hazlitt’s *Handbook*, p. 241.
- 17 “Pasquill.” “The First parte of Pasquill’s Apologie,” printed in 1590: Hazlitt, *Collections and Notes*, p. 302.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 14. Pasquill was originally the name of a pillar at Rome, on which libels and defamatory verses used to be posted.
- 8 7 “i’t,” read if’t.

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9	14	"Tis," read 'Tis; so, again, p. 17, l. 7, and p. 21, l. 14.
10	12	"croffe-consumers," <i>i.e.</i> , waiters or consumers of money.—See Glossary, lv. Croffe.
11	5	"much good de'e," much good may it do you.
15	1	"Good dea'ne."— Cf. "God-gi god-den," <i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , i. 2, 59.
	2	"Dagger Pye," probably a pie at the celebrated ordinary in Holborn, known as the Dagger. <i>Dagger-ale</i> is frequently used in this sense in the early plays.
	11	Some unforeseen cause of delay may have arisen.
18	1	"skinker."—See Glossary, and 1st <i>Henry IV.</i> , Act ii., sc. 4.
23	16	See Mr. Furnivall's remarks on this line in <i>Notes and Queries</i> , 5th Ser., v. 178.
24	3	" <i>Taurus</i> so rules," &c. A cuckold was commonly said to have horns growing from his forehead (allusions to this are very frequent in our Author, and writers of the period), and are thus said to be under the influence of <i>Taurus</i> , the Bull.
	18	"t'is," read 'tis.
25	4	"h'as," read has.
	12	"Connie," so. Tuffer, <i>Five Hundred Points</i> , ch. 15, ft. 20—
		"Drive hive, good Conic."
	13	"fa'y," read fay.
26	8	"hunerred," read hundred.
	13	Compare the following from the Ballad of "The West-Country Counsellor," printed in the <i>Bagford Ballads</i> (Ballad Society, ed. Ebsworth), iii. 495—
		"Nay I further declare, you may know by their Hair, If it be Red or Yellow, then then you may fwear They will never prove true, but will love more than you; And the sandy Complexions are Flatterers too: Have a care of such men, for there's scarce One in Ten But are False and Deceitful; Be careful, O then.

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Of a two-colour'd Beard, you had need be afraid; [Pafeard]
Now if by fuch a one you by chance are enfnar'd,
You'll have Sorrow and Woe, they'll be Iealous I know,
And will watch, peep, and haunt you where-ever you go:
Have a care of fuch men, &c.

But the Black and the Brown, both in City and Town,
Are delightful and pleafant, they feldom can frown;
By the Powers above, they are all over Love,
And as Loyal they are as the dear tender Dove:
Laffes thefe are the men that will honour you then,
There's not one of them falfe in full Fourfcore and Ten."

[Date probably about 1684-5.]

- 27 7 "Abourne."—See Gloffary. Compare *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 2, 125—

"He's white-haired,
Not wanton white, but fuch a manly colour
Next to an *aborne*."

- 29 4 This proverb occurs in Gascoigne's *Poſies*, 1575, and in Tuffer, ch. 85, ft. 16, we have: "Enough is a plentie," on which fee my note.

- 31 15 "that did the Angell bow," &c., *i.e.*, who bent an Angel (a gold coin of the value of 6s. 8d.) and ſent it as a love-token. The belief in good-luck ariſing from the poſſeſſion of a crooked coin ſtill ſurvives in ſome parts.

- 36 5 "ake." Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, points out the proper diſtinction in the ſpelling of this word, according as it is uſed as a verb or noun. "*Ake* is the verb of this ſubſtantive *Ache*, ch being turned into k."

- 37 10 "Marry and gip." This curious expreſſion is derived from *St. Mary Egyptiaca*. Skelton uſes her name to ſwear by in his *Garlande of Laurell*, 1455—

"By Mary Gipy
Quod ſcripſi, ſcripſi."

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- On which Dyce remarks that this was shortened in later writers to *marry gip*, *marry gep*, *marry gup*, or *marry gup*. Nares, f.v. *Marry* quotes *Marry gip* in Ben Jonson, (*Bartholomew Fair*, Act i.) and *Marry Guep* in *Hudibras*, i. 3, 202. Hence came *Marry go up*, and *Marry come up*. Cotgrave has "*Magna gna*: Marry gip, fir; true Roger."—See *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, c. xviii. 23.
- 39 14 A syllable is wanting in this line: read, "to drinke *more* Sacke withall;" or, "to drinke *the* Sacke withall."
- 15 "remaine my detter," by not returning the pledge.
- 40 15 "mend your draft," *i.e.*, drink more.
- 43 12 "which falles out more," *i.e.*, which turns out to be more.
- 16 "and you were," *i.e.*, though you were.
- 44 1 "heer's neither *Cisse* nor *Kate*," *i.e.*, we are not to be addressd or treated as common women.

IV.—GREENES GHOST, &c., 1602.

- 7 3 See note to *Tis Merrie*, &c., p. 5, l. 15.
- 8 26 The usual punishment of perjurers and false witnesses.
—See also *Looke to it, for Ile stabbe ye*, p. 22, l. 6.
- 9 19 Compare the following from Wyclif: "Alfo Somenors, bailies and Seriauntes, and othere men of lawe, kitten (*cut*) perelously mennus purfes; for thei fomenen and areften men wrongfully to gete the money out of his purse and sumtyme suffren hem to meyntheyne hem in wrongis for money, to robbe othere men bi false mesures and weightis."—*Works*, ed. Arnold, iii. 320.
- 32 "hamme and hauke," hem and haw.
- 12 2 "betake yourfelfe to prouant," &c., *i.e.*, to enlist. A provant-master was a person who provided apparel

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- for foldiers. In Webster's *Works*, ii. 152, we have also *provant-apparel*, foldiers' uniforms.
- 12 33 "fswallow the Gudgin," *i.e.*, fswallow the bait, be deceived.
- 13 16 Old St. Paul's was in former times a favourite resort for purposes of business, amusement, lounging or affignations, bills were fixed up there, servants hired, and a variety of matters performed wholly inconsistent with the sacred nature of the edifice. The *parvis* or portico of St. Paul's was the place where London Lawyers met for consultation with their clients. Thus Chaucer describes his Sergeant-at-Law as one "that often hadde ben atte parvys." —*Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, l. 310. See further in Sir Walter Scott's Note to *The Letting of Humours Blood*, &c., p. 46, l. 1.
- 14 6 "statute Merchant."—See Glossary.
- 12 "at one clap," so Tuffer—
 "Twentie lode bushes cut downe at a clap,
 Such heede may be taken, shall stop but a gap."
Five Hundred Points, ed. Herrtage, p. 21, ft. 22.
- 15 17 See a similar tale in *A paire of Spy-knaves*, p. 20.
- 17 1 "shadowed him," &c., followed him like a shadow, and spoilt his game. Compare the use of the Latin *umbra*, for a constant follower, one always at your heels.
- 28 "Stourbridge or Sturbich, the name of a common field extending between Chesterton and Cambridge, near the little brook Sture, for about half a mile square, is noted for its fair, which is kept annually on September 19th, and continues a fortnight. It is surpassed by few fairs in Great Britain, or even in Europe, for traffic, though of late it is much lessened. The booths are placed in rows like streets, by the name[s] of which they are called, as Cheapside, etc., and are filled with all sorts of

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trades. The Duddery, an area of 80 or 100 yards square, resembles Blackwell Hall. Large commissions are negotiated here for all parts of England in cheese, woollen goods, wool, leather, hops, upholsterers' and ironmongers' ware, etc., etc. Sometimes 50 hackney coaches from London, ply morning and night, to and from Cambridge, as well as all the towns around, and the very barns and stables are turned into inns for the accommodation of the poorer people. After the wholesale business is over, the country gentry flock in, laying out their money in stage-plays, taverns, music-houses, toys, puppet-shows, etc., and the whole concludes with a day for the sale of horses. This fair is under the jurisdiction of the University of Cambridge."—Walker's *Gazetteer*, ed. 1801. See also index to Brand's *Antiquities*. "Sturbridge fair was formerly proclaimed by both the Corporation and the University authorities. Originally lasting six weeks, in 1785 it lasted only three weeks, and now it lasts but one week. A very amusing account of its proclamation by the Vice-Chancellor will be found in Gunning's *Reminiscences of Cambridge*."—S. N. in *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 25, 1877.

"When th' fair is done, I to the Colledg come,
Or else I drinke with them at Trompington,
Craving their more acquaintance with my heart,
Till our next *Sturbridg Fair*; and so wee part."

Brathwaite's *Honest Ghost*, 1658, p. 189.

See Mr. Furnivall's edition of Harman, p. 100.

- 20 29 This form of swindle is still commonly practised in London, a ring or pin being usually substituted for the gilt spoon.
- 23 last. "London Lyckpenny" is the title of one of Lydgate's poems, in which he inveighs against the greed for money and swindling in London. It has been

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- reprinted in *Specimens of English Literature*, ed. Skeat, p. 33.
- 24 4 "Italian bone-ache."—Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 13.
- 25 17 Harrison, in his *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 160, uses the term "Aleknights" for tipplers, constant frequenters of taverns; and Baret, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, gives: "A common haunter of ale-houses, or vittayling houses; an aleknight, a tipler, a tospot, a quaffer, a noisepicker, a blowbottell. *Ebriofus, bibulus, bibax*," &c.
- 26 last. "That should be lodged," *i.e.*, that was supposed or expected to lodge there.
- 28 For a full description of these "Hookers" or Anglers, see Harman, ed. Furnivall, pp. 35-6.
- 14 "crome," *i.e.*, stick with bent handle. This word is still in common use in Suffolk.
- 32 22 "wylie beguily." This is a proverbial saying of great antiquity. We first find it under the form "fallite fallentes," in Ovid, *De Arte Amatoria*, i. 645. Dionysius Cato in his *Distiches*, i. 26, has—
- "Qui simulat uerbis, nec corde est fidus amicus,
Tu quoque fac simile; sic ars deluditur arte."
- Gower, in his *Confessio Amantis*, comes more closely to the present form. He says—
- "Often he that wol begile,
Is guiled with the same guile,
And thus the guiler is beguiled."
- Bk. vi., ed. Chalmers, p. 194, col. 2. Chaucer says: "Begiled is the giler thanne," *Romaunt of the Rose*, 5762; and "A gilour shal himself begiled be," *Reeve's Tale*, 4321. "To play wily beguile" occurs in Bradlay's *Works*, i. 375, and ii. 49, 340 (Parker Society). There is an old play entitled "Wily Beguiled."—Compare Psalms vii. 16, and ix. 15.

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33 5 "saue the odde three pence," prefumably the waiter's fee.

34 8 "*De profundis*," the beginning of Psalm 130, used in the Roman Catholic burial service.

39 17 "the Sheppards Calender."—See the Globe edition of Spenser, p. 474. Hazlitt gives several proverbs similar to this, such as, "Like priest, like people: Like master, like man," &c. Tuffer, p. 103, has—

"Such Mistris, such Nan,
Such Maister, such man."

The French form is, "Tel maitre, tel valet."

laft. This proverb of the Pitcher going long to the water, but being broken at laft, is in Dan Michel's *Ayenbite of Inwyrt*, A.D. 1340: "Zuo longe geth thet pot to the wetere, thet hit comth to-broke hom," p. 165, l. 7 from foot, ed. Stevenfon, for Roxburghe Club.

40 20 Spenser's *Shepheards Calender* for Maye, l. 39.

29 *Ibid.* for September, l. 36.

41 2 *Ibid.*, l. 82.

43 2 "Pitch-barrels," alluding to the proverb, "You can't touch pitch without being defiled."

6 Read "Felix *quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*," i.e., happy he who learns caution from the experience of others. A similar proverb occurs in Dionysius Cato, *Distiches*, iii. 14—

"Multorum difce exemplo, quæ facta fequaris,
Quæ fugias: uita eft nobis aliena magiftra."

Compare

"For Caton feith, thes gode techere,
Other monis lif is owre fchewere."

King Alexandre, ed. Weber, l. 17.

See alfo Barbour's *Bruce*, ed. Skeat, p. 612;
and Tuffer, ed. Herrtage, p. 23, fl. 36.

10 *The Shepheards Calender*, September, l. 131.

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- 43 21 *The Shepheards Calender* for Februarie, l. 11.
 27 *Ibid.*, Maye, l. 165.
 44 17 "dudgeon haft." Gerarde, in his *Herball*, ed. 1597, p. 1225, speaking of the root of the box tree, says: "Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, do call this woode *dudgeon*, whence they make *dudgeon-hafted daggers*." In Arnold's *Chronicle*, p. 245, ed. 1811, is quoted the Will of John Amell, dated 1473, in which he bequeaths "al my stuf beyng in my shoppe, that is to saye, yuery, *dogeon*, horn, mapyll, and the toel y^t belongeth to my crafte, as faues, anfeldis, hameres, ra[s]pis, filis, and other to werke wythal." Cotgrave gives, "*Dague à roelles*: a Scottish dagger, or dudgeon haft dagger."—Compare *Macbeth*, ii. 1, 46.

V.—LOOKE TO IT, &c., 1604.

- 3 4 Next to the wall was the place of respect in walking.
 —See *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1.
 9 7 "Curious," *i.e.*, bufy bodies, particular. The *Catholicum Anglicum* gives "*Curius, operosus*."
 10 4 "Pierce Penileffe his supplication to the Divell, describing the overspreading of Vice, and the suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlaced with variable delights, and pathetically intermixt with conceived reproofs," London, 1592. This was the title of a book written by Thomas Nash, in which he laments over his broken fortunes.
 15 7 Cotgrave gives "*Charlatan*, a mountebanke, a coufening drug-feller, a pratling quackfalver."
 10 According to the Astrologers, everything had its proper and best season according to the signs of the Zodiac. Rowlands here, of course, pushes the theory to extremes.—See *Knave of Clubbes*, p. 18.

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- 17 3 So in Lodge's *Wits Miseric*, p. 4, "He telleth them of wonders done in Spaine by his ancestors: where if the matter were well examined, his father was but *Swabber* in the ship where Ciuill oranges was the best merchandize;" and in *Tom of all Trades* (New Shakspere Society, ed. Furnivall), p. 166, "He may rise from a *Squabler* to a Master."—See also *Tempest*, ii. 2, 44.
- 12 "Ancients," the flags or ensigns of regiments or ships.—See Percy's *Reliques*, pp. 73, 144.
- 19 3 "obdurate," the accent being on the penultimate, as in Shakspere. So, again, in *Guy of Warwick*, p. 16, l. 2 from bottom.
- 21 9 See note to *Letting of Humours Blood*, p. 38, l. 5.
- 22 6 See note to *Greenes Ghost*, p. 8, l. 26.
- 12 "Knight of the Post."—See Glossary.
- 24 6 Read "deere pen-worths."
- 11 "carefull nights," anxious, sleeplefs nights. Compare *Sir Ferumbas* (Early English Text Society), ed. Herrtage, l. 1115: "God kepe the prisouns [prisoners] out of sorwe, for *carful* they were that day."—See also *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, c. xiii. 103.
- 26 12 "To Gentleman your fonnes," *i.e.*, to make gentlemen of your fons.
- 27 2 "beshagg'd," fo *Macbeth*, iv. 2, 82—

"Thou lieft, thou *shag-haired* villain."

See also 2 *Henry VI.*, iii. 1, 367.

- 12 A hangman's fee was thirteen pence halfpenny and the clothes of the convict. "There was a curst page that his master whipt naked, and when he had been whipt, would not put on his cloaths, and when his master bad him, 'take them you, for they are the hangman's fees.'"—Bacon's *Apophthegms*, No. 69. See also *Tom Tell-Troth*, ed. Furnivall, p. 36, l. 11.

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28	2	There is a play here on the word "Fashions," which, besides the usual meaning, also signifies the <i>farcy</i> in horses.
29	9	See note to p. 3, l. 4.
30	5	Sinon was a Greek, and nephew of Ulysses, who, having pretended to desert to the Trojans, induced them to admit the wooden horse within the city, by means of which Troy was taken and destroyed.
31	5	"Table," <i>i.e.</i> , Table-book or memorandum tablets.—Compare <i>Hamlet</i> , i. 5, 107, and 2 <i>Henry IV.</i> , iv. 1, 201.
32	6	See 1 Samuel xxv. 3.
34	6	Compare the description given by the fourth gossip of his wife.— <i>A whole Crew</i> , &c., p. 29.
35	3	"blood and woundes," <i>i.e.</i> , with curses and oaths, such as zounds (by God's wounds), 'sblood (by God's blood), &c.—See note to <i>A Paire of Spy Knaves</i> , p. 15, l. 22.
	4	Read "And, come in, whores," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , and with invitations to whores, &c., to enter the alehouse.
12		There were two Compters or Prisons for debtors in London, each being under the superintendence of one of the Sheriffs. The <i>Poultry Compter</i> stood a few doors from St. Mildred's Church until 1817, when it was taken down. Stow wrote of it, "This hath been there kept and continued time out of mind, for I have not read of the original thereof." <i>Wood Street Compter</i> stood on the east side of the street of that name in Cheap-side, and was first established there in 1555, when the prisoners were removed there from the old Compter in Bread Street. It was burnt in the great fire, but rebuilt. T. Middleton introduces a reference to the two Compters in his <i>Phoenix</i> : "As in that notable city called London stand two most famous Univerfities, <i>Poultry</i> and <i>Wood Street</i> ,

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where some are of twenty years' standing, and have took all their degrees."—*Works*, ed. Dyce, i. 392. Thomas Nash praises in a similar strain the Compters in his *Strange News*, 1592, and in *Tom Tel-Troth* (p. 129) we read—

"If with their debtors they doe chaunce to meete,
They pen them vp within the *Poultries* coope;
And if for gold lent, men would counters pay,
In *Woodestreets* Counter there them fast they lay."

36 2 "Fac'd like the North-windes-picture in a Map," that is, with fat, distended cheeks, such as Boreas was represented with on maps, to signify his blowing, blustering blasts of wind.

5 "Wolner," see *More Knaves Yet*, p. 35.

10 "ceaze," *i.e.*, feize.

38 1 "w'on turne more," read won (= one.)

39 12 Have the bill chalked up against you on the post.

40 9 That is, spend all your wealth in drink and excess.

43 17 "Oppreffins," read Oppression's.

44 5 "for stirring handes or feete," *i.e.*, so as to prevent your moving hand or foot.—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, &c., p. 24, l. 10.

7 Luke xii. 19.

12 So. Horace, *Epist.* i. 1, 65—

"Rem facias, rem,

Si possis, recte; si non quocunque modo, rem."

45 5 Compare 1 Peter ii. 16.

46 8 "myferable," *i.e.*, niggardly, miserly.

17 "dlind," read blind.

47 6 Psalm xxxix. 5.

VI.—HELL'S BROKE LOOSE, 1605.

3 17 See Acts v. 36, 37.

4 10 Acts xiii. 7-12.

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| 4 | 21 | Manes was a Persian, who tried to combine the Oriental philosophy with Christianity, and maintained that there are two supreme principles; the one, <i>Light</i> , the source of all good; the other, <i>Darkness</i> , the source of all evil. |
| 5 | 8 | Montanus, a Phrygian Bishop of the second century, claimed to be inspired by the Holy Spirit. |
| 7 | 6 | See note to <i>A Fool's Bolt</i> , &c., p. 16, l. 11. |
| 9 | 3 | According to Stowe, <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, p. 81, Jack Straw was not killed by Walworth, but duly tried and executed. The weapon which was, according to the tradition, used by Walworth on the occasion is still preserved by the Fishmongers' Company, of which he was a member, and to which he presented it. |
| | 5 | "Prulogue," read Prologue. |
| | 8 | Hollinshed's <i>Chronicles</i> , published in 1587. |
| 11 | 1 | Compare the opening of Euripides' <i>Hecuba</i> . |
| | 2 | "forth the lake of Hell," <i>i.e.</i> , proceeding from.—See Glossary. |
| 13 | 2 | "Cinthia."—See note to <i>Betraying of Christ</i> , p. 5, l. 8. |
| | 10 | "Dice of poore mens bones to make." The same expression occurs in Stubbes' <i>Anatomie of Abuses</i> , New Shakspere Society, ed. Furnivall, p. 127: "I will make dice of his bones." |
| | 12 | "I am not <i>Cæsar</i> , him," this use of the personal pronoun is not uncommon, and is equivalent to "that <i>Cæsar</i> " (<i>ille Cæsar</i>). Compare the similar use of the first personal pronoun.—See Glossary, f.v. I. |
| 14 | 15 | So in the <i>Romance of Sir Perceval</i> (Camden Society, ed. Halliwell), l. 1640, "the childe was of <i>pith</i> ." |
| 15 | 2 | That is, the text used by Parson Ball, that traitor in England. The arrangement is peculiar, but not uncommon.—Compare Chaucer, <i>Squire's Tale</i> , 209, "the Grekes horse Sinon," <i>i.e.</i> , the horse of Sinon the Greek; again, <i>Boke of the Duchesse</i> , 282, |

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- "the Kinges metinge Pharaon," *i.e.*, the dream of King Pharaoh; *Sir Perceval*, ed. Herrtage, l. 1270, "we both Charlis men the Emperere," *i.e.*, the men of Charles the Emperour; and *P. Plowman*, c. xvi. 131, "Piers loue the ploughman," *i.e.*, the love of Piers the Plowman. See Mr. Skeat's note on this last line.
- 15 5 The original of this proverbial expression seems to be the following Latin couplet of the fourteenth century—
- "Cum vanga quadam tellurem fodere Adam,
Et Eva nens fuerat, quis generosus erat?"
- MS. Harl., 3362, leaf 7.
- In MS. Sloane, 2593, printed in Wright's *Songs and Carols* (Percy Society, 1856), we find a slightly altered form—
- "Now bething (bethink) the, gentilman,
How Adam dalf and Eve span."
- See also Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c., p. 455.
- 16 11 "frankly," *i.e.*, freely, gratis.
- 19 3 "out of subiect yeeres," *i.e.*, out of years of submission, past the time of submission.
- 20 14 That is, lives on trust or credit, owing always his share of the cost.—See Glossary, *Beholding* and *Scot*, and note to *Knave of Clubbes*, p. 24, l. 17.
- 23 5 "vnstayed mindes," unsteady, unfettled minds.—Compare Isaiah xxvi. 3.
- 26 5 "Harmon," read Harman, as in line 2.
- 27 7 "desper'at," read desp'rate.
- 34 2 "Put downe with State," *i.e.*, surpass in state and magnificence.
- 38 18 "stand on tearmes," argue, bandy words, waste time in quibbles.—See *The Betraying of Christ*, p. 41, l. 11.
- 44 8 And rush upon those rascals [who] keep us in.—See note to *The Betraying of Christ*, p. 19, l. 18.
- 46 17 "Anotamies," read Anatomies.
- 47 5 Read "Are e'en restored," &c.

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VII.—A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL RECREATION, 1605.

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 19.

VIII.—A TERRIBLE BATTELL, &c. [1606?]

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- 2 8 "to scratch acquaintance," we now say, to *scrape* an acquaintance.
- 6 11 In the Apocryphal *Gospel of Nicodemus*, the name of the penitent thief is given as *Difmas* or *Dimas*, and that of the other thief *Gestas*.—See Cowper's *Apocryphal Gospels*, pp. 246, 346, 426. Other names for them are *Titus* and *Dumachus*.
The meaning of these two lines is, "God gave grace to one sinner to repent when on the verge of death, so that none should despair of obtaining mercy even at the last; but to only *one*, lest any should, by over-confidence, and presuming on the mercy of God, leave repentance till too late."
- 7 5 "good-cheap," *i.e.*, in plenty, extremely cheap. "In Douce's Collection is a fragment of an early book printed by Caxton, who promises to sell it 'good chepe.'"—Halliwell. "*Bon marche*, good cheap, dog cheap, a low rate, a reasonable price."—Cotgrave. See also *More Knaves yet*, &c., p. 12, l. 20.
- 8 1 "tother," for the other. It occurs several times in Tusser, who uses "ton . . . tother," for "the one . . . the other."
- 18 "your day is broke."—See Glossary. Compare p. 13, l. 6.
- 13 15 Compare *Letting of Humours Blood*, &c., p. 19, l. 1.
- 19 14 Compare Milton's *Paradise Lost*, x. 235-6.

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- 21 13 Physicians were accustomed to make their diagnosis of a disease by an inspection of the patient's urine.— See *Gesta Romanorum*, pp. 67, 191, &c.
- 22 13 This is an apparent reference to the plague which raged in London, 1602-3.
- 23 4 Psalms cii. 11, ciii. 15; Isaiah xl. 6; James i. 10.
- 24 9 Wormwood was commonly used as a preventative against the plague. For a full account of its virtues, see Lyte's *Dodoens*, pp. 6-7.
- 10 "for comming," for fear of, or to prevent its coming. This is a very common use of the word in Tuffer; thus he tells us, ch. 9, ft. 18—
 "To hate reuengement hostile
 For loofing loue and aimitie,"
i.e., for fear of losing love, &c. So in *P. Plowman*, bk. vi. 62, we have "*for colde*," *i.e.*, as a protection against cold, and in Chaucer, *Rime of Sir Thopas*, "*for percinge of his herte*," *Canterbury Tales*, B. 2052. Compare *Looke to It*, &c., p. 44, l. 5.
- 11 Lyte, in his edition of *Dodoens*, p. 297, says, "The late writers say, that the rootes of *Angelica* are contrarie to all poyson, the Pestilence, and all naughtie corruption of euill or infected ayre. If any body be infected with the Pestilence or Plague, or els is poysoned, they giue him straightwayes a Dram of the powder of this roote with wine in the winter, and in sommer with the distilled water of *Scabiosa*, *Carduus*, *Benedictus* or Rosewater, then they bring him to bedde, and couer him well untill he haue swet well. The same roote being taken fasting in the morning, or but only kept or holden in the mouth, dothe keepe and preferue the body from the infection of the Pestilence, and from all euill ayre and poyson."
- 12 "Hearbe-grace," *i.e.* Rue. Shakspere, *Hamlet*, iv. 5, 181: "There's rue for you; and here's some for

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me: we may call it *herb-grace* o' Sundays." And
Winter's Tale, iv. 4, 74—

"For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and favour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both."

Some suppose it to have been called "herb of
grace" on account of the many excellent properties
it was held to possess, being a specific against
poison, the bites of venomous creatures, etc.; but
probably it was so called because "rue" means
"repent." Cf. also *Richard II.*, iii. 4, 105—

"Here in this place
I'll set a bank of *rue*, four herb of grace."

See also Lyte's *Dodoens*, p. 261.

24 15 The Bezoar stone was a calculous concretion found in
the stomach of certain ruminant animals, formerly
regarded as an unfailing antidote to poison, and
a certain remedy for eruptive, pestilential, or
putrid diseases. Cotgrave gives; "*Bezoard*, m.
a beazar-stone (breeds in the maw of the goat
called a Beazar)."

25 13 Samson. Afah is *Gaza*.—See Judges xvi. 3.

26 1 Abfolom. Compare with these lines the verses of
St. Bernard, translated by Tuffer, and printed in
the English Dialect Society's edition, p. 203—

"Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis?
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel pulcher Abfolon, vultu mirabilis?"

thus rendered by Tuffer—

"Tell where is *Salomon*, that once so noble was?
Or where now *Samson* is, in strength whome none could pass?
Or worthie *Jonathas*, that prince so lovely bold?
Or fairer *Abfolon*, so goodlie to behold?"

St. Bernard's verses appear to have been very
popular, as we have several translations of them
made at the end of the sixteenth century.

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- 27 16 Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 149: "Love is a spirit all compact of fire."
- 28 13 Compare *A Fooles Bolt*, &c., p. 12, l. 17.
- 29 5 "Thou hast an ore," &c., a proverb mentioned by Heywood, and occurring in Harvey's *Trimming of Thomas Nashe, Gentleman*, 1597, "It is not good to have an oar in every man's boat."
- 30 7 "Wounds, hart, and blood," *i.e.*, him who swears by God's wounds (zounds), blood ('sblood), &c.
- 31 16 Compare Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1, and *As You Like It*, ii. 7.
- 34 18 "Als one, to hew," &c., *i.e.*, it is all the same as trying to hew a pillar made of brasse.
- 37 14 Hence the proverb, "Take time by the forelock," Time being always represented with a long lock of hair in front, and bald behind. Dionysius Cato, in his *Distiches*, No. 17, gives "Fronte capillata est post occasio calva," and Cooper, in his *Thefaurus*, 1584, has "Post hec occasio calva; take occasion when it commeth, for he that will not when he may, when he wyll he shall have nay." Phædrus also describes this deity as follows—

"Curfu ille volucris pendens in novacula,
Calvus, comosa fronte, nudo corpore,
Quem si occuparis, teneas; elapsum semel
Nec ipse possit Jupiter reprehendere:
Occasionem rerum significat brevem."

So Spenser, *Faery Queene*, ii. 4, 4, speaks of Occasion (Opportunity) as—

"In ragged robes and filthy disaray,
Her other leg was lame, that she wo'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
But all behinde was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And the her face ill favour'd, full of wrinckles old."

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- 39 12 "the passing-bell," the bell tolled to announce a death.
The phrase is still in use.

IX.—SIX LONDON GOSSIPS, 1607.

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 20.

X.—DIOGINES LANTHORNE, 1607.

- 6 20 On Iceland and its Stockfish, see the *Libel of English Poets*, 1483, printed in Wright's *Political Songs*, Rolls Series, ii. 191, and Andrew Boorde's *Brerary*, &c., Early English Text Society, ed. Furnivall, p. 141.
- 7 23 "his steppes take the longitude and the latitude," &c., that is, he reels from one side of the road to the other. There is a cant phrase still in use similar to this: a drunken man is said to measure the breadth as well as the length of the road.
- 28 If you tell him anything he will say: "but don't tell me, I know more," &c.
- 35 "gutter," Lat. *guttur*, the throat, "Lattice."—See *More Knaves Yd*, p. 29, l. 10.
- 9 15 An Ostrich was popularly supposed able to digest anything.
- 24 "a stares," *i.e.*, he stares.
- 16 2 "Lazie," *i.e.*, laziness.
- 17 See also *Knave of Hearts*, p. 43, l. 13.
- 18 19 "Padners," read Panders.
- 19 11 "Butcher's," read But beer's.
- 21 1 This is the well-known fable of the Mice and the Cat. See the version in *P. Plowman*, Prologue, 167, and Prof. Skeat's Note.
- 26 26 "doubt the worst," *i.e.*, fear, prepare for the worst. See "Doubt" in Glossary.

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27	3	"censure wrong," either, give wrong judgments, or judge a thing to be wrong.
	12	"peopled welt," read people dwelt.
28	27	Perhaps, "of honest men who act justly."
33	5	"At daggers drawing." This form of the past participle is not infrequent in Rowlands: thus he uses, "I am beholding."—See <i>A whole Crew of kind Gossips</i> , p. 13, l. 15.
35	28	"Wee ought complaine," &c. Query read, we oft complain.
	29	"At our dislike estate," <i>i.e.</i> , at our condition or fortune, which is unequal or unlike to that of others. Cf. "all <i>estates</i> of men."
	30	"our felues not pleas'd," <i>i.e.</i> , if our own wishes are not satisfied.
36	12	"Contented," read contented.
	13	"Th' Astronomer," <i>i.e.</i> , Thales.
26		"Saturne and all the Seauen," <i>i.e.</i> , all the seven planets.—Compare Milton, <i>Paradise Lost</i> , iii. 481; and <i>P. Plowman</i> , B. text, xv. 354.
41	11	Compare Shakspere— "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." and <i>Richard II.</i> , Act iii. sc. 2.

XI.—HUMORS LOOKING GLASS, 1608.

- 6 2 "Duke Humphries tombe." A part of the public walks in old St. Paul's was called Duke Humphrey's Walk, and here those who had not the means of defraying the expense of a dinner at a tavern, were accustomed to walk in the hope of being invited by some friend. Hence, to walk about Duke Humphrey's tomb is equivalent to the old saying, "to dine with Duke Humphrey," *i.e.*, go without a dinner. Although Duke Humphrey was popu-

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- larly supposed to be buried in old St. Paul's, he was in reality buried at St. Albans.—See Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, &c., p. 415; and Stow's *Survey of London*, ed. Thoms, p. 125.
- 6 7 "Frier Bacon's Head."—See the *Melancholie Knight*, p. 44, l. 1.
- 7 13 "Wenf-worth," Wandsworth.
- 9 8 In the Metrical Romance of *Robert the Devil* we find this proverb as, "Nede hath no cure;" and in Skelton's *Colyn Clout*, 1520, "Nede hath no lawe."
- 11 10 On the extravagance of the ladies' drefs at this time, see Stubbes' *Anatomic of Abuses*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 78-9, and note at p. 270.
- 12 1 The Greeks had a proverb, *περὶ ὄνου σκίας ἀγωνίσσασθαι* "to fight for the shadow of an afs," which occurs in Aristophanes, *Wasps*, 191, the origin of which is said to have been a speech by Demosthenes, who, when he found on one occasion the jury indisposed to pay much attention to his pleading, told them the tale as here given, and thus attracted their attention; having done which he proceeded with his speech. The proverb means, of course, to fight for trifles.
- 13 6 "the wandring Prince of Troy"—Æneas. The meaning is: to become a greater traveller than Æneas.
- 18 A proverbial expression. Effex was celebrated for its calves, in reference to which we have a proverb: "As wise as Waltham's calf, that ran nine miles to suck a bull." An Effex calf is equivalent to a filly country clown.—Compare "*Veau*, a calfe or veale: also, a losell, noyden, dunce, jobbernoll, dodipole," Cotgrave.
- 16 12 "stillified," as though distilled from the pipe through the mouthpiece into the receiver (the mouth).
- 19 2 "Alcides," Hercules. He threw down the pillars set up by Hercules at the Straits of Gibraltar.

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19	7	"Plutœs Regiment," Pluto's kingdom, hell.
21	12	"into'th," read into th'.
25	1	Hazlitt quotes a proverb: "As queer as Dick's hat-band, made of peastraw, that went nine times round, and would not meet at last."
29	13	The Bear-garden, on the banks of the Thames at Southwark, was a favorite place of amusement in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is frequently alluded to by writers of the period.—See Stow's <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, pp. 36 and 151; and note to <i>The Night Raven</i> , p. 131.
31	5	"Vliffes treasure," that is, a faithful wife such as Penelope, the wife of Ulyffes, who was celebrated for her chastity and affection for her husband.

XII.—DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN, 1609.

5	2	Twenty low fellows did I call gentleman.
6	12	"fold at, Who giues more?" <i>i.e.</i> , if fold at an auction.
7	10	"had excused thine," <i>i.e.</i> , by taking his place.
11	11	"getleman," read gentleman.
13	16	"In few," <i>i.e.</i> , in a few words, in short.—Compare Shakspeare, <i>Tempest</i> , i. 2, 144; and <i>Hamlet</i> , i. 3, 126.
14	8	"Phisicke of almes vpon you Ile bestow," I will give you phyfic gratis, as in charity.
	27	"Moouing a secreet match," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , trying to induce her to agree to a secreet agreement. This is the "Shipman's Tale" of Chaucer's <i>Canterbury Tales</i> .
16	4	"friens," read friends. The rhythm of the line is imperfect.
	26	"Give a dog an ill name, you may as well hang him."
	29	Hazlitt gives the proverb, "One man may better steal a horse, than another look over the hedge." It occurs in Lyly's <i>Endimion</i> , 1591.
18	3	"we lacke," <i>i.e.</i> , are wanted, are missed.

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| 18 | 29 | "Expecting," <i>i.e.</i> , looking or hoping for. |
| 21 | 13 | Compare Stubbes' <i>Anatomic of Abuses</i> , pp. 89-90, and the following:—"What, do you figh? this it is to <i>kifs the hand of a countess</i> , to <i>have her coach sent for you</i> , to <i>hang poniards in ladies' garters</i> , to <i>wear bracelets of their hair</i> , and for every one of these great favours, to <i>give some slight jewel of five hundred crowns or so</i> : why, 'tis nothing! Now, monfieur, you see the plague that treads on the heels o' your foppery: well, go your ways in, remove yourself to the two-penny ward quickly to save charges." 1599.—Ben Jonson, <i>Every Man out of his Humour</i> , V. vii.; <i>Works</i> , I, p. 138, col. 2. |
| 23 | 2 | For an account of the Compter in Wood Street, see Stow's <i>Survey</i> , ed. Thoms, p. 111, and note to <i>Looke to it</i> , &c., p. 35, l. 12. |
| | 4 | Houndditch was then, as now, the noted refort for Jews and second-hand clothes dealers. |
| 24 | 13 | A friend who comes to me every day must pay as much as any stranger who only comes up to town while the Courts are sitting. |

XIII.—A WHOLE CREW, &c., 1609.

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| 2 | 10 | "much discretion lackes," <i>i.e.</i> , is sadly wanting.—Compare note to <i>Doctor Merrieman</i> , p. 18, l. 3, above. |
| | 15 | "refraine," <i>i.e.</i> , refrain from.—Cf. p. 16, l. 7. |
| 4 | 3 | "Propper," read proper. |
| | 9 | "to be intreated for her drinke," <i>i.e.</i> , to need pressing to drink. |
| | 12 | So Tuffer: "Play thou the good fellow," ch. 30, ft. 3. |
| | 13 | "with any she," with any woman. |
| | 16 | "Too too free." Ray, in <i>Collection of North Country Words</i> , 1691 (English Dialect Society, ed. Skeat, |

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- p. 70) says: "Too-too, *adv.*, used absolutely for very well or [very] good," and in Thoresby's Letter to Ray (*Ibid.*, p. 108) we find: "Toota well, *adv.*, very well, too too well; Tuta, *adv.* too too, 'thou'rt tuta earnest,' clamorous, covetous, importunate, unsatisfiable." Too too is constantly used by Harrison in his *Description of England* (New Shakspere Society, ed. Furnivall).—Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2, "Oh! that this too too solid flesh would melt."
- 4 24 Hazlitt gives the proverb, "I know best where the shoe wringeth me." Chaucer, in the "Merchant's Tale," says
- "Bot I wot best wher wryngeth me my scho."
- 7 1 "It is better to be a shrew than a sheep." "It is better to marry a shrew than a sheep."—Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c. "A shrew is better than a sheep" occurs in Taylor's *Pastoral*, 1624, and Tuffer, p. 157, ft. 23, has
- "As good a shrew is as a sheepe
For you to take to wive."
- 13 15 "beholding."—See *Hell's Broke Loose*, p. 20, l. 14, and *Diogenes Lanthorne*, p. 33, l. 5.
- 14 23 I suppose this to mean: leaves his wife to get on as best she may.—See Halliwell, f.v. Set.
- 16 7 Compare p. 2, l. 15.
- 18 29 "A Vintners bush," or sign.—See *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- 19 7 For the following note I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. F. J. Furnivall. Mr. Ebsworth kindly identifies these songs:—
- (2) "My man Thomas
Bid me promise
He would visit me this night.
Thomas.] 'I am here, love;
Tell me, dear love;
How I may obtain thy sight.'

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Maid.] Come up to my window, love;
Come, come, come!
Come to my window, my dear;
The wind nor the rain
Shall trouble thee again,
But thou shalt be lodged here."

Two other verses are elsewhere sung by Old Merrythought—

"Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear;
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm
'Twill do thee no harm;
Thou can't not be lodged here."

(3) "A pinnace rigg'd with filken faile" is extant in an early MS. (time noted, before 1609), belonging to a friend of mine. I will print it soon in *The Amanda Group of Bagford Poems*, for the Ballad Society.

"A pinnace rigg'd with filken faile,
What is more lovely then to see?
But still to see is small availe:
I must aboard, as thinketh mee.
To see is well,
But more to tell
Lackes more then fight, you will agree."
(etc. four other verses.)

(6) I have the Catch "I'll tie my Mare in thy ground." There is also another, "Tye the Mare, Tom, boy!" of early date. (1) I have (certainly of 1601) "Mistress, since you so much desire;" probably resembling "Mistress will you do?" (7) I believe that "Beefs for abuses!" I also have a clue to; and I know of one, "Pretty Nightingale," of date 1575,

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“ Little pretty nightingale,
Among the braunches greene,
Geue us of your Christmasse ale,
In the honour of Saint Steven.”

But *this* is a “Mock” to the original, which I possess from an early MS., beginning thus—

“ The lytyll prety nyghtyngale,
Among the levys grene,
I wolde I were with hur all nyght,
But yet ye wot not whome I mene,”
etc., etc.

(4) I have also one song beginning “Ye *pretty birds* that chirp and sing;” but its date is much later in the seventeenth century; the author was not scrupulous in availing himself of elder suggestions, and occasionally would “convey, the wife it call!”—J. W. Ebsworth. On 2, 3, 6 of these Mr. Wm. Chappell says: “See my *Popular Music*, p. 738, for ‘My Man Thomas,’ ‘A Pinnace riggd,’ and ‘I’ll tie my Mare.’

‘ A pinnace rigg’d with filken sail,
What is more lovely than to see?
But still to see is small avail;
I must aboard, as thinketh me.’

It is full of double meanings.” In *Popular Music*, 738, are six lines and the music of *My man Thomas*, of which twelve lines were sung in Fletcher’s *Monsieur Thomas*, Act III. sc. iii. (B. & F.’s *Works*, 1839, i. 481, col. 1). See too the note for p. 185. Compare the following cancelled entry in the “Stationers’ Registers,” Arber’s *Transcript*, ii. 576:

“ 7. marcij [1590-1]

<p>Thomas Goffon Cancelled out of the book, for the vndecentnes of it in Diuerse verses.</p>	<p>Entred for his copie a <i>ballad of a yonge man that went a wooing</i>, &c. Abell Jeffes to be his printer hereof Provyded alwayes, that before the publiſhing hereof the vndecentnes be reformed vj^d”</p>
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| 19 | 23 | "spare to spend it vpon me," <i>i.e.</i> , may avoid or save spending it on me. |
| 22 | 19 | Compare Tuffer, "of wiuing and thriuing," ft. 16—
<div style="margin-left: 40px;"> " It is not idle going about,
 Nor all day pricking on a clout,
 Can make a man to thrive." </div> |
| 23 | 26 | "'tis an argument," <i>i.e.</i> , 'tis a clear proof. |
| 25 | 8 | In a MS. of the fifteenth century, printed for the Percy Society by Mr. T. Wright, is a song, the heading of which is—
<div style="margin-left: 40px;"> " <i>Nova, Nova</i>, sawe you ever such,
 The moſte mayſter of the Hows weryth no brych." </div> and the burden is—
<div style="margin-left: 40px;"> " Left the moſt mayſter wer no brych." </div> |
| 26 | 8 | Equivalent to ſaying he would give £500 if his wife ſhould die the next day. |
| 32 | 3 | "In a doore," <i>i.e.</i> , indoors, at home. |
| | 8 | This appears to be a ſort of proverbial phraſe, meaning "intoxicated." |
| | 10 | "turne vp the Keele," a metaphor taken from a veſſel capſing, here equivalent to rolling about, falling down from drink. |
| 33 | 18 | Shakſpere's <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> was written, according to Mr. Furnivall, in 1596-7.—See <i>Bibliographical Index</i> , p. 25. |
| 35 | 9 | Compare <i>Taming of the Shrew</i> , iv. 3, 35; "Marry if I ever ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the ſkirts of it," and Tom Tell-Troth's <i>New Yeares Gift</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 144, l. 6. |

XIV.—THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES, 1609.

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| 3 | 1 | "Fvftis" is Latin for a club. |
| 4 | 6 | "Bedlem-bowling alley," read Bedlem bowling-alley.
—See <i>Kind-Hart's Dreame</i> , reprinted for the Percy Society, p. 35. |

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- 5 8 The Egyptians considered some animals as sacred to their various deities, and decked them out and honoured them accordingly.
- 7 5 "More-feldes." The pleasant walks of Moore-fields formed a general promenade during summer. The ground was left to the city by Mary and Catherine, daughters of Sir W. Ferries, a Knight of Rhodes, *temp.* Edward the Confessor. R. Johnson, a poetaster of the sixteenth century, published in 1607, "The Pleasant Walkes of Moore fieldes, Being the gift of two Sisters, now beautified to the continuing fame of this worthy Citty." Printed at London for Henry Goffon, and are to be sold at the Signe of the Sun in Pater noster Row. 4to, black letter, 12 leaves. In the Bodleian Library.
- 11 14 "do and twoot," *i.e.*, do and thou wilt; if you please.
- 13 9 I will clear the debt off the post.
- 15 4 "Sour sauce," made of sorrel or verjuice, was eaten with goose.—See Wynkyn de Worde's *Boke of Keruynge*, printed in the Babees Book, ed. Furnivall, p. 184, l. 2. Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 72, gives a proverb, "Swete meate wille have fowre sauce."
- 15 Burflow-Cawfee, Bristol.—See *Tom Tell Troth*, ed. Furnivall, p. 173, l. 5. Gads-hill in Kent.—See *Knave of Clubbes*, p. 42, l. 17. Coome Parke, Combe Wood in Surrey; all noted localities for highwaymen.—See also p. 42, l. 16. In 1558 a ballad was published with the title, "The Robbery at Gadshill."—See Dekker and Webster's *Westward Hoe*, 1606, ed. 1873, p. 308: "the way lies ouer *Gadshill*, very dangerous."
- 16 19 "ro be spent," read to be spent.
- 19 6 "Character and vocables."—See note to *Letting of Humour's Blood*, &c., p. 59, l. 19.

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- 19 22 "Ball." In the *Prompt. Parv.* this name is applied to a sheep; in Tuffer, ch. 92, ft. 2, to a horse; and in *The Privy Expenses of Henry VIII.*, p. 43, to a dog, as here.
- 21 11 See a similar tale in *The Pleasant Conceites of old Hobson, the merry Londoner*, 1607. Reprinted for the Percy Society by Mr. Halliwell, 1843.
- 23 A similar tale is told in *The Groundworke of Conny-catching*, 1592, leaf 7, which is reprinted by Mr. Furnivall, in his edition of Harman, p. 102.
- 24 6 See *Looke to it*, &c., p. 36, l. 5, and *Knave of Spades*, p. 35. Taylor, in "The Great Eater of Kent, or Part of the Admirable Teeth and Stomachs Exploits of Nicholas Wood of Harriſom (Harrietſham) in the County of Kent, &c.," 1630, ſays, p. 145: "Milo the Crotian could hardly be his equall; and Woolner of Windſor was not worthy to be his footman." Woolner's Hiſtory is told by Dr. Moffet in his Treatiſe *Health's Improver*, &c.—See alſo the *Owles Almanacke*, 1618, p. 53; and the *Life of Long Meg of Weſtminſter*, 1582, ch. 7.
- 17 "To make the ſhot," i.e., to make up the bill, to pay the balance. "Shot," more properly "ſcot," is a common mode of expreſſion to denote a reckoning, &c., from *ſcottum*, a tax or contribution. Cotgrave gives "*efcoter*, euery one to pay his ſhot, or to contribute ſomewhat towards it."
- 26 12 "we ſtand vppon the ſcore," i.e., we are not yet free from it.
- 29 10 This was Edward Alleyn the Actor. The play is Marlowe's *Magicall Hiſtory of Dr. Faustus*, published in 1604.
- 31 2 "*Rago, Crago*," unmeaning words, uſed in incantations, &c., by the aſtrologers and fortune tellers.
- 32 16 Acteon was turned into a ſtag for preſuming to look at Diana while bathing; his brow thus ſwelled with

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- the horns growing there. Of course, there is here the secondary and coarse meaning of "make him a cuckold."
- 32 16 A similar tale to this is given in Mr. Wright's Introduction to the *Seven Sages* (Percy Society, 1846), p. xi. The lady in this version hides the first lover, a slave, while the second rushes out with sword drawn. The husband in alarm enquires the meaning of the disturbance, and the wife declares the second lover to have been an officer in pursuit of his slave, whom she, to save his life, had hidden in the inner room. The story also is found in the *Decameron*, and frequently in the collections of the middle ages.
- 42 17 See Note to p. 15, l. 15.
- 47 3 "though long before," *i.e.*, though it was a long time before the wound was cured, and seemed likely to have cost her her life.

XV.—MARTIN MARK-ALL, 1610.

- 5 13 So in *Cantering Songs*, 1725—
- "This doxy dell can cut ben whids,
And wasp well for a win,
And prig and cloy so bentshiply;
Each deuseavile within."
- Sharp's *MS. Warwickshire Glossary* gives, "Brum-magen-machs, Birmingham-makes, a term for base and counterfeit copper money in circulation before the great recoinage."
- 6 17 See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 29.
- 7 17 "Iacke of the Clocke-house," an expression used by Dekker for a sharper.—See Halliwell, f.v. Jack. This meeting and the calling of the Jury, &c., is a skit on Dekker's account of the feast of the vagabonds. Dekker was led by "an old nimble-tong'd bel-

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dam," to a loft "where, vnseene, I might, through a wooden Latice that had prospect of the dining roome, both see and heare all that was to be done or spoken. . . . The whole assembly being thus gathered together, one, amongst the rest, who tooke vpon him a seniority ouer the rest, charged euery man to answer to his name, to see if the Jury were full:—the Bell by which hee meant to call them being a double Jug of ale (that had the spirit of *Aquavita* in it, it smelt so strong), and that hee held in his hand. Another, standing by, with a toast, nutmeg, and ginger, ready to cry *Vous auez* as they were cald, and all that were in the roome hauing single pots by the eares, which, like Pistols, were charged to goe off so soone as euer they heard their names. This ceremony beeing set abroade, an Oyes was made. But he that was Rectory Chory [leader of the Choir or Company] (the Captain of the Tatterdemallions) spying one to march vnder his colours, that had never before serued in these lowlie warres, paused awhile (after hee had taken his first draught, to tast the dexterity of the liquor), and then began, Justice-like, to examine the yonger brother vpon interrogatories." After this young brother has been "stalled to the wyne," the feast follows, and one of the company then makes a speech "in praise of Beggery and of those that professe the trade."—*Belman of London*, 1608. See Mr. Furnivall's Introduction to *Harman*, p. xv.

- 7 31 "An Vpright man is one that goeth wyth the truncheon of a staffe, which staffe they cal a Filtchman. This man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may call them to accompt & commaund a share or snap vnto himselfe of al that they haue gained by their trade in

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- one moneth. And if he doo them wrong, they haue no remedy agaynst hym, no though he beate them, as he vseth commonly to do. He may also commaund any of their women, which they cal Doxies, to serue his turne. He hath ye chiefeft place at any market walke, & other assemblies, & is not of any to be controled."—Awdeley, *Fraternity of Vagabonds*, ed. Furnivall, p. 4.
- 7 31 "A Tinkard leaueth his bag a sweating at the Alehouse, which they terme their Bowling In, and in the meane season goeth abrode a begging."—*Ibid.*, p. 5. See also *Harman*, ed. Furnivall, pp. 31-59, and *A Lift of Vpbricht Men*, pp. 78-82.
- 34 "Autem." *Harman*, p. 67, says: "These Autem Mortes be married women, as there be but a few. For Autem in their Language is a Church; so she is a wyfe married at the Church, and they be as chaste as a Cowe I haue, that goeth to Bull every moone, with what Bull she careth not. These walke most times from their husbands' companye a moneth and more to gether, being associate with another as honest as her selfe. These wyll pylfar clothes of hedges: some of them go with children of ten or xii. yeares of age: yf tyme and place serue for their purpose they wyll send them into some house at the window, to steale and robbe, which they call in their language, Milling of the Ken: and wil go with wallets on their shoulders, and flates at their backs."
- 8 4 See *Greene's Ghost*, p. 28.
- 9 4 "Bristow." "A Scotch taylour to make her shoulders of the breadth of *Bristow* cowfway."—*Tom of all Trades*, ed. Furnivall, 173, 5.
- 8 "Dorfer-maker:" a maker of hangings, tapestry, v.o. *Fr. dorfal*.

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| 9 | 16 | A "cockle" in Kent is "a stove for drying hops;" but here it probably means the weed gatherer, the cockle, properly the cornflower, being used for any weed. |
| 13 | 34 | Nash in his <i>Pierce Penniless</i> , 1592, has this word: "And with a trice trusse up thy life in the string of thy <i>sancebell</i> ." |
| 15 | 8 | I know of no other instance of this variation from the common phrase: "to say boh to a <i>goose</i> ." |
| | 29 | "faidis," read <i>faid</i> is. |
| | 33 | The same expression is used by Harrison, <i>Description of England</i> , 1587, folio 115: "we will stand to our tackling." |
| | | last line. "vilde." This form of the word is not uncommon in our early writers.—See Nares, <i>lv</i> . |
| 16 | 5 | Compare <i>Harman</i> , ed. Furnivall, p. 82, "lowtering lufhes, and lazy loffels." |
| | 9 | The basilisk was supposed to have the power of killing people by a mere glance of its eye, so full was it of venom. In my edition of <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> (Early English Text Society), ch. 57, is an account how, when Alexander was besieging a town, numbers of his men perished through the influence of a basilisk on the wall. |
| 17 | 14 | "Filchman."—See note to p. 7, l. 31. |
| | 22 | The same form is used by <i>Tuffer</i> (English Dialect Society), ed. Herrtage, ch. 87, ft. 5— |
| | | "Where pullen vfe nightly to search in the yard." |
| 20 | 23 | "as the beggar knowes his dishe:" this proverb occurs in <i>Harman</i> , p. 32. |
| | 25 | "you will vngratioufly confider," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , you will confider our hardships as improper and undeserved. |
| 21 | 10 | "Knaues-borough plaine, . . . neuer heard of vntill of late daies." <i>Harman</i> (the M[after] J. H. of the margin) mentions in his <i>Treatise on Vagabonds</i> , |

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- p. 77, *Knapsberry Inn*, near London, as one of the chief resorts of thieves, &c.
- 26 7 "Ireland." Probably Rowlands' knowledge of Ireland was derived from Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland*, 1598.
- 29 12 "When the blacke Oxe," &c. A proverbial phrase signifying, to meet with adversity or trouble.—See Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c., p. 359. In Bernard's translation of *Terence*, we find: "Prosperitie hangs on his fleewe; the black ox cannot tread on his foot."—See also my edition of Tusser (*Five Hundred Points*), ch. 67, ft. 6, and the note.
- 15 "weeping crosse," several of these so-called crosses existed in England. Thus, in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, ix., 246, one is mentioned; and again 5th series, ix., 459, it is stated that there was one between Banbury and Adderbury, removed in 1803; another near Stafford, and a third near Shrewsbury. Their origin is discussed in *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1841. "To go, or come, home by weeping cross," is equivalent to "to return home in grief." In Wallington's *Historic Notices* we read: "At Stone, is said that the Cavaliers have taken their cattle, and drave them to their quarters, but do sell cheap penny-worths of other men's goods. A butcher went to make a purchase amongst them, took a sum of money, and bought cattle at an easy rate, making account of a very great gain; but as he returned, another troop met him, and took his bargain out of his hand, and sent him home by weeping crosse," vol. ii., p. 112. See also Nares, f.v.
- 30 9 Saturn was brother (*not* son) to Celus, and son of *Uranus* and *Terra*.
- 31 7 "Lycaon, a King of Arcadie, and sonne of Pelasgus, of whom Ouide writeth thus: Jupiter, after he had

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heard great complainte of the wickednes of mankinde, came downe into the worlde to vnderstande whether it were true or no. When he came to Arcadie to King Lycaon's palayce, and there had geuen by myracle some token of his godhead, the people came in to worship him, and to do sacrifice vnto him. But Lycaon derided their curiositee and said, that the same night he would vnderstand, whether he enterteyned a god or a man. Wherefore priuily in the night he came into the chamber, and woulde haue murdered him. But when he sawe his wicked attempte took no place, he assaied an other way. The nexte day he kylled yonge gentlemen of the Mollofians, that there were with him as pledges, and serued the flesh of one of them to Jupiter syttyng at the table, to trye whether he weare a god or no. He therefore detestinge that horrible and wicked acte, with lightnyng fyred the tyrannes palaice and tourned himselfe into a woulfe."

Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1584.

32 27 "Hearbe Rue."—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, &c., p. 24, l. 12.

36 fide note. "goode cheape."—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, p. 7, l. 5.

21 Dekker, in an address "To my owne Nation," in his *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, published in 1609, refers to Rowlands, and calls him "a Ufurper."

41 10 "Foxe Hall," now Vauxhall.

46 28 This is a fanciful derivation of the name *Robertsmen*. The term was in use long before Henry VI.'s reign. Thus in *P. Plowman*, B. Prol., 45, we read, "rifen with ribaudye, tho roberdes knaues," and again,

"And ryght as *Robertes-men* raken (*wander*) aboute,
At feires & at full ales & fylten the cuppe."

Pierce the Ploughman's Creed, l. 72.

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Warton, *History of English Poetry*, 1840, ii., 95, says—" *Robartes-men* or *Robertsmen* were a set of lawless vagabonds, notorious for their outrages when *Piers Plowman* was written." The statute of Edward III. (ann: reg: 5, cap. xiv.) specifies "divers manslaughterers, felonies, and robberies done by people that be called *Roberdsmen*, wastours and drawlacches." And the statute of Richard II. (ann: reg: 7, cap. v.) ordains "that the statute of Edward concerning *Roberdesmen* and drawlacches should be rigorously observed." Sir Edward Coke (*Institutes*, iii. 197) supposes them "to have been originally the followers of *Robin Hood*, in the reign of Richard I."—See Blackstone's *Commentaries*, iv., ch. 17. William of Naffington says they tried the latches of people's doors, contrived to get into houses, and then extorted money either by telling some lying tale, or by playing the bully.—See also the Confession of "*Roberd the robber*" in *P. Plowman*, B. v. 469.

54 31 A *rail* was a garment of fine linen formerly worn by women round the neck. Palsgrave gives: "Rayle for a woman's necke, *crevechief en quarttre doubles*," and Florio, p. 216, has "anything worne about the throate or necke, as a neck-kercher, a partlet, a *raile*." "A raile or kercher, *mammillare*," Withals. *Railed*, in the present instance, thus means: with ropes for rails (or neckties) round their necks.

57 9 See "The xxv orders of Knaues, otherwise called a quarterne of Knaues, confirmed for euer by Cocke Lorell."—Introduction to Mr. Furnivall's volume of *Awdeley and Harman on Vagabonds*, p. 12.

17 "Egiptians."—See *Harman*, p. 23.

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XVI.—THE KNAVE OF HARTS, 1612.

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| 3 | 9 | "damn'd:" the metre requires damnéd. |
| 4 | 14 | "Tyburne-tiffany," the halter. More usually "Tyburn-tippet." Latimer in his <i>Sermons</i> says—"The bishop of Rome sent him a cardinal's hat. He should have had a <i>Tyburne tippet</i> , a halfpenny halter, and all such proud prelates." |
| 5 | 1 | Alluding to <i>The Knave of Clubbes</i> having passed through two editions; but see <i>Bibliographical Index</i> , pp. 30-1. |
| | | last line. "strickest," probably we should read strictest. |
| 8 | 5 | "Rascals," read "rascals." |
| 10 | 1 | "Confort." The accent, as usual in Rowlands, is on the last syllable. |
| | 14 | "Idiot-like," <i>i.e.</i> , parti-coloured, like the dresses of jesters. |
| 9 | 12 | We should now say—"Who <i>are</i> the worst," &c. |
| 11 | 4 | "flat-Caps," the usual sign of a city 'prentice.—See Glossary. |
| | 14 | "side-guarded," <i>i.e.</i> , trimmed at the sides, fringed. |
| | 20 | "A-non, A-non," <i>i.e.</i> , to waiters at a tavern.—Cf. <i>'Tis Merrie when Gossips Meet</i> , p. 28, l. 17. |
| 12 | 3 | On the extravagance in hats, ruffs, &c., see Stubbes' <i>Anatomie of Abuses</i> , p. 50. |
| | 6 | And those they declare are all indented, and filled only with froth. |
| | 14 | "The Knaues he'll single out," &c., a common practice in introducing a card trick. |
| 14 | 17 | "we that had gone naked," <i>i.e.</i> , that should have gone naked. |
| 15 | 19 | "fingring monie," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , taking a bribe to recommend or assist another in obtaining an appointment. |

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- 16 14 So Tuffer, *Five Hundred Points*, ch. 10, ft. 24—
 “ With some vpon Sundaies, their tables doe reeke,
 And halfe the weeke after, their dinners *to seeke*,”
i.e., have to be fought for, are lacking.
- 17 18 ’Twill put him to the expenſe of a wig.
- 19 14, 15 He is more afraid of meeting a clergyman than of
 being taken in adultery.
- 20 2 “ plaid the Iacke,” *i.e.*, played the knave, been artful,
 cheated; compare Shakſpere, *Tempeſt*, iv., 1, 197:
 “ Monſter, your fairy . . . has done
 little better than *played the Jack* with us.”—See
 alſo *Much Ado About Nothing*, i, 1, 186.
- 20 4 “ *Pe* and *Kew*,” good and perfect in every reſpect.
 Compare our expreſſion: “ mind your *p*’s and *q*’s.”
- 12 The ſign of a tavern in former times was generally an
ivy-buſh, whence our proverb: “ good wine needs
 no buſh.”—*As You Like It*, Epilogue. Cotgrave
 gives, f. v. *Bon*: “ good wine draws cuſtomers
 without any help of an ivy-buſh.” In many places
 to this day a buſh is the ſign of an inn.—Compare
 Chaucer’s deſcription of the Sompnoir (*Canter-
 bury Tales*, Prologue, 667)—
 “ A gerlond hadde he fette vpon his hede,
 As gret as it were for an aleſtake.”
- 22 9 “ Caſtle dolorets,” Caſtle (dolorous or) of ſorrows.
- 26 5 “ As he doth jetting paſſe.” So Tuffer, ch. 113, ft. 38—
 “ To ride with pompe and pride,
 Or for to *iet* in other’s det.”
- 29 Compare the deſcription of *Invidia* (Envy) in *P. Plow-
 man*, B. text, v. 76, and Tuffer’s *Account of an
 Envious Neighbour*, ch. 64, p. 146.
- 31 21 Peter Lambert was executed at Tyburn, for the murder
 of T. Hamden, in 1610. In the ſame year a ſmall
 quarto tract was publiſhed, with the title: “ The
 ſuceſſes of ſwaggering, fwearing, dicing, drunkenneſs,

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- and whoring; described in the Life and Downfall of Peter Lambert, who for the killing of Maister T. Hamden, was executed at Tiburne."
- 33 5 "Phlegeton," a burning river in the infernal regions.
6 "Acheron," also a river of hell. Spenser's *Faery Queene*, I. v. 33, speaks of "Acheron . . . wailing woe-fully," and "the fiery flood of Phlegeton."
- 35 19 "race," *i.e.*, erase.
42 1 Sharker = sharper: Ger. *schurke*, O. Fr. *escroc*, a rogue; originally to *scrape*.
- 43 9 That is: I must feel in my hand the amount of a French Crown.
19 For this tale see also *Diogenes Lanthorne*, p. 16, l. 17.
46 1 This and the following Epigram refer to an event then fresh in the minds of all. A tract, "The Arraignment of John Selman, who was executed neere Charing Crosse, the seventh of January, 1612; for a Felloney by him committed, in the King's Chappell at White Hall, upon Christmas Day last, in prefence of the King and divers of the Nobility: London, printed by W. H., for T. Archer, and are to be sold at his shop in Pope's-head Pallace," was published in 1612. On the title-page is a portrait of Selman.
19 "Bladud," the founder of the City of Bath.—See Robert de Brunne's *Chronicle* (Rolls Series, ed. Furnivall), p. 81, and Spenser, *Faery Queene*, ii., 10, 25.
47 18 *Hunches* and *Stone* were the names of two celebrated bears, kept at the bear-gardens.

XVII.—MORE KNAVES YET? [1613?]

- 3 6 "affourdt," read affourd; and in the next line for "knigh," read knight, the *t* having been transposed.

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| | 11 | "I will not fawne," &c., I will not flatter any person by dedicating this book to him, and calling him matchless, &c. |
| 4 | 2 | One who would put to shame Juno, &c. |
| 5 | 12 | Compare <i>Knave of Hearts</i> , pp. 12-13, and Stubbes' <i>Anatomic of Abuses</i> , p. 50. |
| 5 | 16 | This refers to the woodcut on the title-page, where the Knave of Spades has large roses at his knees and shoes, and the Knave of Diamonds has boots with spurs with large rowels, and embroidered seams to his galligaskins. |
| 7 | 7 | "Cæneus," a Thessalian woman, originally named <i>Cænis</i> , who obtained from Neptune the power of changing her sex, and becoming invulnerable. She obtained great celebrity in the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; but, having offended Jupiter, was overwhelmed with a huge pile of wood, and changed into a bird. Virgil speaks of her as in the lower world. |
| 8 | 1 | This refers to the two notorious pirates, Ward and Danfiskar. |
| | 10 | Psalms xiv. 1: "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." |
| | 17 | Alluding to the popular superstition that a swan sang on the approach of death. |
| 9 | 12 | "be'ing," read being. |
| 12 | 20 | See note to <i>A Terrible Battell</i> , &c., p. 7, l. 5; and Hazlitt's <i>Proverbs</i> , &c., under "Light cheap, lither yield." |
| 13 | last line. | "theis," read their; "theenes," read theeues. |
| 14 | 1 | This proverb occurs in Gascoigne's <i>Steele Glaspe</i> , 1576 (Arber's reprint), p. 57; and in Tuffer, ch. 36, ft. 32,
<div style="text-align: center;">"All's fish they get
That commeth to net."</div> |
| | 22 | "In watch," <i>i.e.</i> , when on duty makes no distinction between friend and stranger. |

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15	18	See note to <i>The Betraying of Christ</i> , &c., p. 19, l. 15.
16	10	We'll have a legal agreement written out next time.
20	3	"heaeue'ns [read heauen's] 12 houses." A technical term in astrology. We find it also under the form "mansions" in Chaucer and Lydgate. The whole celestial sphere was divided into twelve equal portions, called <i>houses</i> , by six great circles passing through the north and south points of the horizon, two of these circles being the meridian and the horizon.—See Prof. Skeat's edition of Chaucer's <i>Astrolabe</i> , Introduction, p. liii., and his note to <i>Man of Law's Tale</i> (Clarendon Press Series), l. 302.
22	17	This word occurs in <i>As You Like It</i> , i., 2, 270, "from the smoke into the <i>smother</i> ," equivalent to our "out of the frying-pan into the fire."
25	10	"Achan."—See Joshua vii. 16-26.
	13	"Corah's crew."—See Numbers xvi.
26	6	"humaine," most probably a misprint for <i>humane</i> .— See note to <i>The Betraying of Christ</i> , p. 33, l. 8.
	17	"A friend in Hell," <i>i.e.</i> , Dives.—See Luke xvi. 23.
27	9	"hisc romes," read his <i>cromes</i> , <i>i.e.</i> , his crumbs.
29	9	"liket," read liked.
	10	"In old times the ale-house windows were generally open, so that the company within might enjoy the fresh air, and see all that was going on in the street; but as the scenes within were not always fit to be seen by the 'profanum vulgus' that passed by, a trellis was put up in the open windows. This trellis, or lattice, was generally painted red."— <i>History of Signboards</i> , 1866, p. 375. The term became equivalent to <i>ale-house</i> or <i>inn</i> . Thus, Marston: "As well known by my wit as an <i>ale-house</i> by a <i>red lattice</i> ."— <i>Antonio and Mellida</i> , 1633. "A whole street is in some places but a continuous alehouse, not a shop to be seen between <i>red-lattice</i> and <i>red-lattice</i> ."—Dekker, <i>English Villanies</i> , &c.,

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1638. There was a Green-Lattice in Brownlow Street, Holborn, corrupted into "Green-Lettuce."
- 32 16 See note to *Looke to It*, &c., p. 27, l. 12.
- 33 16 "with-these," read "with these." For a long account of this swindle, see Dekker's *English Villanies*, 1632, sign. H.
- 36 2 See note to *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- 38 11 Note the accent on the second syllable of "Lucifer's." last line. "Morbus Gallicus," the venereal disease.
- 40 9 "Robin."—See Halliwell, f. v. There was a ballad entitled, "The merrie pranks of Robin Good-fellow," printed in Percy's *Reliques*.
- 41 6 "Rohin," read "Robin."
- 42 1 In the *Ancren Riwe* (Camden Society, ed. Morton), pp. 198, 204, each of the deadly sins is represented by an animal: thus we have (1) the lion of Pride, (2) the hedder (adder) of Envy, (3) the unicorn of Wrath, (4) the scorpion of Lechery, (5) the fox of Avarice, (6) the sow of Gluttony, and (7) the bear of Sloth.—See also Prof. Skeat's note to *P. Plowman*, C. text, vii. 1.

XVIII.—SIR THOMAS OVERBURY [1614].

The only copy known is in the Collection of the Society of Antiquaries, London, and will be found printed with the Miscellaneous Poems.

XIX.—A FOOL'S BOLT IS SOONE SHOTT, 1614.*

- 3 4 In the *Proverbs* of Hendyng, we find—
 "Sottes bolt is fone shote, quoth Hendyng."
 See Hazlitt's *Proverbs*, &c., p. 11, and Shakspere,

* These Notes are from the pen of Professor Skeat, of Cambridge, who kindly superintended the Club's reprint of "A Fool's Bolt" as it passed through the press. A few have been supplied by Mr. Herrtage, but these are distinguished by having the letter H. attached to them.

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- As you Like It*, Act v., sc. 4, l. 60; and *Henry V.*, Act iii., sc. 7, 132.—H.
- 4 2 "Whose liues according to their Doctrine shines." The false concord here is common in all Elizabethan authors, Shakspeare included. The simple, yet true, explanation of it has been completely overlooked by almost every writer, excepting only Mr. Aldis Wright, whose comments upon it, in his edition of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, p. 293, should be consulted. The "concord" is, in fact, one which appeals to the ear, not to the *reason*; the verb agrees with the *nearest* substantive, which in this case is the word *Doctrine*.
- 5 "lip-labour." This word occurs also in Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*, l. 857—
" My priests haue learnt to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their *lyplabour*."
- 5 9 See Book of Esther.—H.
- 11 The word "a" has evidently been dropped at prefs; we should read—
" Or cittie *Diuus*, in a Purple Roabe."
- 15 The pause after "base" seems to supply the place of a syllable. The line is somewhat too short.
- 6 18 The rime requires "mich" rather than "much."
- 7 9 Hebrews xiii. 14.—H.
- 8 6 The old copy has "gald," as printed. It clearly is a misprint for "glad."
- 12 "In a lusty case," *i.e.*, in a state of perfect health and strength.—H.
- 9 3 Original, "instrnct;" it should be "instruct."
- 5 "Raymond," *i.e.*, Raymond Lully, the "Doctor Illuminatus," born 1234, died 1315.
- 11 See "The History of Friar Bacon," in Thoms's *Old English Romances*.
See also *The Melancholie Knight*, p. 44.—H.

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9	13	Edward Kelly, an apothecary of Worcester, the associate of the celebrated Dr. John Dee.—See “The Life of Dee” in the <i>English Encyclopædia</i> .
	20	“All is mist,” <i>i.e.</i> , all is lost; a sort of pun upon Alchemist.
10	3	“Vayth,” <i>i.e.</i> , “in faith, I’ll go up to London, and seek some honest man; I will find her out,” &c. “Chill,” for “Ich will (I will), is a Southern English form.—See Shakspeare’s use of it in <i>King Lear</i> , Act iv., sc. 6.
	5	“A figure,” <i>i.e.</i> , a horoscope. The conjunction of Saturn and Mars, both malign planets, would betoken great misfortune, according to the astrologers. The countryman takes them to be names of human beings and thieves.
	8	“Taurus,” in the double sense; either as the name of a zodiacal sign, or as simply a bull.
	9	“Staryde,” so in original. Clearly a misprint for strayde.
11	8	“Morroow,” so in original.
19		“All his care,” <i>i.e.</i> , the thing he most cared for.
12	3	“Christide Spring,” <i>i.e.</i> , spring at Christ-tide or Easter-tide, as at p. 38.
	4	Original, “wandrous,” read wondrous.
13		Original, “rian’d,” probably a mere misprint for rain’d rather than an attempt at representing a peculiar pronunciation.
	14	“By,” <i>i.e.</i> , with respect to, as regards.
	17	No stop is wanted after “wretches;” “quoyle,” is for coil; To “keep a coil,” is to keep making complaints, to make trouble.
13	9	The line is awkwardly expressed, but the meaning seems clear: “grown artful in giving thee gifts, because,” &c.—H.
14	14	“more then needes,” more than is necessary.

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| 15 | 4 | "beholding," <i>i.e.</i> , beholden. It is intentional, not a misprint. The two forms were confused in our old speech. |
| | 11 | "Engine," a machine, an instrument. It alludes to the old form of the gallows or "triple tree," shaped like a horizontal equilateral triangle supported upon posts at each angle. The "Arrow" is a pleasant name for the <i>rope</i> , the engine or gallows being the bow; observe also the allusion to hanging "in fuspence." The allusion to Taurus is only to be explained by remembering that, in the old astrology, the presence of the sun in any specified sign affected a corresponding part of the body. Thus the sun in Aries affected the head, but in Taurus it affected the <i>neck</i> . "Aries hath thin heued, and Taurus thy nekke and thy throte," says Chaucer.—See his <i>Treatise on the Astrolabe</i> , ed. Skeat (Early English Text Society), p. 13. Shakspere intentionally makes Sir Toby and Sir Andrew blunder about it when he writes—
<div style="margin-left: 40px;"> <p>"Taurus? that's fides and heart. No, fir, it's legs and thighs."—<i>Twelfth Night</i>, Act i., sc. 3.</p> </div> |
| 16 | 1 | "sprit," pronounced sprite, and meaning spirit. |
| | 7 | "desert," pronounced defart. |
| | 8 | Original, "Wert but it;" a misprint for Were it but. The line means: Were it but in Cheapside market, and he preached from a pease-cart. |
| 10 | | "Hacket," <i>i.e.</i> , not John Hacket, bishop of Lichfield, who was not born till 1592, but William Hacket, a fanatic, who died in that same year. |
| 15 | | "Organs." The old word for organ is invariably either organs or a pair of organs. |
| 16 | 1 | Samuel xvi. 23.—H. |
| 20 | | "Bitle-browed," beetle-browed, having beetling or far projecting eyebrows. The word occurs in <i>Piers the Plowman</i> , B. v. 190. |

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17	5	"Chauē," for "ich haue," a Southern-English form of "I have."—See note above, to p. 10, l. 4. So also, three lines lower, we have "cham" for "ich am."
11		A syllable is missing. Read: "And I durst ene," &c.
12		"Planakle." It is not clear that this is meant for a real word. The worthy man probably means that his dog was "planet-struck."
18	13	Read: "as sharp as needle witted," followed by a mark of parenthesis, which, however, is not in the original.
21		Read: "We shall, <i>be</i> sure, <i>by</i> little," <i>i.e.</i> , we shall be sure to take enough, as regards little men, or big men, or tall men.
26		<i>i.e.</i> , "I have learnt my trade already, pray free me from my apprenticeship."
19	1	The Spanish Armada.—H.
13		Original, "where," an obvious error for "were."
14		Read: "out-ragious, foming deep." The original has the hyphen misplaced, as printed.
19		"From Mendoza," <i>i.e.</i> , instead of Mendoza.
20	3	Will Somers, jester to King Henry VIII.—See the account of him, with portrait, in Chambers's <i>Book of Days</i> .
6		"Yea, even though it were King Henry, he cared just as little."
17		"Nitty," is a synonym for "lousy." "Nitigram" seems an invented word, instead of anagram or epigram.
22		<i>i.e.</i> , "till the nibs of the pen stride apart, like a pair of compasses."
21	last line.	"clyming," <i>i.e.</i> , climbing up the ladder to the gallows.
24	11	"Plunged" is a dissyllable; "through" is, I suspect, a misprint for thorough.
25	11	"thurst;" so in original; read thrust.
28	20	<i>i.e.</i> , And taught them to know saints' pictures in the church-windows.

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29 head line. "T'aws;" so in original; read 'Twas.

1 Original, "aftary;" read astray.

7 Original, "ouerthrow;" read ouerthrow.

30 16 Original, "compotent;" read competent.

17 Original, "konwne;" read knowne.

31 1 A fimilar tale is told in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 53, of an old woman, who, when all the people of Syracuse prayed for the death of Dionysius, the tyrant, every morning entreated the gods to continue his life beyond hers; her reason for so doing being the same as in the present text. The tale is narrated in *Valerius Maximus*, the Historian, lib. vi., cap. 2. It also occurs amongst some translated Dutch fables, by De Witt, under the title of *A Woman praying for the long life of Dionysius the Tyrant*. The sentiment is the same as Shakspere's—

"And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

Hamlet, Act iii., sc. 1.

Mr. Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, ii. 541, quotes a version of this tale from an MS. of the reign of Henry III.—H.

2 Original, "Lndlords;" read Landlords.

11 Original, "cra'ud;" read crat'd, *i.e.*, craved.

17 Original, "t's;" read 'tis.

33 17 Original, "heats with ioye receiue." Doubly wrong; read hearts with ioye reuiue.

35 last line. It means: There was no more grace (or pardon) for him than there was for those who are in the situation of devils.

36 17 Original, "abrod;" read abroad.

37 last line. A word (perhaps wench) seems wanted after common.
The dash stands for pox.

38 24 "loue deafe," *i.e.*, deaf to love.

39 7 "Mony," *i.e.*, fill with money.

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| 39 | 16 | "Preuent her with the same," <i>i.e.</i> , anticipate her by giving it to her, before she asks for it.—H. |
| | 10 | The word "if" ought to come in before "she." |
| | 21 | Original, "wife;" but read wife, <i>i.e.</i> , wise. |

XX.—THE MELANCHOLIE KNIGHT, 1615.

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| 7 | 1 | Timon of Athens. |
| 8 | 6 | "iudious," read iuditious.—Compare p. 35, l. 3. |
| 12 | | The titles of Early English Romances. <i>Sir Lancelot of the Laik</i> , has been edited for the Early English Text Society, by Prof. Skeat; <i>Sir Triamour</i> , edited by Sir W. Scott, and also Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society; <i>Sir Bevis of Southampton</i> , now being edited for the Early English Text Society; <i>Sir Guy of Warwick</i> , edited for the Early English Text Society by Prof. Zupitza.—For the last see also Rowlands' version. These Romances used to be recited by Minstrels at feasts and festivals. Thus, William of Nassington, in the prologue to his <i>Mirroure of Life</i> , says:— |

"I wille make na vaine karpinge
 Of dedes of armys ne of amours,
 As dus mynstrelles and jestours,
 That makys carpinge in many a place
 Of Octaviane and Isembraße,
 And of many other festes,
 And namely [especially] whan they come to festes;
 Ne of the life of Bevis of Hamtoun,
 That was a knight of gret renoun,
 Ne of Sir Gye of Warwyke &c."

From Mr. Cofens' MS.

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| 9 | 10 | See note to <i>Humour's Looking-glasse</i> , p. 6, l. 2. |
| 18 | | " <i>Prester John</i> ," the name of a fabulous king of India.
See <i>Maundeville's Travels</i> , ed. Halliwell. |

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- 10 16 Compare *Loves Labour's Lost*, Act i., sc. 2, 114; "Is their not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?" and *Richard II.*, Act v., sc. 3, 80—
 "Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
 And now changed to 'The Beggar and the King.'"
 The ballad alluded to is that of King Cophetua, printed in Percy's *Reliques*, from Richard Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, where it is entitled "A Song of a Beggar and a King."
- 11 10 "Before I crosse his booke," *i.e.*, before I pay money for any debt.
 15 "*Hungarians*," a cant term, originally a hungry person, generally a rascal, villain.
- 12 18 "Angellical," of Angels, *i.e.*, coins, money.
- 13 1 "*Littleton*," the editor of "Coke."
- 14 12 Compare *More Knaves Yet*, p. 3, l. 11.
- 15 14 "a charge of poore," *i.e.*, the expense of keeping the poore.
- 16 3 "a table," a tablet with inscribed verses.—See also Tuffer, who gives, p. 190, "Husbandly Posies, [poetical inscriptions] for the hall."
- 19 5 So Tuffer: "*To buy at the stub*, is the best for the buier," ch. 35, ft. 9. The meaning appears to be: "that pays ready money on the spot or at the time."
- 23 12 "Kninghts," read Knights.
- 24 11 "to finde at large," *i.e.*, to receive back with interest.
- 25 16 "for being ouer proud," for fear of their becoming, or to prevent their becoming, over proud.—See note to *A Terrible Battell*, p. 24, l. 10.
- The legend, as narrated by Robert de Brunne in his *Chronicle*, is, that, by the advice of Merlin, the stones which are now at Stonehenge were fetched from Ireland by King Arthur, and set up in their present position.—See his *Chronicle*, ed. Furnivall, (Rolls series), p. 312. On *Merlin's Birth*, &c., see *ibid.*, p. 283.

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29	3	He kept me supplied with new.
33	9	<i>Sir Eglamour</i> has been edited for the Camden Society, by Mr. Halliwell, from the Thornton MS. The account of his fight with the boar, is given at stanza xxxiv.
36	5	"pearle," a pet name for a dog.—See <i>Letting of Humour's Blood</i> , p. 39.
41	17	"being yet vnbegotten," <i>i.e.</i> , being a thing which is not yet in existence.
43	5	"lyes by," <i>i.e.</i> , which is laid by.
	17	" <i>Bias Brienaus</i> , one of the feuen wise men of Greece, beholdyng his countrey taken by enemies, fled; other men caryng with them suche gooddes as they mought beare, he was demaunded why he tooke nothyng with him; whereto he answered, 'Truely I carie all my gooddes with me:' meanyng vertue and doctryne, reputing the gooddes of fortune none of his."—Cooper's <i>Thefaurus</i> , 1584.
44	1	"The Fryer," &c., Friar Bacon.—See <i>A Fooles Bolt</i> , &c., p. 9, l. 11, and <i>Humours Looking Glasse</i> , p. 6, l. 7.

XXI.—THE BRIDE [1617?].

Not now known to exist.—See *Bibliographical Index*, p. 36.

XXII.—A SACRED MEMORIE, &c., 1618.

9	25	"Contracts." Notice the accent on the last syllable.
10	18	Galatians i. 9.
15	6	"Cloud checking," so high as to reach into the clouds, and so stop their course.
16	12	The accent is always in this poem on the third syllable of Capernaum.
21		"thy onely breath," <i>i.e.</i> , a simple breath, or word of thine.

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19	3	"fuing for his absence," <i>i.e.</i> , requesting him to depart.
24	28	This is a curious use of the word "to containe;" perhaps the line means, "Of broken meat so great as to require twelve baskets to contain it."
28	25	"denominate." It is evident from the history of English verbs in-ate that the <i>participle</i> preceded the <i>verb</i> in adoption into the language. The introduction of the final <i>d</i> into the English participles of these verbs came after the formation of the English verb. Thus in Shakspeare we find "frustrate," <i>Tempest</i> , Act iii., sc. 3; "exasperate," <i>Macbeth</i> , Act iii., sc. 6, 38; "consecrate," "dedicate," &c. See also <i>Good Newes and Bad Newes</i> , p. 7, l. 9.
37	4	"their latest tooke paine," <i>i.e.</i> , whose taking from them was their latest grief.
42	15	"yesterday at seuen." The original is, "Yesterday at the <i>seventh hour</i> ," which is one o'clock p.m.
44	6	"he wanteth fight," is deprived of, or is without fight.
49	2	"those glorious Lampes [which] adorne the skie." The omission of the relative has already been pointed out as common in Shakspeare and the other Elizabethan writers.

XXIII.—THE NIGHT RAVEN, 1620.

4	4	Compare Tuffer, ch. 49, ft. 9— "If gentils be scrawling call <i>Maggot the py</i> ." And Shakspeare, <i>Macbeth</i> Act iii., sc. 4, 125— "By <i>Maggot pies</i> and choughs and rooks."
8	13	In 1588 Elizabeth held a review of her troops, prepared to resist the invasion of the Spaniards in the Armada, at Tilbury Fort in Essex.
9	20	Thus described by Blount: "The round hem or the several divisions set together about the skirt of a

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- garment or other thing; also, a kind of stiff collar made in fashion of a band. That famous ordinary near St. James' called *Pickadilly* took denomination from this that one Higgins, a taylor, who built it, got most of his estate by *piccadilles*, which in the last age were much in fashion."—*Glossographia*, 1681, p. 495. Minshew describes it as "a peece fastened about the top of the collar of a doublet;" and Cotgrave as "the severall divisions or peeces fastened together about the brimme of the collar of a doublet." The "piccadell" or "pickadilly" was made so as to be taken off at the will of the wearer.
- 9 18 "When I should had," &c., *i.e.*, when I should have been able to have shown it at Court *in* May.
- 22 "with, *nothing for the making*," *i.e.*, by paying nothing, &c.
- 10 1 A "roaring-boy" was a prostitute's bully.
- 13 1 "Paris Garden is the place on the Thames bank-side at London where the bears are kept and baited; and was anciently so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in Richard the Second's time: who by proclamation ordained that the butchers of London should buy that garden for receipt of their garbage and entrails of beasts; to the end the city might not be annoyed thereby."—Blount's *Glossographia*, 1681, p. 473; see Halliwell, *l.v.*
- 16 "Arion, a famous harper, whom y^e mariners would have cast into the sea to have his money: but he defiring them to lette hym playe a songe on his harpe er he died, after warde leapte into the water, and a Dolphyne receiving him on his back, brought hym to lande alyve."—Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1584.
- 14 1 Compare Tuffer's *After Supper Matters*, p. 179.

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| 16 | 4 | A fyllable is wanting; read "seeme to heare." |
| 26 | 13 | "Weaners," read weauers. |
| 27 | 1 | This proverb occurs in the <i>Gesta Romanorum</i> , 1440, ed. Herrtage, Tale No. 4, as "of two evelis the leffe evill is to be chofyn;" and again, "if too ivelis wer comaundid, the leffe were to be chofyne." In the original Latin it is, " <i>De duobis malis majus malum est vitandum.</i> " |
| 18 | | " <i>Hamlet Reuenge.</i> " In Henflowe's <i>Diary</i> , under the date 9 June, 1594, is mentioned the performance of a play "Hamlet" at the Newington Theatre. Lodge, in his <i>Wits Miserie and the World's Madnesse</i> , printed in 1596, thus describes the fiend Hate-Virtue: "He walks for the most part in black vnder colour of grauity, and looks as pale as the Vifard of y ^e ghost which cried fo miserably at y ^e Theator like an oister wife 'Hamlet, reuenge.'" In the Registers of the Stationers' Company is an entry, under the date of 26 July, 1602, made by James Roberts, the printer, of "A booke. The Revenge of Hamlett, prince of Denmarke, as y ^e latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlayn his servantes." Shakspeare's play appeared in the following year. |
| 28 | 17 | " <i>Piramus and Thisby.</i> "—See Chaucer's <i>Legend of Good Women</i> . The story is told in Ovid's <i>Metamorphosis</i> , iv. 55-166. See Shakspeare's <i>Merchant of Venice</i> , v. 1, 7. |
| 32 | 1 | This is the <i>Miller's Tale</i> of Chaucer. |
| 33 | 16 | "From (<i>Day's Broke</i>) him who claims them because the day has been broken," i.e., money has not been paid on the appointed day. |

XXIV.—A PAIRE OF SPY-KNAVES [1620?]

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| 2 | 10 | "put vp," i.e., put up with, submit to. |
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| 5 | 12 | "Beuis," Sir Bevis of Hampton.—See <i>The Melancholie Knight</i> , p. 8, l. 12. |
| | 17 | See as above. |
| 6 | 2 | "Samen," probably examine. |
| 7 | 20 | Compare Chaucer's <i>Merchant's Tale</i> , in which an old man called <i>January</i> marries a young wife named <i>May</i> . |
| | 26 | See <i>Reliquie Antiqua</i> , i. 207. The French say: "le cœur ne veut doulour ce que l'œil ne peut veoir." |
| 8 | | On how the young men of the time passed their days, compare <i>Letting of Humour's Blood</i> , p. 13; and Stubbes' <i>Anatomie of Abuses</i> , p. 62; and Mr. Furnivall's note at p. 252. |
| 9 | 1 | Another form of the Proverb is: "As wise as a man of Gotham."—See Hazlitt's <i>Proverbs</i> , &c., p. 75, and compare the nursery rhyme, "Three wise men of Gotham," &c. |
| 12 | 9 | Compare Shakspeare, <i>Pericles</i> , i. 3, 42—
"None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy." |
| 15 | 4 | Cotgrave has f.v. <i>Bon</i> , " <i>Bon guet chaffe malaventure</i> ."
Proverbs: "good watch prevents misfortune; fast bind, fast find, say we." The same proverb is given in Florio's <i>Second Frutes</i> , 1591, p. 15.—Compare <i>Merchant of Venice</i> , ii. 5, 53—
"Fast bind, fast find,
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind." |
| 15 | 22 | Compare with this, Chaucer, <i>Perfones Tale</i> , <i>De Ira</i> :
"For Cristes sake swere not so sinnefully, in <i>dis-</i>
<i>membring</i> of Crist, by soule, herte, bones, and
body; for certes it semeth, that ye thinken that
the cursed Jewes dismembred him not ynough, but
ye <i>disembre</i> him more." And again in the <i>Par-</i>
<i>doner's Tale</i> , l. 472, he says—
"Her othes ben so grete and so dampnable,
That it is grisly for to here hem swere,
Our blisful lordes body they to tere;
Hem thoughte Jewes rente him nought ynough." |

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See also *Ibid.*, ll. 650-654. Professor Skeat in his note adds:—"In the Vision of William Staunton, 1409, printed in Wright's *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, p. 146, we read: 'And than Saint Johan feid—These [who are thus tormented in hell] ben thei that fweren bi Goddes membris, as bi his nayles and other his membris, and thei thus *dismembrid* God in horrible fverynge bi his limmes.' In the *Plowman's Tale*, we have—

'And Cristes membres al to tere
On roode as he were newe of rente.'

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, ed. Jamieson, i. 96, says—

'Some fwereth armys nayles herte and body.
Terynge our lord worfe, than the Jowes hym arayed.'

See also *Ibid.*, ii. 130. Todd, in his *Illustrations of Chaucer*, p. 264, quotes (from an old MS.) the second Commandment as follows—

II. 'Thi goddes name and beaute
Thou shalt not take for wel nor wo:
Dismembre hym not that on rode-tre
For the was boyth blak and blo.'

See also the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tale No. lxxxviii., p. 410, l. 23, and my note.

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| 16 | 5 | "If the to life," read if to the life. |
| 19 | 27 | I will give no longer credit. |

XXV.—GOOD NEWES AND BAD NEWES, 1622.

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| 4 | 1 | Will. Somers, the celebrated Court Jester of Henry VIII. |
| 6 | 16 | " <i>Father of lies</i> ," John viii. 44. |
| 7 | 9 | "confummate."—See note on <i>A Sacred Memorie</i> , &c., p. 28, l. 25. |
| 9 | 12 | "ten i' th' Hundred," a cant term for usury, such being formerly the usual rate of interest. |
| 10 | 2 | And thou shalt have wine, and interest to boot. |

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11	6	The meaning is: "Oh! that I had a number such farms to dispose of in the same manner."
12	20	"Edmund Plowden was an eminent common lawyer in Elizabeth's reign, born at Plowden, in Shropshire, of whom Camden (in his Elizabeth, ann: 1584) gives this character: <i>Vitæ integritate inter homines suæ professionis nulli secundus</i> . And Sir Ed. Coke calls him the Oracle of the Common Law. . . . Plowden being a Roman Catholic, some neighbours of his who bore him no good will, intending to entrap him, and bring him under the lash of the law, had taken care to dress up an altar in a certain place, and provided a layman in a priest's habit, who should say mass at such a time. And withal, notice thereof was given privately to Mr. Plowden, who thereupon went and was present at the mass. For this he was presently accused and indicted. He at first stands upon his defence, and would not acknowledge the thing. Witnesses are produced, and, among the rest, one who deposed that he himself performed the mass, and saw Mr. Plowden there. Saith Plowden to him, Art thou a priest, then? The fellow replied, No. Why then, gentlemen (quoth he), the case is altered; no priest, no mass; which came to be a proverb, and continues still in Shropshire, with this addition: The case is altered (quoth Plowden), no priest, no mass."—From Ray's <i>Proverbs</i> .
13	20	" <i>God blesse you Master,</i> " &c., i.e., begging and addressing persons with <i>God blefs you, master</i> , will bring in more to-morrow.
15	15	"Buyes pen-worths," &c., buys small quantities, better than any that had been seen for the last seven years.
18	12	"But [after] two weekes [had] past, &c.
26	10, 11	Alluding to the "Counters" or debtors' prisons in Wood Street and the Poultry.—See also p. 40, ll. 17, 18.

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28 16

"Whan theeues fall out, true men come to their goode.
Whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that brette,
I care no ferthing of my good the more fetcher."

Heywood.

The mediæval Latin line seems to be equivalent—

"Fures in lite pandunt abscondita vitæ."

A tract of Robert Greene's, published, according to Mr. Hazlitt, before 1592, had as its title—

"Thieves falling out, true men come to their goods."

40 18

See p. 26, l. 13, and Glossary.

43 20

"the foxe under your arme;" to *fox*, was to make tipsy, and to *be foxed*, meant to be drunk; hence, the meaning seems to be: "I only shoot at the drink or drunkard under your arm."

44 10

"Paris Garden."—See note to the *Night Raven*, p. 13, l. 1.

XXVI.—HEAVEN'S GLORY, &c., 1628.

2 17

"The pale memory of death," *i.e.*, the memory of pale death.—See note to *The Betraying of Christ*, &c., p. 24, l. 23.

8 20

"thnke," read "thinke."

9 10

"be thought of due discretion," *i.e.*, have in his mind due care.

10 6

"being so dangerous assaulted," &c., *it* being so dangerously, &c.

13 15

"Renounce his league, intends thy vtter losse," *i.e.*, friendship with him who plots thy utter loss.

14 4

Against a Christian Knight armed with Faith, which is proof against all assaults.

12

"disanimate," discouraged, disheartened.—See note to *A Sacred Memorie*, &c., p. 28, l. 25.

15 14

The heart-torn wretch, who is despair itself.

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16	14	Notice the accent on the second syllable of "perfeuer," as in <i>King Lear</i> , iii. 5, 18; <i>As You Like It</i> , v. 2, 3; and <i>King John</i> ii. 1, 421.
19	15	Revelation vii. 17 and xxi. 4.
20	1	Matthew vi. 20.
	13	Revelation xxi.
23	6	"that knoweth on death," read no death.
26	12	Revelation xxii. 5.
27	13	Compare the verses in the <i>Te Deum</i> .
38	7	Isaiah xxxv. 7, 9.
41	17	"sumptuous," read sumptuous.
42	10	The proper form of this word (<i>burial</i>) is <i>burials</i> , from the Anglo-Saxon <i>byrgels</i> , a tomb. Wyclif supposed this to be a plural form, and invented the incorrect <i>buriel</i> , which he uses in Mark vi. 29, and <i>biriel</i> in Matthew xxvii. 60.—See examples in Stratmann's <i>Old English Dictionary</i> . In <i>P. Plowman</i> , B. xix. 142, the Jews are said to have watched the tomb of our Lord, because it had been foretold that—
		"That blessed body of <i>burieles</i> shulde rise."
		In the <i>Man of Lawes Tale</i> , 186, we find, "Seintes <i>buriels</i> ," i.e., burial places of the saints.
68	7	"Nicolas of Antioch."—See Acts vi. 5, and Revelation ii. 6, 15.
79	6	For every thought, though not expressed in words.
80	11	Psalms cxxxvii. 6.
81	17	"Inmate wife," as an inmate.
84	3	"Who dies before he dies," &c., i.e., he who dies to the world, &c., before he departs this life shall neuer die.
	18	"to more than nature can," i.e., to an extent beyond the powers of nature.
86	14	"Eridan," Eridanus, the Po.
87	9	Psalms xlii. 1.

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- 97 19 "Whitfun Ale," a festival held at Whitfuntide, still kept up in some parts of the country.—See the list of "Ales" in Harrison's *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 32.
- 266 7 And they were themselves destroyed, &c.

XXVII.—GUY, EARL OF WARWICK, 1682.

- 13 The wandering excited state of Guy's mind is here well expressed by the strange manner in which the names of so many mythological persons are mixed up.
- 15 As this line is printed, we should have to accent Orpheus on the penultimate, making it a trisyllable.
- 14 4 "foce," read foes.
- 5 "Morphæus," Morpheus, god of sleep.
- 7 "pierceh," read pierceth.
- 17 21 "Cenfure me fudden," give speedy judgment in my case.
- 19 2 "Almain," German.
- 20 35 "Lent him such a stroke." The usual term in the old Romances, from Anglo-Saxon *lænan*, to lend, give. See also p. 36, l. 21.
- 24 7 "the nine days wonder." A tract was published by Kemp in 1600, with this title.—See Hazlitt's *Handbook of English Literature*. It has been reprinted for the Camden Society.
- 27 5 "Bellona," the Goddess of War.
- 28 15 "hot fear," read *not* fear.
- 29 14 "And's life in question," *i.e.*, and his life was in danger.
- 30 12 The adverbial termination "meal" is from the Anglo-Saxon *malum*, the dative of *mal*, a part, used adverbially, both alone and in composition. Thus, we find "limb-meal" in Shakspeare, *Cymbeline*, ii. 4, 147—
 "O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!"

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- and in the *Tempest*, ii. 2, 3, we have: "by inch-meal." In the Wycliffite version of *Wisdom*, xviii. 25, occurs "ripyll-melum," *i.e.*, in heaps.
- 31 1 "Millain," Milan.
- 39 19 The accent is on the second syllable of blasphemous, in accordance with its derivation.
- 42 26 "makes him light," &c., causes him to dismount in order to protect himself.
- 30 "Androdus," read "Androclus." The story of Androclus is told by Aulus Gelleus, *Noles Attice*, lib. 5, cap. xiv., on the authority of a Greek writer, one Appion, called Plistonices, who pretends to have been an eye-witness of the extraordinary occurrence. Compare also the version in my edition of the *Gesta Romanorum*, Early English Text Society, 1879, p. 327.
- 46 last line. "deflation," read detestation, as required by the metre.
- 47 30 Perillus was a celebrated manufacturer of brazen images, and constructed for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, a brazen bull, in which those sentenced to death should be roasted alive, the idea being that their cries should represent the roaring of a bull. Phalaris highly applauded the invention, and immediately proceeded to try its effects on its inventor—
- " Neque enim lex æquior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua."
- Ovid, *De Arte Amandi*, i. ll. 655-6.
- 36 "In that occasion," &c., since the opportunity, &c.
- 51 10 "Dianert," Deianira.
- 52 19 "Command me some direction," *i.e.*, order that I receive some information as to where he is to be found; or, order some guides to direct me to where he is.
- 54 25 "the only Linguist living," the only means of spreading information at that time.

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- 57 25 "Nunquam fera," read fero.
- 59 2 Sir W. Scott, in his note to *Marmion*, i. 23, 27, thus distinguishes between a *Pilgrim* and a *Palmer*: "A *Palmer*, as opposed to a *Pilgrim*, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines: travelling incessantly, and subsisting wholly by charity: whereas the *Pilgrim* retired to his usual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage." Mr. Cutts, in his *Scenes and Characters of the Middle Ages*, p. 167, says: "When the *Pilgrim* reached the Holy Land, and had visited the usual round of the holy places, he became entitled to wear the palm in token of his accomplishment of that great pilgrimage; and from that badge he derived the name of *palmer*." Camden (*Remains*) says: "As *Palmer*, that is, *Pilgrime*, for that they carried palme when they came from Jerusalem." The "*Palmer's weed*" is a common expression in the old romances. King Horn, when disguised in "*palmer's weeds*," carried a *burdon* (staff) and a *scrippe*.—See *King Horn*, ed. Lumby, l. 1061. On the Signs of Pilgrims and Palmers, see Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 338, and Cutts' *Scenes and Characters*, p. 167. The scallop shell was the sign of having performed a pilgrimage to Compostella, the shrine of St. James, and was worn in the hat. Thus, in the Prologue to *The Tale of Beryn*, ed. Furnivall, we are told of the Canterbury Pilgrims, that "they set their signys upon their hedes, and some oppon their cappe."—See *P. Plowman*, C. viii. 165, and Prof. Skeat's exhaustive note on it.
- 60 32 We still use the phrase "a dusted coat" for a thrashing.
- 62 6 "forced bulk," perhaps, laden (*farced*, stuffed) bulk.
- 36 All's fair in war.

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- 64 15 See note to *Looke to it for the flabbe ye*, p. 27, l. 2.
 26 "reason with them," *i.e.*, converse, talk with them.
 last line. "By which sad founds direction," *i.e.*, directed or guided
 by which sad founds.
 66 last line. This certainly appears to be an allusion to *Hamlet*, v. 1.
 67 20 "Phisice," read Phœlice.
 68 30 "charged eccho," the echo loaded or freighted with
 the name.
 69 25 "*Comes and Bacchus*," *i.e.*, food and drink.
 26 "Diana," sports, amusements, of the country.
 70 27 "Hypocrata," the wife of Mithridates, who followed
 him about in all his wars, being dressed as a knight.
 71 32 "A Friars cale," in a friars dress.
 78 19 "Gogmagog," for an account of this duel see Robert
 de Brunne's *Chronicle*, Rolls series, ed. Furnivall,
 pp. 65, 66.
 80 22 "A Prefident," *i.e.*, a precedent. The same spelling
 occurs in Shakspeare, *Tempest*, ii. 1, and frequently
 in the writers of the time.
 This Romance of *Sir Guy of Warwick*, is found
 in Latin in the *Gesta Romanorum*, ch. 172, differ-
 ing but little from the above. Ellis, in his *Metrical
 Romances*, ii. 5, has analysed the Old English
 Romance.—See also Warton, *History of English
 Poetry*, and Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*,
 iii. 101.

XXVIII.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

- 3 21 "abuse," misuse, put to an improper use: the original
 meaning of the word.
 4 3 "presently." The change in meaning of this word is
 most remarkable. Originally equivalent to "at
 present, at the time," as in Sir P. Sidney, "the
 towns you *presently* haue," it now conveys an idea
 of *futurity*, and is equivalent to "directly, shortly."

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| 4 | 15 | "portlie," <i>i.e.</i> , of a noble appearance or fashion, as in Udal, St. Luke xix. 41, "viewing and beholding the fame citee [Jerusalem] <i>portely</i> , and gorgious of buildinges," &c. |
| | 23 | "Forth which," &c., <i>i.e.</i> , forth from, out of which.—Compare Shakspere, <i>King John</i> , iv. 2, "from <i>forth</i> the ftreets of Pomfret." |
| 5 | 2 | "infence," probably we should read infence, <i>i.e.</i> , impel, urge you. |
| 8 | 1 | "force," power, effect. |
| 8, 12 | | "hireling, . . . that took it vp for hire." I do not know why Rowlands should make this statement, which is directly opposed to the words of St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, where we are told that the Jews <i>compelled</i> Simon of Cyrene to bear the cross. |
| 9 | 16 | "Sentenc'd fucceeding vengeance doome," sentenced to the doom of future vengeance. |
| | 24 | Luke xxiii. 31. |
| 10 | 8 | Genesis ii. 9. |
| 15 | 22 | Withal's <i>Dictionary for Children</i> gives the proverb, "Homo homini vel Deus, vel Lupus: Man to man is either a Saint or a Diuell." See also Hazlitt, <i>Proverbs</i> , &c. |
| | 29 | "obdurate."—See note to <i>Look to It</i> , &c., p. 19, l. 3. |
| 16 | 9 | "vnikind," probably used in its original meaning of "unnatural." |
| 21 | 15 | "Virginals," a spinnet. |
| 23 | 9 | "Nicke not your Pots to deepe," <i>i.e.</i> , do not make too deep indentations in them, so as to defraud your customers.—See Halliwell, f.v. <i>Nick</i> . |
| 24 | 8 | Richard Ferris in 1590, with two friends, Andrew Hill and William Thomas, undertook and successfully accomplished a voyage in a small open boat from London to Bristol. He published an account of this voyage in a small tract, entitled: "The most |

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dangerous and memorable aduenture of Richard Ferris," and dedicated to Sir J. Heneage, one of Elizabeth's Privy Council and Vice-Chamberlain. Ferris himself was "one of the five ordinarie Messengers of her Maiesties Chamber." The adventurers started on their voyage on June 24, but did not reach Bristol till August 3rd. The tract has been reprinted by Mr. Collier in his *Illustrations of Early English Popular Literature*. In Arber's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii., pp. 557-8, are the following entries:—

"7 Augusti [1590]

"Edward white / Entred for his copie vnder master Hartwell and Master Cawoodes handes a ballad of Richard Fferrys cominge to Bristowe on the Third of Auguste 1590. vj^d

"10 Augusti [1590]

"Henrye Carre. / Entred for his copie vnder Handes of master Judson and bothe the wardens a ballad of the ioyfull entertainment of the wherry and iij wherryemen, viz. Richard Fferrys, Andrewe Hilles, and William Thomas, by the maiour aldermen and Citizens of Bristoll, 4th Augusti 1590. vj^d

Taylor, the Water Poet, himself with a companion, Roger Bird, undertook a voyage from London to Queenborough, in a boat made of brown paper supported by air bladders. He gives a full and graphic description of their adventures in his "Praise of Hempfeed, with the Voyage of Mr. Roger Bird and the Writer hereof, in a Boat of browne-paper, from London to Quinborough in Kent, 1620."

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

The references in the Glossary to the various separate Works are indicated by Roman numerals and figures. The Works are numbered in the order of their dates, as follows:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>I. BETRAYING OF CHRIST.
 II. LETTING OF HYMOURS BLOOD
 IN THE HEAD-VAINE.
 III. TIS MERRIE VVHEN GOSSIPS
 MEETE.
 IV. GREENES GHOST HAVNTING
 CONIE-CATCHERS.
 V. LOOKE TO IT: FOR ILE
 STABBE YE.
 VI. HELL'S BROKE LOOSE.
 VII. A THEATRE OF DELIGHTFUL
 RECREATION.
 VIII. A TERRIBLE BATTELL BE-
 TWEENE TIME AND DEATH.
 IX. SIX LONDON GOSSIPS.
 X. DIOGINES LANTHORNE.
 XI. HYMORS LOOKING GLASSE.
 XII. DOCTOR MERRIE-MAN: OR
 NOTHING BUT MIRTH.
 XIII. A WHOLE CREW OF KIND
 GOSSIPS.
 XIV. THE KNAVE OF CLUBBES.</p> | <p>XV. MARTIN MARK-ALL.
 XVI. THE KNAVE OF HARTS.
 XVII. MORE KNAUES YET?
 XVIII. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.
 XIX. A FOYLES BOLT IS SOONE
 SHOTT.
 XX. THE MELANCHOLIE
 KNIGHT.
 XXI. THE BRIDE.
 XXII. A SACRED MEMORIE OF
 THE MIRACLES OF
 CHRIST.
 XXIII. THE NIGHT-RAVEN.
 XXIV. A PAYRE OF SPY-KNAVES.
 XXV. GOOD NEWES AND BAD
 NEWES.
 XXVI. HEAVENS GLORY: SEEKE
 IT, &c.
 XXVII. THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF
 GUY EARL OF WAR-
 WICK.
 XXVIII. MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.</p> |
|--|---|

A, x, 8, *pr.*, he.

Abourne, III, 27, *adj.*, "*quasi*
 alburn, a colour approaching
 to whiteness."—Nares; fair,
 light-haired.

Abroch, IV, 4, to fet abroch is
 to tap. "Brochyn, or fettyn a
 vesselle broche (a-broche).
Attamino, disfidro."—*Prompt.*
Parv.

GLOSSARY.

- Absolute, v, 14, *adv.*, certainly, assuredly, positively.
 Abuse, xxiv, 7, *vb.*, deceive.
 Account, xvii, 13, *sb.*, made account to dye, reckoned, counted on death.
 Acquaints, i, 38, *vb. pr.t.*, becomes acquainted with.
 Admire, xiv, 46, *vb. pr.t.*, wonder, are astonished; Lat., *admirari*.
 Advertisement, xxvi, 179, *sb.*, warning.
 Affected, i, 36, *p.p.*, loved, regarded with affection, pleasing to.
 Affecting, vi, 6, *pr.p.*, being inclined to, being pleased with.
 Affection, v, 10, *sb.*, fancy, liking.
 Agreeuances, xx, 8, *sb. pl.*, grievances, wrongs.
 Aidfull, i, 53, *adj.*, assisting.
 Allow'd, iii, 27, *p.p.*, praised, recommended; alowd, i, 7, *p.p.*, approved of; Fr. *alouer*, from Lat. *laudare*.
 Almains, xxvii, 32, *sb. pl.*, Germans.
 Alow, xix, 13, *vb.*, pass over, forgive.
 Als one, viii, 34, all is one, it is all one.
 A'my, iii, 30, on my, by my.
 Ankers, xxvi, 8, *sb. pl.*, anchors.
 Anan, iii, 28, an ejaculation used for the purpose either of calling attention, or to show that the speaker has not understood, or wishes to have repeated, any sentence.
 Angellica, viii, 24, *sb.*, a species of *maſter-wort*.—See Gerarde, p. 999.
 Apparitors, iv, 9, *sb. pl.*, summoners or officers of the Court of Arches.
 Appeacher, xxvi, 5, *sb.*, impeacher, accuſer.
 Apple-ſquire, xv, 53, *sb.*, a kept gallant, or one who waited upon and protected women of bad character, a bully.
 Apprehend, viii, 8, *vb. pr.t.*, underſtand, take in.
 Approou'd, xiv, 43, *p.p.*, proved. Cf.—
 “What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
 Will bleſs it and approve with a text.”
Merchant of Venice, III. ii., 79.
 See alſo *Richard II.*, I. iii., 112.
 Apt, v, 23, *adj.*, fit, ready; Lat., *aptum*.
 Arant, ii, 23, *adj.*, a word expreſſive of exceſs, as an *arrant* rogue.
 Arches, ii, 84, *sb.*, the Court of Arches, for the trial of eccleſiaſtical and divorce ſuits.
 Argofie, xvi, 48, *sb.*, an argoſy, a ſhip of great burden either for the merchant ſervice or for war.—See *Merchant of Venice*,

GLOSSARY.

- I. i. Perhaps from the mythical *Argos*.
 Arrerages, xvi, 32, *sb. pl.*, arrears, debts. "*Arriera*ge, an arrearage: the rest or the remainder of a payment: that which was unpaid or behind."—Cotgrave.
 Arriue, xxvi, 77, *vb.*, bring, place.
 Arriuarie, xix, 12, *adv.*, contrary. "Arriuerie, backwarde, overthwartly, contrary to all good order; *præpostere*, *perverse*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
 Affure, xiii, 16, *vb. imper.*, be sure, believe.
 Aflary, xix, 29, *read* astray.
 Astonied, xxii, 5, *p.p.*, amazed, stupified.
 Athist, v, 23, *sb.*, atheist.
 Auouch, ii, 47, *vb.*, declare—
 "I'll *avouch* it to his head."
 Shakspeare, *Mid. Night's Dream*, I. i.
 Autem, xv, 7, *sb.*, mistress.
 Ayer, ii, 23, *sb.*, air.
- BABLE, xi, 11, *sb.*, bauble, glass or metal ornaments.
 Back'd, x, 40, *p.p.*, Back't, xvii, 35, baked.
 Baile, i, 16, *sb.*, release.
 Baitlesse, ii, 47, *adj.*, without food; O. Icel., *beila*.
 Baletted, viii, 36, *p.p.*, sung in ballads.
 Ballace, xi, 18, *vb.*, ballast, freight.
 Bankrout, xv, 55, *sb.*, bankrupt.
- Band, iv, 13, *sb.*, bond.
 Bard quarter-trayes, ii, 59, *sb.*, a kind of dice so made that the 3 or 4 should very seldom turn up, loaded dice.
 Barly-breake, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game. See note, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, Ellis, II., 236.
 Bases, xii, 3, *sb. pl.* According to Nares, "A kind of embroidered mantle, which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or longer, worn by knights on horseback." It seems to be also used for an apron, as in *Hudibras*, I. ii., 769.—See Nares' exhaustive note on the word.
 Bead-rowle, xvi, 28, *sb.*, catalogue, list.
 Beazer stone, viii, 24, *sb.*, the Bezoar stone.—See note.
 Bee't, xix, 5, be it, though it be.
 Beetle-head, xx, 28, *sb.*, stupid, thick-headed fellow—
 "A whorson, *beetle-headed*, flap-ear'd knave."
 Taming of the Shrew. IV. i.
 Begarded, x, 6, *p.p.*, adorned. So Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice*, II. ii., 143, has *guarded* in the sense of trimmed, braided; see also *Henry VIII.*, Prologue, 16, and *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. i., 187; cf. garded, below.

GLOSSARY.

- Beholding, xxvii, 79, *p.p.*, under obligations. This form is frequently used by Shakspeare for *beholden*.—See *Merchant of Venice*, I. iii., 93, &c.
- Belike, xiii, 31, *adv.*, perhaps, forsooth.
- Ben, i, 21, *p.p.*, have been.
- Benums, xxvii, 37, *vb. pr.t.*, benumbs, stupifies.
- Bepinke, xx, 11, *vb.*, stab, cut through.
- Befeeming, vi, 2, *pr.p.*, appearing, showing himself.
- Befhagg'd, v, 27, *p.p.*, rough, shaggy. We have "*shag-haired*" in *Macbeth*, IV. ii., 82, and 2nd *Henry VI.*, III. i., 367.
- Befhake, xvii, 28, *vb.*, shake heartily.
- Beftraughted, xxvi, 139, *p.p.*, mad, distracted.
- Betoyl'd, xxv, 36, *p.p.*, labouring hard.
- Bewray, xxvi, 278, *vb. impr.*, confers, disclose.
- Bewray'd, xxvii, 53, *p.p.*, defiled, polluted.
- Billes, iv, 26, *sb.*, pikes or halberds, the usual weapons of watchmen, hence used for the watchmen themselves.
- Birding peece, xxv, 43, *sb.*, a fowling piece, sporting gun.
- Birlady, iv, 21, by our Lady.
- Blabbe, xxv, 30, *sb.*, tell-tale, "Backbiting talk that flattering *blabs* know wily how to blenge." Tuffer, ch. 100, ft. 3, ed. Herriage, 1878.
- Black-amores, xiii, 15, *sb. pl.*, blackamoors, negroes.
- Blocke, xv, 27, *sb.*, shape, fashion. We still speak of having a hat *blocked*.
- Blowne, ii, 75, *p.p.*, blown, stale; perhaps blown upon, *i.e.*, sometime drawn, or the leavings of other drinkers.
- Bob, xxv, 21, *vb.*, cheat, get rid of.
- Bone-ache, iv, 24, *sb.*, *lues venerea*, sometimes called bone-ague.
- Bone-baster, ii, 64, *sb.*, a name for a cudgel. To baste is a provincial term for to beat: a basting is a thrashing.
- Boone-fier, vi, 35, *vb. imper.*, light bonfires in.
- Bootlesse, i, 59, *adj.*, useles, un-availing; A.S. *bote*, advantage.
- Boulder, xvi, 19, *adj.*, bolder.
- Boulster, ii, 83, *sb.*, a lady's bustle.
- Boulting hutch, iv, 32, *sb.*, a wooden receptacle into which meal is bouted or sifted; A.S., *Hwacca* (?) O. Fr., *houche*.
- Bowed, iv, 15, *adj.*, crooked, bent.
- Bowfing, xv, 49, *sb.*, bowzing, iv, 17, *pr.p.*, drinking.
- Bowfie, xv, 9, *adj.*, drunken.

GLOSSARY.

- Boyle, iv, 18, *vb.*, to betray; a cant term.
- Brabbles, xv, 30, *sb. pl.*, quarrels, diffensions.
- Braces, viii, 10, *sb. pl.*, pairs, doubles.
- Braue, iv, 24, *adj.*, grand, fine.
- Brauery, viii, 28, *sb.*, show, finery.
- Brauing, i, 23, *adj.*, showy.
- Brawn, xxvii, 50, *sb.*, boar; O. Fr., *braon*,
 "Brok-brefted as a *braune*."
Morte Arthure, 1095.
- Brewes, iv, 23, *sb.*, broth. *Brouws* is mentioned in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, l. 3077. See Halliwell, f.v. Brewet.
- Briefes, xxv, 10, *sb. pl.*, letters, petitions.
- Britain, xxvii, 78, *sb.*, Briton.
- Brownists, xv, 31, *sb. pl.*, a sect founded by Robert Brown of Rutland, in the reign of Elizabeth, violently opposed to the Church of England; Independents.
- Budge, ii, 53, *sb.*, lambskin, with the wool dressed outwards.
- Budge, xvii, 29, *vb. pr.t.*, stir, move, leave.
- Bugs, xvii, 40, *sb. pl.*, bugbears, goblins. "*Lemuri*: The ghosts or spirits of fuche as dye before their time, or hobgoblins, black bugs, or night-walking spirits."—*Florio*.
- Bugell, viii, 24, *sb.*, buglofs.
- Bulkes, xv, 20, *sb. pl.*, the stalls of shops, benches.
- Bum card, ii, 58, *sb.*, a card used by dishonest gamblers.
- Buriall, xxvi, 42, *sb.*, burial-place, tomb; A.S., *birgels*.
- Busk, xvii, 36, *sb.*, the sign of an inn.—See *Tauerne Busk*, and note to *Knave of Harts*, p. 20, l. 12.
- Busk-breeders, xx, 4, *sb. pl.*, (?)
- Busk-creeping, i, 26, *adj.*, hiding under bushes.
- Buske, ii, 83, *sb.*, a piece of whalebone, or wood, worn down the front of the stays to keep them straight.
- Busk-poynt, xii, 22, *sb.*, the lace, with its tag, which secured the end of the busk.—Nares. The meaning here seems rather to be the point or lower end of the busk.
- Buffard, v, 15, *sb.*, stupid fool.
- Buffard, v, 28, *sb.*, some kind of ornament or head-dress.
- Buzard, ii, 45, *sb.*, coward, fool.
- CARS, xxii, 28, *read* cafe.
- Callis, xxv, 41, *sb.*, Calais.
- Cannapie, i, 5, *sb.*, canopy.
- Canfeld, i, 44, *p.p.*, cancelled, burst.
- Cant, xv, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, beg.

GLOSSARY.

- Carefull, I, 38, *adj.*, full of care.
Cf. Shakspeare, *Richard III.*,
I. iii., 83—
“By Him that raised me to this
careful height.”
And *Richard II.*, II. ii., 75.
Carrage, III, 25, *s.*, behaviour,
manners.
Carrowle, II, 78, *vb.*, carol, sing
merrily.
Casheer'd, III, 10, *p.p.*, dismissed.
Casseere, xxv, 11, *sb.*, cashier,
banker.
Cast, I, 17, *p.p.*, cast-off.
Catchpoles, xxv, 26, *sb. pl.*,
officers, bailiffs.
Caueate, IV, 22, caution; Lat.,
caveat, let him beware.
Ceaze, xvi, 31, *vb. pr.t.*, seize, catch.
Censure, II, 16, *vb.*, judge, de-
cide; Lat., *cenſere*.
Cent, III, 22, *s.*, smell, scent.
Centinels, I, 28, *vb. pr.t.*, watches.
Ceſe, xxiii, 20, *vb.*, make to
cease, stop.
Ceſternes, I, 42, *sb. pl.*, fountains,
pools.
Chalk-ccredite, x, 8, *sb.*, credit
given by chalking up the score.
Challenging, xiii, 27, *pr.p.*,
claiming, demanding. “Chal-
lengyn, or cleyonym, *vendico*.”
Prompt. Parv.
Cham, xix, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, West
Country dialectal form of
ich am, I am.
Changling, xix, 5, *sb.*, a child
left by the fairies in exchange
for the parents' own child.
Charnico, II, 28, *sb.*, a kind of
sweet wine, made near Lisbon.
Chafes, vi, 31, *sb. pl.*, woods,
forests.
Chat, II, 48, *sb.*, chatter, gossip.
Chauē, xix, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, for
ich haue, I have, as *cham* for
ich am.
Chaw-bone, I, 42, *sb.*, jawbone.
Chearely, vi, 33, *adv.*, cheerily,
merrily.
Check-cloud, I, 26, *adj.*, so high
as to reach into the clouds,
and thus check or impede
their course.
Chill, xix, 10, West Country
dialectal form for I will.
Chirurgion, IV, 25, *sb.*, surgeon.
Chops, IV, 20, *vb. pr.t.*, places in
exchange; A.S., *ceapian*.
Christide, xix, 12, *adj.*, Christ-
mastide.
Chuffes, II, 47, *sb. pl.*, old
mifers.
Churched, v, 35, *p.p.*, present in
church.
Cyuit, v, 16, *sb.*, civet fur.
Clapperdugeons, xv, 16, *sb. pl.*,
common beggars or rogues.
Clarks, xii, 18, *sb. pl.*, learned
men, scholars (unordained).
Clatteing, xxvii, 20, *read*
clattering.

GLOSSARY.

Cloid, iv, 25, <i>p.p.</i> , burdened, encumbered.	Compassing, iv, 7, <i>vb.</i> , catching, obtaining.
Clout, v, 43, <i>sb.</i> , rag.	Complexion, xiv, 23, <i>sb.</i> , condition.
Clouts, xii, 4, <i>sb. pl.</i> , rags, patches.	Complexion, xxvi, 98, <i>sb.</i> , preparation for the face.
“Clowte of a schoo, <i>Pistafium</i> .”— <i>Prompt. Parv.</i>	Complotted, i, 19, <i>vb. p.t.t.</i> , conspired, plotted. “ <i>Comploter</i> , to complot, conspire, combine or packe together.”—Cotgrave.
Cloy, ii, 9, <i>vb.</i> , stuff, clog.	Compotent, xix, 30, <i>adj.</i> , quietly, contentedly.
Cloyers, iv, 16, <i>sb. pl.</i> , a cant term for persons who claimed a share of the profits of sharpers.	Conceit, ii, 46, <i>sb.</i> , thought, fancy. A common use.
Clutter, x, 11, <i>sb.</i> , disturbance, tumult.	Congees, xvii, 29, <i>sb. pl.</i> , bows of salutation; Fr., <i>congé</i> .
Clyd, xv, 8, <i>p.p.</i> , stolen.	Connie, iii, 25, <i>sb.</i> , cony, here a term of endearment.
Cobweb Lawne, xii, 22, thin, transparent lawn.	Connycatch, ii, 13, <i>vb.</i> , cheat; literally, to catch a cony or rabbit.
Cockletaker, xv, 9, <i>sb.</i> , weed-gatherer.—See note.	Consen, iii, 15, <i>read</i> coufen.
Codpiece, ii, 53, <i>sb.</i> , an artificial protuberance in the breeches, explained by its name.	Consorts, vi, 17, <i>sb. pl.</i> , confederates, companions; Lat., <i>confortes</i> .
Cog, xxv, 24, <i>vb.</i> , cheat, swindle; cog a die, to load, or play with loaded, dice.	Conster, viii, 37, <i>vb.</i> , understand.
Coile, viii, 28, <i>sb.</i> , bustle, disturbance.—See also Quoyle; and cf. <i>Timon</i> , I. ii., and <i>Much Ado</i> , III. iii.	Containe, xxii, 24, <i>vb.</i> , fill.—See note.
Collop, iv, 9, <i>sb.</i> , literally, a slice or rather of bacon; hence, generally, a portion, part.	Contentation, xv, 23, <i>sb.</i> , contentment.
Combustious, xvii, 29, <i>adj.</i> , boisterous, rough.	Controule, i, 14, <i>vb.</i> , surpasse, overcome.
Compact, iv, 28, <i>p.p.</i> , in agreement with, in league with.	Conuerse, x, 44, <i>vb. imper.</i> , be familiar, mix; i, 25, abide, dwell; Lat., <i>conversari</i> .
Compacted, viii, 27, <i>p.p.</i> , composed, framed; Lat., <i>compactum</i> .	

B

GLOSSARY.

- Coofen, II, 83, *sb.*, a coufin, also a cheat.
- Coofnage, II, 83, *sb.*, coufinship, cheating.
- Copesmates, IV, 9, *sb. pl.*, companions, mates. The word occurs in *Tom Tell-Trothes New-Yeares Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 17, l. 21—
 "Their husbandes with other of their *cofesmates*."
- Corporall, I, 42, *adj.*, bodily, corporeal. Shakspere always uses the form corporal, as in *Macbeth*, I. iii., 81, and I. vii., 80; Milton has both forms, as in *Paradise Lost*, iv. 585, and *Samson Agonistes*, 616.
- Corpes, I, 55, *sb.*, body.
- Corfe, VI, 13, *sb.*, corpse.
- Cofonage, IV, 20, *sb.*, cheating.
- Cofoning, IV, 4, *adj.*, fwindling, cheating.
- Counter, XII, 6, *sb.*, place of imprisonment for debt.
- Coufen, Couffe, III, 15, Cusse, III, 18, *sb.*, coufin.
- Coxcombe, XXIV, 5, *sb.*, fool's head.
- Cracker, XIX, 24, *sb.*, *crepitus ventris*.
- Crake, XI, 27, *vb. pt.t.*, creaked, groaned.
- Cratch, I, 48, *sb.*, cradle.—Cf. Nares.
- Crest-fall, XIV, 44, *sb.*, a disorder of the crest or rising part of a horse's neck.
- Croanes, II, 20, *sb. pl.*, literally, old sheep, thence applied in an opprobrious sense to *old women*.
- Crome, IV, 28, *sb.*, a staff with a hook at the end.—Cf. Tusser, ed. Herrtage, ch. 17, ft. 19.
- Crosbit, IV, 26, *vb. pt.t.*, Crossbitten, IV, 28, *p.p.*, fwindled, cheated.
- Crof-leffe, II, 34, *adj.*, penniless, moneyless. From the early English coins having on the one side a *cross*: the other side was termed the *pile*, hence the game of *cross-and-pile*, equivalent to our *heads-and-tails*.
- Crosse, III, 10, *adj.*, unlucky, bad.
- Crosse-and-pile, II, 64, a game.—See Crof-leffe.
- Crosse-bard, X, 6, *adj.*, with cross stripes.
- Crosse-biting, IV, 3, *vb.*, cheating, fwindling.
- Crosse-consumers, III, 10, *vb. pl.*, money spenders.—See Crosse.
- Cross-row, XXVII, 55, *sb.*, the alphabet. "A is the name of the first letter in the *Cross-row*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Crowches, XV, 35, *sb. pl.*, crutches.
- Crowne-scab, XIV, 44, *sb.*, scab on the head of a horse.

GLOSSARY.

- Crue, III, 3, *sb.*, crew, company.
- Cunning-man, XVII, 20, *sb.*, a fortune-teller. The term is not yet quite obsolete.
- Curbar, IV, 28, *sb.*, a thief who hooked and stole things out of a window.
- Curde, XII, 13, *p.p.*, cured.
- Currant, XXIII, 32, *adj.*, current coin, the real article, genuine.
- Cursary, XV, 24, *adj.*, moveable.
- Curtailles, XV, 51, *sb. pl.*, Curtall-iade, XVI, 44, dock-tailed horses.—Cf. Nares.
- Customed, IV, 23, *p.p.*, filled with customers.
- DAILY, XXVI, 6, *read* dally.
- Daining, I, 4, *vb.*, deigning, condescending.
- Dainty, III, 34, *adj.*, valued, pleasant.
- Day is broke, VIII, 8, to break day is to fail to make payment on the appointed day.
- Deane, II, 19, good deane, good evening, or good night, a salutation used at any hour after noon.
- Deaths-man, I, 31, *sb.*, slayer, one who inflicts a death-stroke.
- Debate, XXVI, 134, *sb.*, quarrel, dispute.
- De'e, III, 11, may it do you, III, 15, do you.
- Deferre, X, 43, *vb. imper.*, put off.
- Defie, II, 54, *vb.*, reject, refuse. "To defye: *despicere*."—*Cathol. Anglicum*.
- Denai'd, I, 27, *p.p.*, denied.
- Descent, XI, 26, *adj.*, becoming; Lat., *decentem*.
- Descry, XV, 13, *vb.*, describe; O. Fr., *descrire*; Fr., *décrire*.
- Destation, XXVII, 46, *sb.*, *read* detestation, as required by the metre.
- Detter, III, 39, *sb.*, debtor (by not returning the pledge in wine).
- Dide, I, 46, *vb. p.p.*, died.
- Dietie, I, 52, *sb.*, Deity.
- Ding, XXVI, 79, *vb.*, strike, knock, A.S.
- Direction, XXVII, 52, *sb.*, one to point out the road, to show the direction, a guide.
- Discovered, XV, 53, *p.p.*, informed on, disclosed.—Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, II. ii., 190—
"I shall *discover* a thing to you."
- Discry, XXVII, 44, *vb.*, discover, descry.
- Digest, XIV, 25, Disiest, II, 75, *vb.*, digest.
- Disgraft, I, 18, *p.p.*, brought into disgrace, or made of little value.
- Dispend, XIV, 15, *vb.*, spend. "To dispende *ubi* to expend."—*Cathol. Anglicum*.

GLOSSARY.

- Dispose, XIV, 15, *sb.*, fort, class, nature, disposition.
- Dispossed, XXII, 18, *read* dispossessed, as required by the metre.
- Dispute, II, 82, *vb.*, argue, prove.
- Distaste, XXIV, 24, *sb.*, offence.
- Dolours, I, 27, *sb.*, griefs.
- Donne, I, 38, *p.p.*, done, put.
- Doot, XVII, 38, *vb.*, do it, suffice for it.
- Doubt, X, 26, *vb.*, fear; the usual meaning of the word in Old English.
- Doxie, XV, 7, *sb.*, a mistress, a prostitute.
- Drabbe, V, 31, *sb.*, woman of loose character.
- Dranke, II, 9, *vb. p.t.*, tasted. This verb is always used by Rowlands and Ben Jonson in connection with tobacco, with the meaning of *fmoke*.
- Drawer, III, 12, *sb.*, waiter, attendant.
- Drome, VI, 19, *sb.*, drum.
- Dry-fat, II, 66, *sb.*, receptacle, store. "*Enfonser de la marchandise en de tonneaux*. To packe vp wares into Dryfats, or Tunnes."—Cotgrave.
- Dry-weepe, II, 81, *vb.*, dry, wipe dry.
- Dub, XX, 19, (?)
- Dublets, XIII, 13, *sb.*, a game resembling back-gammon, but simpler. "*Renette*: A game at Tables of some resemblance with our Doublets, or Queenes Game."—Cotgrave.
- Dudgeon, IV, 44, *sb.*, the root of the box, from which the handles of daggers were frequently made. —Cf. *Macbeth*, II. i.
- Dukcats, X, 6, *sb. pl.*, ducats.
- Dyet, XVI, 17, *sb.*, take the dyet, be put under *regimen*.
- EARNEST, IV, 14, *sb.*, money given to bind a bargain, a deposit.
- Earst, VI, 34, *adv.*, first, formerly.
- E'faith, III, 15, *efayth*, III, 39, in faith, faith.
- Eke, I, 5, *adv.*, also; A.S., *eac*.
- Embrued, VIII, 13, *p.p.*, set, embossed.
- Encounter, XII, 4, *vb.*, meet; Fr., *encontre*.
- Enditement, XXVI, 4, *sb.*, indictment, accusation.
- Enlarge, VI, 4, *vb.*, free, set at liberty.
- Enfew'd, VI, 11, *vb. p.t.*, followed, ensued.
- Enstaulement, XV, 49, *sb.*, installation, admission.
- Entermedle, XVI, 24, *vb.*, meddle, interfere.
- Erie, II, 33, Ery, VIII, 21, *adj.*, every.

GLOSSARY.

- Espouseth, xv, 55, *vb. pr.t.*, gives in marriage.
- Estredge, xi, 11, Estrige, x, 9, *sb.*, ostrich.
- Evidence, i, 52, *vb.*, give witness of, prove.
- Exigents, xxvi, 5, *sb. pl.*, exigencies, cases.
- Expected, xxvi, 67, *p.p.*, waited for, looked for.
- Extasies, xv, 22, *sb. pl.*, agitation of mind. The word is used by Shakspere to express any mental emotion or disturbance.—Cf. *Macbeth*, III. ii, 22; and *Tempest*, III. iii, 108.
- Extirpe, xv, 10, *vb.*, extirpate, root out.
- Eyde, xxvi, 18, *p.p.*, eyed, seen.
- FACT, i, 46, *sb.*, deed; Latin, *factum*.
- Facultie, vi, 14, *sb.*, profession, trade. We still speak of the *faculty* of medicine, &c.
- Fained, xxv, 6, *p.p.*, feigned.
- Faitors, iv., 40, *sb. pl.*, lazy vagabonds.
- Falchon, ii, 8, *sb.*, a dagger, rapier. "*Fauchon*: A fauchion, curtleax, or hangar."—Cotgrave.
- Falling-band, v, 28, *sb.*, neckbands, worn so as to fall on the shoulder; very common in the seventeenth century.
- Falne, xxvi, 71, *p.p.*, fallen.
- Famoufing, xxvii, 5, *vb.*, the making famous, celebrating.
- Fantafie, iv, 31, *sb.*, mind, fancy.
- Fardest, ii, 83, *adj.*, furthest, latest.
- Fart, ii, 39, *sb.*, *crepitus ventris*.
- Farthingal, xv, 25, Farthing-gale, iii, 10, *sb.*, a hoop petticoat.
- Fashions, v, 28, *sb. pl.*, (1) the fashions in dress; (2) the farcy in horses.—See note.
- Fatchon, ii, 8, *read* Falchon, q.v.
- Fawne, xx, 14, *sb.*, fawning, flattery.
- Fayre, iii, 13, *sb.*, fare, food.
- Feare, viii, 35, *vb. imper.*, frighten, terrify. Compare *Merchant of Venice*, II. i, 9—
"This aspect of mine
Hath feared the valiant."
- Featly, xi, 20, *adv.*, skilfully, cunningly, neatly. "Featly, *scite, concinne*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Feather, xxiii, 3, *sb.*, feathered creatures, birds.
- Fell, i, 13, *adj.*, fierce, cruel.
- Fellow, iii, 41, *sb.*, equal.
- Felly, xxii, 33, *adv.*, cruelly, fearfully.
- Fift, i, 16, *num. adj.*, the fifth; A.S., *fifta*.
- Filchman, xv, 17, *sb.*, a beggar's staff or truncheon, formerly

GLOSSARY.

- carried by the *upright* man.—
Cf. Harman, ed. Furnivall,
p. 4.
- Fine, I, 5, *sb.*, end; Fr., *fin*, from
Lat., *finem*.
- Flaggy, xxvii, 41, *adj.*, flapping,
waving.
- Flat-caps, xvi, 11, *sb. pl.*, a par-
ticular form of cap worn by
the citizens of London, and
hence a nickname, which be-
came a general term of de-
rision.
- Fleering, xvii, 28, *adj.*, grinning,
sneering.
- Flout, iii, 42, *vb.*, insult, mock—
“Why will you suffer her to *flout* me
thus.”
Midsummer Night's Dream, III. ii.,
327.
- Fob'd, xxvi, 78, *p.p.*, cheated,
deceived.
- Foe-harted, I, 6, *adj.*, with enmity
in his heart.
- Foists, iv, 16, *sb. pl.*, sharpers.
- Foole-case, ii, 37, *adj.*, enclosing
or casing in a fool.
- Foredone, I, 45, *p.p.*, undone,
exhausted, ruined.
- Foreflow, xxvi, 11, *vb.*, to delay,
be slow—
“*Foreflow* no longer, make we hence
again.”
3rd Henry VI., II. iii., 56.
- Forfaits, I, 19, *sb.*, penalty.
- Forraine, ii, 46, *adj.*, foreign.
- Forth, vi, 11, *prep.*, forth from,
proceeding from.
- Fough, xiii, 16, *inter.*, an ejacu-
lation of disgust; here, a smell.
- Fox-furd, xv, 14, *adj.*, in robes
lined with fur.
- Foyling, ii, 15, *vb.*, fencing, or
perhaps defiling himself with.
- Fraught, xvi, 36, *p.p.*, loaded,
furnished.
- Fraughts, xxv, 15, *vb. pr.t.*,
freights, loads.
- Freise-gowne, ii, 8, *adj.*, coarsely
clad.
- Fretted, ii, 5, *p.p.*, a term applied
to stringed instruments.
- Fround, x, 3, *vb. pt.t.*, frowned.
- Frumps, iv, 37, *sb. pl.*, lies,
stories.
- Fubbing, iv, 8, *vb.*, deceiving,
putting off.—See Fob'd.
- Fullams, ii, 59, *sb. pl.*, loaded
dice; there were *fullams* high
and low, meaning those in-
tended to show the high or
low numbers—
“Gourd and *fullam* holds.”
Merry Wives of Windsor, I. iii., 94.
- Fyle, v, 30, *vb.*, foil, defile.
- GAGE, ii, 76, *vb. pr.t.*, measure,
gauge.
- Gaggling, xxv, 30, *adj.* Halli-
well says—“Cackling, laughing
immoderately,” but rather
meaning gossiping, talkative.

GLOSSARY.

- Gaile, I, 44, *sb.*, gaol, prison.
- Gainecope, IV, 26, *vb.*, meet with, join.
- Galliardes, III, 19, *s. pl.*, a quick and lively dance, introduced about 1541.
- Galligascoigne, XV, 27, *sb.*, wide loose breeches.—Cf. Nares.
- Garded, XXIV, 12, *p. p.*, faced, trimmed.—See Begarded.
- “I garde a garmente, I sette one garde upon hym, *je benda.*”
Palgrave.
- “A fellow in a long motley coat guarded with yellow.”
Henry VIII., Prologue, l. 16.
- Garnisht, I, 5, *p. p.*, adorned, deckt with flars.
- Gaule, I, 49, *sb.*, gall.
- Gesse, III, 16, Ghesse, XX, 32, *vb. imper.*, guefs, fuggest.
- Gest, XIX, 18, *p. p.*, gueffed.
- Gests, I, 27, *sb. pl.*, guefts.
- Gill, XI, 21, *sb.*, a lazy vagabond.
Cf. *Tom Tell-Troth*, ed. Furnivall, p. 127, l. 494—
“It brings into my fight a lazie gill.”
- Ginglers, V, 27, *sb. pl.*, ornaments worn on spurs to increase the rattle or gingle.
- Gird, IV, 38, *sb.*, farcafyn, fneer.
- Gleeke, IV, 17, *sb.*, had the gleeke, had been fwindled; *gleek* was a game of cards, and *to gleeke* was a term expreffive of gaining an advantage; *to be gleekeed* was the reverfe.
- Gloze, XI, 15, *vb.*, pretend, make up.—Cf. Shakspere, *Richard II.*, II. i., 10.
- Gor-belled (*read* Gorbellied), II, 84, *adj.*, fat-bellied. “*Aqualiculus*, a paunch, a gorbellie guts.”—Baret’s *Alvearie*, 1580.
“*Gorbellied* knaves.”
Shakspere, *1st Henry IV.*, ii. 2.
- Gorge, XXVII, 41, *sb.*, throat.
- Greene, I, 10, *sb.*, grafz.
- Greeues, XXIII, 27, *sb. pl.*, griefs, troubles.
- Grew, XXIII, 6, *vb. pt. t.*, arofe, were occafioned.
- Gripple, XIV, 38, *adj.*, greedy, rapacious, grafping; one who *gripes* or grafps at things.
- Groutnols, XXV, 22, *sb.*, thick-head.
- Gudgin, IV, 12, *sb.*, gudgeon, hence bait.
- Guerdon, I, 17, *sb.*, reward, return; Fr., *guerdon*.
- Gugaw, IV, 21, *sb.*, gew-gaw, plaything.
- Guift, II, 23, *sb.*, gift.
- Gufing, XXVI, 95, *adj.*, guzzling, drinking, drunken.
- HACKNING, XIII, 18, *vb.*, letting out for hire, as hackney horfes.
- Had, VIII, 12, have had.
- Haggard, IV, 7, *sb.*, a wild hawk; Fr., *hagard*.
- Haires, XXVI, 81, *sb. pl.*, heirs.

GLOSSARY.

- Hammes, xx, 20, *sb. pl.*, legs.
 Hand-smooth, xi, 19, *adv.*, without difficulty or trouble.
 Hants, xvi, 22, *vb. pr.t.*, haunts, dogs.
 Hart-launcing, i, 50, *adj.*, heart-piercing.
 Hatches, xxvi, 80, *sb. pl.*, openings, gates.
 Haw, xiv, 44, *sb.*, an excrescence in the eye. Halliwell quotes from the Thornton MS., l. 285: "The *haw* in the eghe."
 Haynous, xiii, 3, *adj.*, dreadful, heinous. "*Haineux*: Hateful, detestable, most odious."—Cotgrave.
 Hearbe-grace, viii, 24, *sb.*, rue.
 Heard, xxii, 18, *sb.*, herd.
 Heare, v, 28, *sb.*, hair.
 Hearinges, ii, 79, *sb. pl.*, herrings.
 Heartiest, i, 37, *adj.*, severest, most heartrending.
 Heate, vi, 14, *sb.*, to *strike a heat* is a technical phrase, and equivalent to doing any smith's work.
 Heather, xiv, 36, *adv.*, hither, here.
 Hight, xxii, 25, *vb. pt.t.*, was called, named; A.S., *hatan*, to call.
 Hob-nailes, xx, 25, *sb. pl.*, clowns, country folk.
 Holfome, vi, 25, *adj.*, healthy, sound.
 Home, xiii, 14, *adv.*, to the point, straight. We still use the phrase "to strike *home*."
 Hooker, iv, 28, *sb.*, a shoplifter. Called in Harrison's *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 283, "hookers, or anglers."—See Curbar.
 Horn-book, xxvii, 55, *sb.*, a single sheet, protected with horn, from which children learnt their alphabet.—See note.
 Horfe-courfers, xv, 3, *sb. pl.*, horfe-dealers—
 "He can horfe you as well as all the *corfers* in the towne."—Palsgrave.
 Horsecourfing, iv, 14, *vb.*, horfe-dealing.
 Hospitall, iv, 26, *sb.*, house; Lat., *hospitium*.
 Hostes, xxiii, 16, *sb.*, hostes.
 Hot-cockles, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game in which one person is blindfolded, and lies down on his face; and being struck by the other players, must guess who is the striker. Cotgrave gives "*A bouchon*: Groueling, lying with his teeth downe-ward; or, couched vpon his face; as hee is that lyes downe at the play called Hot-cocle."
 Hower, i, 7, *sb.*, hour, moment.
 Howerly, ii, 5, *adv.*, hourly.
 Hoyes, xv, 34, *sb. pl.*, small vessells or barks, sloop-rigged.

GLOSSARY.

- Hoyfe, x, 7, bobbing up and down.
- Huffes, II, 47, *sb. pl.*, swaggers.
- Hugh and crie, xv, 46, hue and cry.
- Humane, I, 12, *adj.*, human, earthly. This is the usual spelling in Shakspeare and writers of that time.
- Husbands, VIII, 7, *sb. pl.*, husbandmen.
- I, *passim*, *interj.*, ay.
- I, iv, 4, *pers. pr.* This pronoun is frequently repeated, as here, "I know not I;" and again, p. 6, "I tell not I."
- Iacobus, XXIII, 19, *sb.*, a gold coin of the value of twenty-five shillings, issued in the reign of James I.
- Iakes-farmer, iv, 28, *sb.*, a privy-cleaner.
- Iampasse, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disease of horses.
- Iar, XXIII, 20, *sb.*, quarrel, contention.
- Iarre, XII, 12, *vb. pr. t.*, chatter, jangle.
- Iarring, xxv, 28, *vb.*, quarrelling.
- Ieate, II, 78, *sb.*, jet.
- Ietting, II, 71, *adj.*, stalking, strutting.
- "To jet in others det."
- Tusser, *Five Hundred Points*, ed. Herbage, 113, 38.
- Impart with, iv, 41, *vb.*, tell, communicate.
- Impes, xxvi, 79, *sb. pl.*, literally a shoot, or branch of a tree; hence young children, not necessarily in the modern sense.
- Imploiment, I, 3, *sb.*, employment, use.
- Impof'd, xvii, 25, *p. p.*, composed.
- In a doore, XIII, 32, indoors.
- Inable, II, 78, *vb.*, enable.
- Incontinent, xxii, 42, *adv.*, at once, immediately.
- In-countring, xxv, 26, *adj.*, a pun on the word, a *counter* being a debtor's prison.
- Indifferent, XIII, 21, *adj.*, impartial. Thus in the prayer for Magistrates, &c., in the Litany, we find, "that they may truly and *indifferently* administer justice," &c.
- Ingrate, xvi, 27, *adj.*, ungrateful; Lat., *ingratus*. So Shakspeare uses "infortunate, incertain, indigested," &c.
- Inlarging, I, 44, *pr. p.*, freely setting at liberty.
- Inlarg'd, xxvii, 18, *p. p.*, freed, released.
- Ins, II, 53, in his.
- Infconfe, II, 41, *vb.*, shelter.
- Infence, I, 10, xxii, 49, *vb.*, give the meaning, inspire, incite, urge.

C

GLOSSARY.

- Infant, xxii, 39, *adv.*, instantly, at once.
 Inftaulment, xv, 49.—Cf. Enftaulment.
 Interpret, x, 20, *vb.*, interfere.
 Intrateth, xii, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, begs, intreats.
 Intrest, i, 19, *sb.*, use, share in.
 Iordan, iv, 28, *sb.*, a chamber pot. It occurs in the *Prompt. Parv.*, p. 267.
 Iourney, xxv, 12, *sb.*, a day or whole day, a day's work or labour, a day's travel or journey.
 Iourny-man, xxiii, 9, *sb.*, workman, journeyman, one who works by the day; Fr., *journée*; Lat., *diurnus*.
 Iowle, xvii, 19, *sb.*, cheek bone. "Chaule-bone: *mandibula*."—*Prompt. Parv.*
 Iowl, xvi, 30, *vb.*, jolt, shake.
 Ioyes, xvi, 26, *vb. pr.t.*, delights, finds pleasure.
 Irish, ii, 64, *sb.*, an old game resembling backgammon, but more complicated.
 Island, x, 6, *sb.*, Iceland.
 Isles, ii, 46, *sb. pl.*, aisles.
 Ittire, x, 15, *read* attire, drefs.
 Iudious, xx, 8, (?) judicious.
 Iustell, x, 14, *vb.*, jostle.
 Iybe, xi, 20, *vb.*, jest, joke.
 KEEPE, xxiii, 3, xvi, 6, *vb. pr.t.*, keep up, follow, observe, use.
 Kemming, ii, 72, *vb.*, combing.
 Kidnes, xxiii, 25, *sb. pl.*, kidneys.
 Kin, xxiii, 15, *sb.*, relationship.
 Kerfie, xii, 6, *adj.*, a woollen cloth, originally made at Kersey, in Surrey.
 Kindly, i, 3, *adj.*, natural, native. Cf. "the *kindly* fruits of the earth," *i.e.*, the natural fruits; A.S., *cynn*.
 Kind-ment, i, 14, *adj.*, offered or meant in kindness or love.
 Kirtle, vi, 14, *sb.*, a term applied at different periods to different garments, male or female, petticoat, jacket, gown.
 Knight of the Post, v, 22, *sb.*, properly, a man who gained his living by giving false evidence on trials, or false bail; in a secondary sense, a sharper in general.
 LACKE, ii, 76, *vb. imper.*, be poor, be in need.
 Lackes, xiii, 2, *vb. pr.t.*, is lacking, wanting.
 Langrets, ii, 59, *sb. pl.*, dice-loaded, so as to come up 4 or 3 more often than any other number; the opposite to *Bard-quarter trays*.

GLOSSARY.

- Lant-horne, II, 12, *sb.*, a lanthorn.
- Laps, XXVI, 74, *vb. pr.t.*, involves, rolls up. "To lap: *involvere*."
—*Cathol. Anglicum*.
- Lasse, II, 39, *sb.*, a flux, diarrhoea.
- Laze, xv, 17, *vb. pr.t.*, loiter, are lazy. "*Endormir*: To laze it when he hath most need to looke about him."—Cotgrave.
- Leawd, vi, 23, *adj.*, lewd, foolish, ignorant; A.S., *lewed*.
- Leefe, III, 17, *vb.*, lose, be without.
- Legge, XIX, 28, *sb.*, bow—
"Make a curtesie instead of a *legge*."
Lilly, ed. 1632, sign. P. xi.
- Leman, iv, 29, *sb.*, mistress.
"Lemman: *concubina, amasia*."
—*Prompt. Parv.* See Mr. Way's note, p. 295.
- Let, xv, 3, *vb.*, prevent, hinder.
- Leuell, XIX, 3, *sb.*, aim.
- Lickpenie, iv, 23, *sb.*, money-swallower, one that licks up the pence, an epithet of London.
- Lift, iv, 16, *sb.*, thief; the term still survives in the expression "shop-lifter."
- Light, XXVII, 42, *vb.*, alight, dismount.
- Liker, XIII, 8, *adj.*, more like, more resembling.
- Liket, XVII, 29, *p.p.*, liked, agreeable.
- Lim, iv, 14, *sb.*, limb.
- Lime-bush, XXVI, 128, *sb.*, a branch smeared with birdlime.
- Linckt, I, 8, *p.p.*, linked, joined.
- Lift, XXVII, 63, *sb.*, inclination, will; at a lift, at my will.
- Lob, XIII, 24, *sb.*, lubber, clown.
- Loggets, II, 64, *sb.*, a game in which, a stake being fixed in the ground, the players throw *loggats* (or small pieces of wood) at it, and he that throws nearest is the winner. The game was prohibited in Henry VIII.'s time.
- Loosed, I, 23, *p.p.*, loosed, set free.
- Loure, XIII, 5, *vb. pr.t.*, looked discontented, scowled.
- Lute-pins, XVI, 10, *sb. pl.*, wooden pins for tightening the strings of lutes.
- Lyn'd, II, 7, *p.p.*, lined; here, having only a penny in his purse.
- MACH'T, XIII, 27, *p.p.*, matched, mated.
- Maggot-pye, XXIII, 4, *sb.*, the magpie. "*Pie*, meggatapye."
—Cotgrave. Prov. English, from *mag, maggot, Meg, Maggie, Margery, Margaret*, and *pie*; Lat., *pica*.
- Make, xv, 5, *sb.*, halfpenny.
- Make-bate, XIX, 34, *sb.*, a quarrelsome person. "A *make-bate*,

GLOSSARY.

- a busie-bodie, a pick-thanke, a seeke-trouble."—Florio, *New Worlde of Wordes*, 89.
- Malapert, xxvi, 66, *adj.*, insolent.
- Male-contented, xiii, 31, *adj.*, discontented, malcontent.
- Malignant, xxiii, 9, *adv.*, badly, ill.
- Mallice, v, 43, *vb.*, *imper.*, feel or act maliciously towards, spite.
- Maltmans, xvii, 34, *sb.*, maltster's.
- Mand, xxiii, 16, *p.p.*, attended, supported.
- Mandilions, xvi, 13, *sb. pl.*, loose garments generally without, but sometimes with, sleeves hanging at the back. They are mentioned by Harrison in his *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 168.
- Mar'd, iii, 20, *p.p.*, spoilt, ruined.
- Marry and gip, iii, 37.—See note.
- Maflies, xv, 52, *sb. pl.*, mastiffs.
- Mates, xxvii, 83, *sb. pl.*, checks, disappointments.
- Maugre, xxvi, 5, *adv.*, in spite of.
- Maul, xi, 22, *sb.*, hammer, mallet.
- Mault-mans Hall, ii, 77, liquor.
- Maunders, xv, 7, *sb. pl.*, beggars.
- Maw, ii, 64, *sb.*, an old game, played with a piquet pack of 36 cards, and any number of players from two to six.
- Mayne, xi, 18, *sb.*, mainland, land.
- Meane, xxii, 15, *sb.*, means, source.
- Meature, iii, 13, *sb.*, meteor.
- Memorize, xi, 20, *vb.*, render memorable, record, hand down to memory.
- Merite, i, 49, *vb.*, merit reward.
- Messe, xiii, 17, *sb.*, party. A party of four dining together were called a *meffs*, a term still retained in the army.
- Middest, iv, 15, *sb.*, midst, middle.
- Moiling, viii, 44, *pr.p.*, toiling, labouring; Lat., *moliri*.
- Mome, xiii, 28, *sb.*, idiot, fool; Lat., *momus*.
- Moncky-waft, v, 28, *sb.*, (?)
- Monefull, i, 49, *adj.*, mournful, grievous.
- Moneth, iv, 25, *sb.*, month; A.S., *monath*, *month*.
- Mony-bag, viii, 30, *sb.*, miser.
- Most an end, xv, 41, generally, usually.
- Moyling, xvi, 23, *sb.*, hard work.
- Mumbling, xv, 11, *pr.p.*, chewing.
- Mumming, iv, 13, *vb.*, cheating, swindling.
- Mur, xvii, 19, *sb.*, a severe cold, with hoarfenefs.
- Muse, iii, 15, *vb. pr.t.*, wonder.
- Muskie-gentle, viii, 13, *sb.*, scented dandy.
- Myery, xxiv, 5, *adj.*, covered with mud or mire; A.S., *mîr*.

GLOSSARY.

- Myferable, v, 46, *adj.*, miserly, niggardly.
- NAUGHT, II, 30, *adj.*, bad, naughty.
- Nauill-gall, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disease of the navel in horses.
- Neather, viii, 35, *conj.*, neither.
- Neereneffe, xxiii, 30, *sb.*, near relationship, intimacy.
- Neeffe, xx, 13, *vb. pr.t.*, sneeze—
"As a horse doth hartie neefes."
 Tom Tell Troth's *New Yeares Gift*, ed. Furnivall, p. 77, l. 2.
- Nere, vi, 30, *adv.*, never, not.
- Nere-like, xxii, 51, *adj.*, such as had never been before, unprecedented.
- New-cut, xiv, 48, *sb.*, a game at cards—
"New-cut at cardes brings some to beggarie."
 Tom Tell Troth's *Message*, ed. Furnivall, p. 119, l. 249.
- Newlie, iii, 24, *adv.*, just now, lately.
- Nice, iii, 22, *adv.*, daintily, with affectation.
- Niceneffe, xxvi, 257, *sb.*, daintiness, fastidiousness.
- Nick, xvi, 12, *sb.*, an indented bottom in an ale-can, by which the consumer was cheated out of a certain amount of the liquor.
- Nickpots, iv, 22, *sb. pl.*, stealers of pots from ale-houses.
- Nic'kt, xxv, 40, *p.p.*, with dents in the sides, so as to give unjust measure.
- Nie, I, 20, *adj.*, nigh, near at hand.
- Night Rauens, xxiii, 7, *sb. pl.*, night birds; a cant term for prostitutes.
- Nip, II, 13, *vb.*, steal, snatch, a cant term; "to nyp a bounge," to steal a purse.—Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 84.
- Nips, iv, 16, *sb. pl.*, pickpockets.
- Nitmongers, iv, 44, *sb. pl.*, (?)
- Nittie, II, 18, Nitty, II, 72, *adj.*, full of nits or eggs of lice, nasty.
- Noddie, II, 64, *sb.*, Noddy, xiii, 13, *sb.*, a game at cards, by some supposed to be the same as cribbage.—See *The Complete Gamester*, 1682, p. 76, and a description of it in Halliwell.
- Noddy, xiii, 10, *sb.*, simpleton.
- Nominicates, II, 63, *vb. pr.t.*, calls, denominates.
- Notes, xxiv, 1, *sb. pl.*, marks, signs.
- Nought, xiv, 8, *adj.*, wicked, naughty (? read *naught*).
- Novum, xiii, 13, *sb.*, a game at dice, played by five or six persons.
- OAST, xxiv, 21, *sb.*, host.
- Obiect, xiv, 5, *adj.*, mean, miserable (? read *abject*).

GLOSSARY.

- Obiected, I, 16, *p.p.*, urged as a plea, pleaded.
- Obuiated, XIV, 37, *vb. pt.t.*, met.
- O'rehatcht, XXVI, 79, *p.p.*, covered, marked all over.
- On's, XVII, 19, ones, people.
- Ore, XX, 7, *prep.*, over.
- Ore-face, XXVI, 76, *sb.*, opening, gash, orifice.
- Ore-macht, XIII, 22, *p.p.*, over-matched.
- Ore-slipt, XXVI, 78, *sb. pt.t.*, let slip, passed over.
- Orethron, XVII, 29, *p.p.*, over-thrown.
- Otherwhiles, XXII, 34, *adv.*, at other times, sometimes.
- Ought, I, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, aught, owned, had the right to.
- Ought, XIII, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, owed.
- Ougly, XXVI, 177, *adj.*, ugly.
- Out-face, XXVII, 53, *vb.*, surpass.
- Out worn, XXVII, 5, *p.p.*, outlived, outlasted.
- Ouergraft, IV, 43, *adj.*, overgrown with grafts.
- Ouer-hard, XV, 19, *p.p.*, overheard.
- Ouer-looke, XXIII, 23, *vb.*, examine into, investigate.
- Ouer-match, XVII, 4, *sb.*, superior.
- Ouer-nice, XII, 15, *adj.*, too particular, too dainty.
- Ouerweepe, I, 29, *vb. imp.*, weep ouer and ouer.
- Over-matchful, XXVII, 5, *adj.*, more than a match, superior.
- PADDER, XV, 7, *sb.*, a foot-pad.
- Padners, X, 18, *sb. pl.*, read Panders.
- Pain'd, XXII, 16, *p.p.*, troubled, afflicted.
- Paines, XXII, 16, *sb.*, trouble.
- Paintments, XXV, 15, *sb. pl.*, colours.
- Pantofles, IV, 35, *sb. pl.*, slippers, pattens. "*Se tenir sur le haut bout*, to stand vpon his pantofles, or on high tearmes." —Cotgrave, f.v., *Bout*.
- Paringshouell, XXIV, 5, *sb.*, a breast-plough.
- Paris-garden, XXIII, 13.—See note.
- Parled, XV, 11, *p.p.*, parleyed, talked; Fr., *parler*.
- Parasit, XI, 24, *sb.*, a parasite.
- Part, XXII, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, depart from, leave.—So Shakspeare, *Richard II.*, Act iii., sc. 3—
"Presently your souls must *part* your bodies."
- Passage, VIII, 39, *sb.*, an old game played with three dice.—See Halliwell, f.v.
- Passé, XX, 21, *vb.*, support, endorse, discount.
- Passé, XXIV, 7, *vb. pr.t.*, care. So Shakspeare, 2 *Henry VI.*, Act iv., sc. 2—
"As for these filken-coated slaves I *passé* not."
- Past, VIII, 6, *p.p.*, passed.

GLOSSARY.

- Patch, II, 8, *sb.*, fool. "Ital., *passo*; foolish, fond, mad, rash, doting, raving or simple; also, a foole, a gull, an idiot, a mad man, a naturall."—Florio, *New Worlde of Words*.
- Patner, IV, 44, *sb.*, read Partner.
- Paunch, II, 8, *vb.*, literally, to wound in the paunch or stomach; hence generally, to wound, stab.
- Pawne, XIII, 20, *sb.*, security; deposit.
- Payre, XVII, 6, *sb.*, pack of cards.
- Peaze, IV, 33, *sb.*, pea, the proper form of the singular noun; Lat., *pisum*.
- Peecemeale, II, 75, Peece-meale, VI, 13, *adv.*, by little pieces, by small quantities, piece by piece.
- Penthouse, II, 48, *sb.*, literally, that part of a roof which projects sufficiently to afford shelter to any walking under; hence, generally, shelter. A corruption of the French *appentis*, an appendage to a house, an out-house.
- Perfeuer, XXVI, 16, *vb.*, continue. The usual spelling of the time. The only instance in which it is spelt *persevere* in Shakspere is in *Lear*, III, 5, 23, where the quartos have it thus spelt.
- Pesterd, II, 47, *p.p.*, crowded, overloaded. "*Empefterer*, to pester, intricate, intangle, trouble, inkomber."—Cotgrave. So Tuffer, ch. 48, ft. 14—
- "Some *pester* the common with Jades and with sheep."
- Petit larciney, XV, 14, petty larceny, a small theft.
- Pickadilly, XXIII, 9, *sb.*—See note.
- Pickt-hatch, XVII, 32, *sb.*, a notorious haunt of prostitutes in Clerkenwell.
- Pilled, XV, 22, *p.p.*, pillaged, plundered.
- Pilling, XV, 44, *pr.p.*, pillaging, plundering.
- Pinchcruft, IV, 9, *sb.*, a miserly fellow.
- Pinching, I, 50, *adj.*, niggardly, mean.
- Pingling, III, 17, *sb.*, drinking by drops or with reluctance.
- Pippin squier, II, 39, equivalent to an Apple-squire, q.v.
- Pitch-fac'd, I, 28, *adj.*, dark as pitch, black.
- Picht, XI, 19, *vb. pt.t.*, set up, fixed. We still speak of *pitching* a tent; A.S., *pihtan*.
- Pith, VI, 14, *sb.*, strength, might. "Pyththy, of great substance, *substancieux*; pyththy, stronge, *puissant*."—Palsgrave.

GLOSSARY.

- Places, xxiv, 13, *sb. pl.*, passages, texts.
- Planakle, xix, 17, *sb.*, planet.
- Poaring, iv, 19, *pr.p.*, searching, hunting, peering, poring over.
- Poast, viii, 4, *sb.*, messenger, courier. So Shakspeare, *Coriolanus*, v. 6, 50—
- “Your native town you enter’d like a *post*.”
- Poast, xiv, 13, *sb.*, reckoning: originally the door-post on which the score was written.
- Point, xiii, 20, *vb.*, appoint, fix.
- Poking yron, viii, 12, *sb.*, an instrument for putting the plaits of a ruff in the proper form: originally made of wood or bone, afterwards of steel, so as to be used hot.
- Pollecie, ii, 43, *sb.*, craft, artifice, stratagem.
- Poll-euill, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disease of the head in horses.
- Polony shoe with a bel, xv, 23, (?)
- Pompion, xiv, 27, *sb.*, pumpkin.
- Port-cullice, ii, 25, *sb.*, a coin (halfpenny) issued in Elizabeth’s reign, having a port-cullis stamped on the reverse, as a mint-mark. Bacon refers to them in the Dedication to his *Essays*, 1st ed., 1597.
- Pose, xi, 19, *vb. pr.t.*, puzzle, a shortened form of *appose*; we still use the term a *poser* for an unanswerable problem, and the examiners at the Universities used to be called *posers*. See Harrison’s *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, I., 35. “Examyn or appofyn, or a-layyn (posyn, posen) examine.” —*Prompt. Parv.*
- Post ouer, xxvi, i 1, *vb.*, postpone, defer.
- Pottle, xiii, 6, *vb.*, a measure of two quarts, half-a-gallon.
- Poulder, ii, 60, *sb.*, powder.
- Poynado, xi, 17, *sb.*, dagger, poniard.
- Poynt, xvi, 38, *sb.*, at poynt to, on the point of.
- Prancke, xiii, 27, *sb.*, prank, trick.
- Preident, xi, 16, *sb.*, precedent, example. The same spelling occurs in the folio editions of Shakspeare, *Tempest*, ii. 1, 284.
- Preuent, xxii, 43, *vb.*, anticipate, come before; Lat., *preuenir*.
- Pricke, xiii, 22, *vb.*, do fancy needlework on, decorate.
- Pricklowfe, xxiii, 9, *sb.*, prick-loufe, a nickname for a tailor.
- Print, ii, 52, *adj.*, new print, literally, newly stamped, newly issued; hence generally, new.
- Prised, i, 21, *vb. pt.t.*, valued, priced.
- Procured, i, 9, *vb. pt.t.*, managed, secured.

GLOSSARY.

- Proper, III, 32, Propper, XIII, 17, *adj.*, handsome. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 288—
 "Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day."
 Cf. also Hebrews xi. 23.
 Prouant, IV, 12, *sb.*—See note.
 Prouoked, xv, 54, *p.p.*, incited, infligated.
 Pudding-house, xvi, 41, *sb.*, stomach.
 Pullen, xv, 17, *sb.*, poultry.
 Puncke, II, 16, *sb.*, a prostitute.
 Punie, IV, 26, *sb.*, a small creature, student. Freshmen at Oxford were called *punies of the first year*; Fr., *puissné*.
 Purchase, I, 19, *vb.* and *sb.*, to purchase, or a purchase, was applied not only to anything acquired in exchange for some valuable consideration, but also to things obtained in any way, whether honestly or dishonestly.
 Put by, xxii, 43, *p.p.*, pushed aside.
 Puts off, XII, 12, *vb. pr.t.*, takes off his hat, uncovers.
 QUACKSALUER, v, 15, *sb.*, quack.
 Qualified, I, 44, *p.p.*, softened, mitigated, tempered.
 Queane, II, 19, *sb.*, properly a woman, but generally applied to one of loose character; A.S., *cwæn*.
 Queasie, XIX, 38, *adj.*, delicate, dainty.
 Queller, xv, 16, *sb.*, destroyer; A.S., *cwellan*.
 Querrister, I, 25, *sb.*, chorister.
 Quite, xvi, 43, *vb.*, requite, repay.
 Quitter-bone, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a rotten, diseased bone in a horse, from which matter runs.
 Quires, I, 25, *sb.*, choirs.
 Quoile, x, 14, quoyle, III, 25, *sb.*, disturbance, tumult. The same as *Coile*. Cf. Fr. *cuelleté*, a tumult.
 Quoine, xiv, 4, quoyne, xx, 20, *sb.*, coin, money.
 RAILED, xv, 54, *p.p.*, having a neck-tie or cravat.—See note.
 Raine, IV, 40, *vb. imper.*, rein in, curb.
 Rakehels, xv, 45, *sb. pl.*, rakes, revellers.
 Ramd vp, xxvi, 15, *p.p.*, tightly fastened.
 Rampalion, IV, 29, *sb.*, a term of reproach, like our *rapsallion*, a violent fellow.
 Rancke, xxv, 35, *adj.*, great, noble.
 Randauow, xv, 48, *sb.*, rendezvous, meeting place.
 Rarely, XIX, 9, *adv.*, extraordinarily.

D

GLOSSARY.

- Rayf'd-velvet, XII, 3, *adj.*, striped velvet. "Cloth of rayes," striped cloth, is mentioned in *P. Plowman*, vii. 217.
- Re-edifie, xv, 26, *vb.*, rebuild; Lat., *re-edicare*.
- Reflecting, I, 51, *pr.p.*, turning back.
- Refrained, I, 39, *p.p.*, disregarded, kept away from.
- Relie, xxvi, 7, *vb.*, trust, allow to depend.
- Religious, xxvii, 66, *adj.*, one vowed to religion, a member of one of the religious orders, a monk.
- Resolue, III, 31, *vb. imper.*, settle, decide, satisfy.
- Retchlesly, iv, 46, *adv.*, carelessly; A.S., *ræcleas*.
- Retyr'd, I, 36, *p.p.*, drawn back; Fr., *retirer*, from Lat., *retrahere*.—Cf. *Tempest*, v. I, 310.
- Reuell-rout, xv, 50, riot.
- Reuoake, xi, 17, *sb.*, recall, recover; Lat., *revocare*.
- Reynaldo, v, 21, *sb.*, some species of wine.
- Rifle, xxiii, 19, *vb.*, to raffle.
- Rifeling, xxiii, 19, *sb.*, raffle.
- Ritch, xix, 6, *adj.*, rich.
- Roaring-boy, xxiii, 10, *sb.*, a bully.—See Nares.
- Rooke, x, 18, *vb. pr.t.*, cheat, swindle.
- Rowle, xix, 11, xx, 19, *sb.*, roll of tobacco (still in use).
- Rowt, viii, 5, *sb.*, crew, company. "*Route, f.*, a rutt, rowt, trooue, companie, multitude."—Cotgrave.
- Royfing, II, 4, *adj.*, riotous, blustering—
"They ruffle and *roist* it out."
Harrison's *Description of England*, New Shakspere Society, ed. Furnivall, i. 77.
- Ruffe, II, 64, *sb.*, a game at cards.
- Ruffe, II, 83, *sb.*, a ruff, frill.
- Ruffler, xv, 7, *sb.*, a robber of wayfaring men and market women.—Awdelay on Vagabonds, p. 3. See also Harman, ed. Furnivall, p. 30.
- Runnagate, xxvii, 37, *sb.*, run-away, coward.
- Ruffet, v, 11, *adj.*, made of coarse cloth of a dingy brown colour. Hence, "one clothed in ruffet" was equivalent to a countryman, rustic.
- Ruth, I, 28, *sb.*, grief.
- Ryfell, vi, 33, *vb. imper.*, rifle, plunder.
- SACK-POSSET, xxiii, 17, *sb.*, a drink of wine or treacle boiled with milk. A *posset* was usually taken before retiring to rest.—See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5.

GLOSSARY.

- Sadnesse, III, 29, *sb.*, seriousness.
 "Sad or fobyry wythe owte law-
 hyng: *Agelafter*."—*Prompt.*
Parv.
- Sallets, XX, 17, *sb. pl.*, salads.
 In the present instance it ap-
 pears to be equivalent to food
 not animal.
- Salt, XXVII, 17, *adj.*, witty.
 "Salt, a pleasant and merrie
 word that maketh folks to
 laugh, and sometime pricketh."
 —Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580. It
 is a literal translation of the
 Latin *salsus*, which was used
 in exactly the same sense.
- Salt, IV, 36, *sb.*, a salt-cellar.
- Saluing, I, 16, *adj.*, saving.
- Samen, XXIV, 6, *vb. pr. t.*, examine,
 question.
- Saunfbell, XV, 13, *sb.*, the
 Sanctus-bell, faint's-bell, or
 small bell of a church, which
 called to prayer and other
 offices.—See Halliwell, f.v.,
saint's-bell.
- Saugard, IV, 19, *sb.*, a riding-
 skirt, a large outer petticoat
 worn by females when riding
 to protect them from the dirt.
 —Halliwell.
- Say, XXVII, 29, *vb.*, attack, try,
 essay; but here most probably
 a misprint for slay.
- Scabbe, XXV, 30, *sb.*, breed a scabbe,
 cause a quarrel or diffension.
- Scalde pates, XV, 36, *adj.*, scabby
 heads, scald-heads.
- Scand, I, 16, *p. p.*, scanned, closely
 examined into.
- Scant, VI, 39, *adv.*, scarcely. So
 Bacon, *Table of Coulers*, 1—
 "The Epicure that will *scant* indure
 the Stoic to be in fight of him."
 Cf. also *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2.
- Scarffing, I, 28, *pr. p.*, concealing,
 covering.
- Scath, III, 42, *vb.*, injure, damage,
 hurt; A.S., *scætha*.
- Sconce, X, 15, *sb.*, overall,
 covering. The original mean-
 ing of sconce was a fort or
 fortification, a meaning which,
 taken figuratively, applies here.
- Scrappage, XV, 58, *sb.*—See
 fnappage.
- Scufe, VI, 27, *vb.*, excuse.
- Seame-rent, VI, 39, *adj.*, with
 clothes torn or ragged at the
 seams.
- Seandale, I, 7, *sb.*, read scandale,
 offence.
- Secure, I, 48, *adj.*, free from care;
 Lat., *securus*, from *se*=*sine*,
 without, and *cura*, care.
- Seedes-men, V, 9, *sb. pl.*, sowers.
- Seeke, XVI, 16, *vb.*, may be to
 seeke, may be wanting. Com-
 pare Tusser's *Five Hundred*
Points of Good Husbandry, ed.
 Herrtage, x. 24—
 "Their dinners be to *seeke*."

GLOSSARY.

- Seeley, xvii, 17, *adj.*, filly, foolish; A.S., *felig*.
- Sence, i, 23, *vb.*, perceive; Lat., *sentio*.
- Sent, xv, 13, *vb. pr.t.*, suppose, perceive.—See the preceding word.
- Sering, iv, 8, *sb.*, a syringe.
- Seruing-mand, xiv, 8, *p.p.*, turned into a serving-man.
- Set, viii, 12, *sb.*, fashion, condition, form.
- Shadowed, iv, 17, *vb. pt.t.*, followed like a shadow. Compare the use of the Latin *umbra* for a constant follower, one who never left you, who haunted you like your shadow.
- Shag, xvii, 32, *adj.*, shaggy, rough, "*Velu*, hairie, shag, nappie."—Cotgrave.
- "I will not write of sweatie, long, shag hair."
- Tom Tell Trothe*, ed. Furnivall, p. 120.
- Sharde, xxii, 37, *vb. pt.t.*, shared, enjoyed.
- Sharke, xvi, 3, *vb.*, swindle, defraud.
- Sheep-coat, xxvi, 40, *sb.*, sheepfold. "Schepecote, *Caula*."—*Prompt. Parv.*; A.S., *cot*.
- Shine, i, 20, *sb.*, brightness, glory.
- Shiuers, xxvi, 122, *vb. pl.*, splinters, pieces.
- Shot, xvi, 42, *sb.*, score, bill.
- Shoue-groate, ii, 64, *sb.*, now called shove-halfpenny. It consists in driving with a stroke of the palm of the hand a coin along a table, so as to stop between certain lines.
- Shriking, i, 6, *adj.*, shrieking.
- Shroe, xiii, 7, shrow, xi, 28, *sb.*, shrew.
- Sieth, xii, 12, sith, viii, 34, *sb.*, fcythe.
- Sike, iv, 39, *adj.*, such. The northern form of the word.
- Sin-frought, xxvi, 77, *p.p.*, sin-freighted, sin-laden.
- Singular, ii, 11, *adj.*, single, only; Lat., *singularis*.
- Sin-foylifide, xxvi, 86, *p.p.*, polluted with sin.
- Sir-reuerence, xiii, 16, human ordure.—See Halliwell, lv.
- Sife, iii, 12, *sb.*, kind, description.
- Sith, xxvi, 156, *conj.*, since.
- Sixe and seauen, xiii, 14, the cast of a die, chance. So in Tuffer, ch. x., fl. 60, we have "Setteth his foule upon six or on seauen."
- Sixt, xvi, 39, *num. adj.*, sixth.
- Skil, viii, 43, Skils, xiii, 35, *vb.*, to matter, be of consequence; it skils not = it matters not.
- Skinker, iii, 18, *sb.*, tapster, drawer. *Aquarius* is called a *skinker* in *Du Bartas*, p. 33.

GLOSSARY.

- Skriching, xv, 32, *sb.*, screeching, hooting.
- Slaues, xxiv, 3, *vb. pr.t.*, makes himself a slaue.
- Slopp, ii, 18, *sb.*, at different times a jacket or caffock, a shoe, a pair of breeches. Still retained in the vulgar "*stop-shop*," a shop for the sale of old clothes and *slops*, or cheap clothes.
- Smother, xxv, 14, *fmother*, xvii, 22, *sb.*, thick, stifling fmoke, properly of a fmouldering fire. Bacon uses "to pafs in fmother" for "to be stifled," in *Essay* xxvii; and "to keep in fmother" for "to stifle," in *Essay* xxxi. W. Mapes speaks of "fmoke and fmother," ed. Wright, p. 339.
- Smug the Smith, xiv, 44.—Compare *1st Henry IV.*, iii. 1, 102.
- Snap-haunce, xii, 6, *sb.*, a spring-lock or clasp.
- Snappage, snapping, iv, 16, *sb.*, a share in the profits of sharpening.
- Snarled, iv, 36, *p.p.*, snared, entangled. Cf. Spenser, *Faery Queen*, III., xii. 17—
"And from her head ofte rente her
 snarled heare."
- Snuffe, iii, 13, *vb.*, sneer, turn up its nose.
- Snye, xiv, 39, *vb.*, cut.
- Sod, ii, 9, *p.p.*, boiled; A.S., *seodan*.
- Some, xix, 11, *sb.*, sum, amount.
- Sound, xxiii, 34, *vb.*, swoon, faint.
- Sowce, xx, 13, *sb.*, the head, feet, and ears of fwine boiled and pickled.
- Sowing, xiv, 35, *pr.p.*, sewing, at needlework.
- Spawle, xx, 13, *vb. imper.*, to spit out with force.
- Speed, xxv, 5, *vb.*, succeed.
- Spent, vi, 23, *p.p.*, worn out, exhausted.
- Spight, xiii, 35, *sb.*, a spite, a grudge.
- Spittle, xx, 37, *sb.*, an hospital, lazaret-house. "*Spyttyle howse, leproforium*."—*Prompt. Parv.*
- Sprite, i, 24, *sb.*, spirit.
- Spurned, iv, 21, *vb. pt.t.*, kicked, stumbled against.
- Square, iv, 8, *sb.*, agreeing, "breake no square," makes no difference. Cf. "out of square."—*Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 3, 83.
- Squirils, v, 31, *sb. pl.*, prostitutes.
- Staid, xxiii, 16, *vb. pt.t.*, steadied, propped up, supported.
- Stale, xv, 53, *sb.*, decoy, confederate.
- Stander, xv, 53, *sb.*, one who stands sentinel for the Padder while he robs.

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- Starueling, xiv, 23, *sb.*, a poor, starved creature.
- Stancht, xvii, 29, *vb. pt.t.*, staunched, stopped.
- Stare, xxiii, 4, *sb.*, starling. Still in common use.
- Staruing, iv, 27, *pr. p.*, perishing with cold. The proper meaning of the A.S. *stearfan*.
- Statute merchant, iv, 14. Defined in the old law dictionaries, "A bond acknowledged before one of the Clerks of the statutes merchant, and mayor of the staple, or chief warden of the City of London, or two merchants of the said city for that purpose assigned, or before the chief warden or mayor of other cities or good towns, or other sufficient men for that purpose appointed."
- Stauled, xv, 49, *p.p.*, installed, admitted.
- Staylesse, i, 20, *adj.*, vanishing, passing.
- Stayes, ii, 59, *vb. pr.t.*, is stayed, is supported, depends.
- Steake, xiv, 39, *vb.*, flick, stab.
- Steere, xi, 15, *sb.*, an ox in its third year.
- Stewes, xi, 24, *sb. pl.*, brothels.
- Stew-pottes, vi, 7, *sb. pl.*, stews.
- Stillified, xi, 16, *adj.*, distilled.—See note.
- Stint, xxii, 37, *vb. imper.*, cease, stop; A.S., *stytan*.
- Stinted, i, 14, *adj.*, to which a limit has been appointed, fixed.
- Stintlesse, i, 48, *adj.*, ceaseless, unending; i, 53, *adv.*, unceasingly.
- S. Martin obseruants, xv, 25, *sb. pl.*, makers of rings, who used to have their stalls within the Collegiate Church of St. Martin's-le-Grand.
- Stock-fish, vi, 8, *sb.*, dried fish.
- Stoee, x, 18, *vb.*, to stow.
- Stooleballe, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game at ball, in which, according to Dr. Johnson, the ball was driven from stool to stool.—See Strutt's *Games*, p. 97.
- Stopt, ii, 59, *p.p.*, loaded; a hole being drilled into dice, and afterwards stopped with quicksilver or lead.
- Stoter, xii, 14, *sb.*, stater, a Greek coin.
- Stox, xxiii, 3, *sb. pl.*, the stocks.
- Strangulion, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disease in horses, strangury.
- Strap, iv, 7, *sb.*, a cant term for wine.
- Strap, xxiii, 10, *sb.* (?)—See *Green's Ghost*, p. 7, l. 23.
- Strickeft, xvi, 5, *adj.*, strictest, feverest.
- Strout, x, 8, *vb. imper.*, strut.
- Stub, xx, 19, *sb.*, stump.

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- Suddes, xxv, 12, *sb.*, to be in the fuddes = to be fullen, or in a fulky temper.
- Sumners, iv, 9, *sb. pl.*—See Apparitors.
- Supply, viii, 25, *vb. pr.t.*, fill the places of.
- Suppose, xv, 23, *vb. pr.t.*, believe, vnderstand.
- Surceased, i, 28, *vb. pt.t.*, ceased. Not etymologically connected with *cease*, which is from *ceffer*, but from *surfis*, and that from *surfoir*. *Surcease* is a legal term, meaning the arrest or stoppage of a fuit.—See Shakspeare, *Macbeth*, i. 7.
- Suspect, x, 26, *sb.*, cause of suspicion.
- Sutable, ii, 54, *adj.*, in fuit, corresponding.
- Suted, i, 51, *p.p.*, dressed, arrayed.
- Swabber, v, 17, *sb.*, one who *swabs* or cleans the decks of a ship.
- Swaied, i, 30, *vb. pt.t.*, had power or influence.
- Swarme, i, 9, *sb.*, crowd.
- Swartest, i, 5, *adj.*, darkest; A.S., *fwearht*.
- Swaruing, i, 21, *pr.p.*, turning aside, swerving; A.S., *fwearfan*.
- Sweet, i, 18, *sb.*, here, gain, advantage.
- Swones, ii, 8, *sb.*, an oath; corrupted from *God's wounds*; after still further corrupted into *sounds*.
- Swound, xxvii, 19, *sb.*, swoon, faint.—Compare Sound.
- TABLE, iii, 14, *vb.*, dine.
- Table-bookes, iii, 41, *sb. pl.*, memorandum books, books with leaves of wood, slate, or vellum, used for keeping notes or memoranda.
- Tables, ii, 43, *sb. pl.*, backgammon.
- Tackling, xv, 15, *sb.*, tackle; stand to my tackling, stand to my guns, hold my place.
- Taffaty, xii, 6, *sb.*, taffeta, a kind of thin filk, but here, Mutton-taffaty, meaning sheepskin.
- Talkt, xxv, 21, *p.p.*, talked to, settled with.
- Target, xxvii, 5, *sb.*, shield.
- Taske, i, 27, *vb. imper.*, impose as a task upon.
- Tauerne-bush, xvi, 20, *sb.*, sign. Cotgrave has "*Bouchon, m.*, a stopple; also, a wisp of strawe, &c.; also, the bush of a tauerne, or alehouse."
- Tearmer, iv, 28, *sb.*, a person who visited London during term, which was the fashionable season.
- Tearmes, i, 41, *sb. pl.*, words, arguments.
- Tendring, i, 33, *pr.p.*, offering, tendering.

GLOSSARY.

- Testers, iv, 33, *sb. pl.*, fixpences.
See Harrison, *Description of England*, ed. Furnivall, i. 362.
- Theame, iv, 8, *sb.*, theme, subject.
- Theare, xiv, 4, *adv.*, there.
- Theather, xvii, 39, *adv.*, thither.
- Theeues allie, iv, 36, turned down Theeues allie, he ran away.
- Thilke, iv, 40, *pr.*, these, those.
From *that ilke*, that same.
- Thirst-flaunch, i, 42, *adj.*, thirst-quenching.
- Thother, xxii, 23, a contraction for The other.
- Thrall, xxvi, 262, *sb.*, slave.
- Thwack't, iii, 13, *p.p.*, filled to overflowing, surfeited.
- Ticktack, ii, 64, *sb.*, a kind of backgammon, played with both men and pegs, but more complicated than the modern game.
- Tire, xvi, 43, *sb.*, drefs, attire.
- To beate, xix, 23, *vb. pt.t.*, all to beate = hit, thrashed. This use of the prefix *to* is very common in early English writers.
- Tofore, xvi, 41, *adv.*, before, heretofore.
- Too too, xiii, 4, *adv.*, the repetition is emphatic. It was common enough to be regarded as a compound, and the accent is on the first *too*.—See *Merchant of Venice*, ii. 6, 42.
- Toffe-pots, xxvi, 95, *sb. pl.*, drunkards. "An aleknight, a tipler, a tospot, a quaffer, a rinsepicker; *ebriofus, bibulus, bibax*."—Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.
- Tothor, x, 14, the other.—See Thother.
- Totterd, vi, 13, *p.p.*, torn, *tattered*. From the old English *to-teared*, *i.e.*, torn to pieces, in rags, the prefix *to* being intensitive.—See To beate.
- Toyle-fome, x, 30, *adj.*, toilsome, weary.
- Tranie, xv, 5, *vb.*, trane, a cant word to hang.
- Trapt, x, 6, *p.p.*, deckt out; we still speak of horses' *trappings*.
- Tray, xii, 12, *sb.*, a mason's hod for mortar.
- Trayning Cheates, xv, 5, *sb. pl.*, the gallows.
- Tritifolie, xxvi, 87, *sb.*, clover, trefoil.
- Trod, i, 56, *sb.*, path, way, walk.
- Trudging house, xv, 53, *sb.*, a bawdy-house. "The whore-house, which is called a *trugging-place*."—Dekker's *Belman of London*, 1608.
- Trugge, xv, 14, *sb.*, a prostitute.
- Trulles, iv, 17, *sb. pl.*, loose women.
- Trunk flop, iv, 32, *sb.*, wide or puffed out breeches.—See Slopp.

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- Trust, II, 85, *p.p.*, involved, rolled up in, *truffed* in.
- Tuition, XXVI, 224, *sb.*, keeping, protection; Lat., *tueri*, to protect.
- Turned the cocke, xv, 5, opened his heart, confessed all.
- Turtles, XXIII, 7, *sb. pl.*, turtle-doves.
- Tut, and Tush, II, 48, ejaculations of contempt.
- Tutch, II, 61, *sb.*, touch. "To keep touch" is a proverbial expression for "to keep faith, fulfil a promise"—
- "*Touch kept* is commended, yet credit to keepe,
Is paie and dispatch him, er euer ye sleepe."
Tusser, *Five Hundred Points*, ed. Herrtage, 57. 43.
- Twoot, xiv, 11, *vb.*, thou wilt, thou wishest.
- Tyburne-tiffany, xvi, 4, *sb.*, a halter.
- Tyrd, VIII, 14, *vb. pt.t.*, wearied, wore out.
- Tyrewomen, xv, 25, *sb. pl.*, tirewomen, milliners, those who arranged ladies' head-dresses.
- VMPIRE, I, 32, *vb.*, mediate, arbitrate.
- Vnfrequent, XXII, 24, *adj.*, unfrequented, deserted.
- Vnh'ear'd, II, 22, *adj.*, void of hair, beardless.
- Vnrespectlesse, XIX, 38, *adj.*, careless, thoughtless.
- Vnstayed, VI, 23, *p.p.*, unsettled, unsteady.
- Vnthoughted, I, 9, *p.p.*, unintended, unthought of, unexpected.
- Vntruffe, XII, 12, *vb.*, untie the tagged laces which fastened the breeches to the doublet, hence to ease oneself.
- Vntrust, II, 72, *p.p.*, with coat or cloak unfastened or open.
- Vpright man, xv, 7, *sb.*—See note.
- Vp-se freeze, II, 75, *sb.*, a heavy kind of beer imported from Friesland; a similar kind from Holland was called *Vpse-dutch*. Cf. "A frolic *vp-se-freeze*."—Nash's *Summer's Last Will*, &c.
- Vrchins, XVII, 40, *sb. pl.*, fairies.
- Vse, VIII, 14, *sb.*, practice.
- Vse, XXII, 39, *vb.*, was accustomed to, was wont to.
- Vtter, XXV, 11, *vb.*, dispose of, sell, still used in the phrase "to *utter* counterfeit coin."
- Vtterance, XX, 19, *sb.*, trade, sale.
- Vaine, II, 33, *sb.*, idle fancy, whim.
- Vaulting-howfe, II, 84, *sb.*, a brothel.
- Vaut, I, 16, *sb.*, vault, tomb.
- Vayl'd, XXIV, 12, *vb. pt.t.*, saluted, took off his hat.

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GLOSSARY.

- Vayth, xix, 10, in faith. The West of England dialectic form.
- Venery, xv, 49, *sb.*, dissipation amongst women.
- Vented, xxv, 5, *p.p.*, fold, exposed for sale.
- Venter, i, 14, *vb. pr.t.*, risk, venture on.
- Venter-poynt, ii, 64, *sb.*, a game played by children.
- Verfer, xv, 53, *sb.*, a slang term. —See *Greene's Ghost*, p. 8.
- Villaind, xiii, 35, *p.p.*, abused like a villain.
- Virginals, xxv, 8, *sb. pl.*, an oblong spinnet.—See Tuffer's Will in the Introduction to the *Five Hundred Points*, &c., ed. Herrtage, p. xxx.
- Vocables, xiv, 19, *sb. pl.*, strings of words, founding terms.
- WAGMOIRES, iv, 43, *sb. pl.*, quagmires, bogs, quicksands; A.S., *cwacian*, to shake, *mîr*, dirt.
- Waighting, i, 51, *pr.p.*, waiting.
- Waighting-mayde, iii, 23, *sb.*, waiting-maid, attendant.
- Want, xiv, 41, *vb. pr.t.*, are short of, fail in.
- Wanteth, xxii, 44, *vb. pr.t.*, is without.
- Wants, xxiii, 19, *vb. pr.t.*, is wanting, is lacking.
- Wapp, xv, 5, *vb., futuro.* "Will you wapp for a wyn, or tranie for a make," *i.e.*, will you lie for a penny, or hang for a halfpenny.
- Wasted, xxiv, 16, *p.p.*, waited, *i.e.*, having a wait.
- Weaneling, xix, 28, *sb.*, child just weaned.
- Weaners, xxiii, 26, *sb. pl.*, *read* weauers.
- Wearied, iv, 33, *p.p.*, worried.
- Weart, xix, 20, *vb. pt.t.*, were it, even though it were.
- Weathers, i, 36, *sb. pl.*, sheep, rams; A.S., *weder*.
- Weed, i, 51, *sb.*, drefs. Still kept up in the expresseion, "widow's-weeds."
- Weene, xxii, 22, *vb. pr.t.*, believe, think, are sure.
- Welting, ii, 54, *vb. pr.p.*, fringing, hemming, bordering.
- Weltring, xxvi, 77, *vb. pr.p.*, weltering, being rolled, tossed, tumbled.
- Wens-worth, xi, 7, Wandsworth.
- Wheer's, ii, 18, for, where his.
- Whereas, xxii, 21, *adv.*, where.
- Whift, xvii, 21, *vb. pt.t.*, sent out puffs of smoke.
- Whip-iacke, xv, 15, *sb.* "A Whypiacke is onethat by coulor of a counterfaite Lifence, (which they call a Gybe, and the seales they call Iarckes) doth vse to beg lyke a Maryner, But hys chiefeft trade is to rob Bowthes in a Faire, or to pilfer

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- ware from staules, which they cal heaving of the Bowth."—Awdeley on Vagabonds, p. 4.
- Whiffell, xxiii, 4, *vb. pr.t.*, whistle.
- Whole, viii, 10, *adv.*, wholly, entirely.
- Whooted, xv, 35, *vb. pt.t.*, hooted, shouted.
- Whord, xv, 53, *vb.*, hoard.
- Wild, viii, 21, *p.p.*, willed, determined.
- Wilie beguily, iv, 29, the biter bitten.—See note.
- Wincke, ii, 5, *vb. imper.*, wink, pafs over.
- Witcraft, iv, 24, *sb.*, the art of wit, logic, use of one's brains.
- Withers greife, xiv, 44, *sb.*, inflammation of the *withers* or space between the shoulder-bones and the bottom of the neck of a horse.
- Witneffe, i, 23, *vb.*, bear witness to.
- Wittoll, xiii, 31, *sb.*, a contented cuckold—
"This honest man was dubbed amongst them a *wittall*."
Tom Tell Trothe, ed. Furnivall, p. 13, l. 17.
- Won, iii, 15, W'on, v, 38, *adj.*, one.
- Wonted, i, 5, *vb. pt.t.*, was wont to; A.S., *wunian*.
- Woodcocks, xii, 22, *sb.*, woodcock is proverbial for a foolish bird, hence a simpleton.
- Woollward, ii, 72, *adj.*, without any linen next the body. The term occurs in *P. Plowman*, ed. Skeat, B. Text, *Paffas*, xviii. 1.
- Woot, xiv, 12, *vb. pr.t.*—See Toot.
- Worfer-fort, vi, 7, *sb.*, rabble, dregs.
- Wracke, i, 4, *sb.*, wreck.
- Wrest, xxvii, 52, *sb.*, rest for spear or lance.
- Wright, xiv, 5, *vb.*, write.
- Wrong, i, 17, *p.p.*, wrung.
- Wyn, xv, 5, *sb.*, a penny.
- YAWLE, xv, 8, *vb.*, howl, yelp.
- Yearth, i, 44, *sb.*, the earth.
- Yellowes, xiv, 44, *sb.*, a disorder in horses.
- Ynckehorne, ii, 21, *sb.*, an ink-stand. To ink-horn is to use fine words or studied expressions; thus Cotgrave gives "*Esforcher le Latin*: To ink-hornize it, or use inkhorn tearmes." See also ii, 63.
- Youle, xxvi, 264, you will.
- Ytche, x, 12, *sb.*, itch.
- XPIANS, i, 25, *sb.*, a Christian, from the sacred monogram **X** = Chr: the initial letters of Christ.
- ZOWNES, ii, 72, an oath. See Swones.

Cancelled

The Famous History

of Gvy Earle of *Warwicke*.

By SAMVEL ROWLANDS.



Printed at London by *Elizabeth All-de*. 1607.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE

*Philip Earl of Mountgomery, Lord
Herbert of Sherland, and of the most
Noble Order of the Garter, Knight.*

R ight worthily Enobled and
truly Honourable LORD!
vouchsafe of your generous courtesie,
(to which all men yield a general ap-
plaud) to accept this flight and weak
Poem, derived from a strong and
mighty subject (to wit) Great *GVY*
of *Warwick* (our famous Country
man) whose valor hath bin the wor-
lds wonder and his admirable acts of
Chivalry, terrors and daunting fears
of all the opposites of himself and
this Kingdome: the neglect-
A 2 ing

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ing of whose worthy Memory, hath induced my more willing than able Muse, to revive the deeds of this dust-consumed Champion; upon whose honourable Combat, King *Athelstone* ventur'd the whole Realm of *England*. Disdain not therefore (most worthful and precious spirit) in the true affability of your esteemed Virtues, to vouchsafe the view of these Artless Lines, which in the silence of greater sufficiencies, serve only to keep Valour from Oblivious destruction.

Most humbly devoted

to your Honors virtues,

SAMUEL ROWLANDS.

TO

To the Noble *English* Nation.

REnowned English! whom our Lines invite,
To view the Acts of Warwick's worthy Knight;
Whose deeds of old, writ with an ancient Pen,
Have now out worn the memories of men.
Most strange in this same Poet-plenty-age:
When Epigrams and Satyrs biting, rage:
Where Paper is employed every day,
To carry Verse about the Town for pay,
That Stories should intomb'd with Worthies lie,
And Fame, through Age extinct, obscurely die,
Deign to accept what recreation hours
Have spent upon this Countrey-man of ours:
It seems too far unkind, that in these days,
We toyl so much in other Nations praise,
That we neglect the famouising of our own,
Which over-matchful unto them were known.
England hath bred such men of Valour try'd,
Could match all Kingdoms in the world beside.
Take here a view of knighthoods ancient face,
His bruised Armour, and his bloody Case:
His broken Launce, gapt Faulchion, batter'd Shield,
His valiant Combates with his Foes in Field.
The wounds and scarrs insculpt upon his flesh,
His mortal fights renew'd each day afresh,
His reasons that did animate to Arms,
His freeing tender Ladies from their harms;
His hacked Target, and his splinter'd spear
His killing Serpents, savage Bore, and bear.

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Then

The Epistle.

*Then look on some, in Ages since benighted,
Who never were with martial deeds delighted:
That are no kin to them which went of old
In Iron Armour, these are Knights in Gold:
And you shall see that one doth wear the name,
When th' others actions merits for the same.
The same for merit was renowned GUY,
A Champion that his fame with blood did buy;
And never held his life in Coward fear,
But ventur'd it at point of Sword and Spear:
He was a Prodigal of life and limb,
And bad all welcome, came to fight with him:
Were it a man, like to Gogmagog;
Or Cerberus, that triple headed Dog,
Or he that often did Olympus climb,
And was the only Club man of his time,
Great Hercules if he had breath'd on ground,
When English Guy of Warwick liv'd renown'd,
There would have been a Combat 'twixt them two,
To try what proud Alcibes force could do;
Or Hector, whose applaud the world doth know,
Or fierce Achilles fearful to his Foe.
Had all these liv'd together in an Age,
They had been Combatants, the Earth their Stage.
Kind English, yield unto your Countrey-man
As gentle entertainment as you can,
Though he lye quiet now transform'd to dust,
Sleeping in death as other mortals must:
With your life-giving breath, revive his Fame,
That hath deserv'd an honourable Name.
And having view'd his Actions, wish with me,
That all the Knights we have, were such as he.*

S. R.

Guy *Earl of Warwick.*

CANTO I.

B

7

The Famous History

Meet with a Boar to make a bloody fray,
Or combat with a Dragon by the way.
Yet ere he entertain'd his Love to Arms,
He grew devoted to the Queen of Love,
Attempting Beauties Fort with fierce Alarms,
The victory of such a prize to prove,
As elder times before could ne're enjoy;
A sweeter face than loft old *Priam Troy*.
Fair *Phælice*, equal match to *Cupid's Mother*:
A curious creature, and the Kingdoms pride;
All spacious *Britain* had not such another,
For glorious beauty, and good parts beside:
'Twixt her and *Vulcan's* wife no odds were known,
But *Venus* had a Mole, and she had none.
For most directly she had *Venus* hair,
The same high fore-head, and attractive eye:
Her cheeks of Roses mixt with Lillies fair;
The very lips of perfect Coral-dye:
Ivory teeth, a dainty rising chin,
A soft touch, pleasing, smooth, and filken skin.
With all perfections made a peerless Creature
From head to foot, she had them every one:
Mirrour she was of Comeliness and feature,
An *English* Phœnix, supreme fair alone:
Whom gazing peoples censures thus would grace,
Beauty lives no where but in *Phælice* face:
In *Phælice* face (this object of *Guy's* sight)
Where looks of love, and glances of disdain,
From thence sometimes his eyes attract delight,
From thence anon his heart depriveth pain.
One while sweet smiles do give encouragement,
Another time stern looks work discontent.
Thus on Love's Seas, tost by the storms of terrour,
'Twixt present calm, and sudden furious blast;
Resolving love, yet finding love in error,
In freedom chain'd, in liberty bound fast;
He sighs that fortune doth so strangely deal,
To give a wound that Beauty will not heal;

That

